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*George Leyverdun.  
from the original at La Grotte*

# HISTORIC STUDIES

IN

VAUD, BERNE, AND SAVOY

FROM ROMAN TIMES

TO VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU, AND GIBBON

BY

GENERAL MEREDITH READ

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MANY YEARS UNITED STATES MINISTER AT ATHENS

CONSUL-GENERAL AT PARIS DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

G.C.R., F.S.A., F.R.H.S., M.R.I.A., F.R.G.S. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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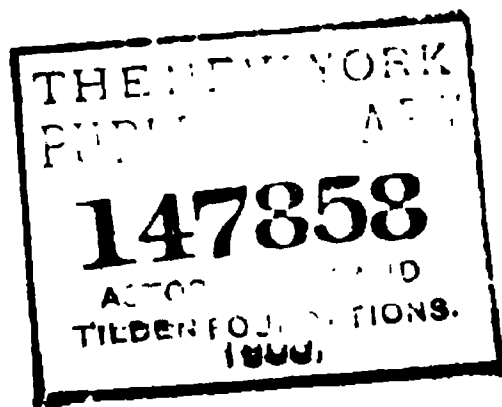
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# HISTORIC STUDIES

## IN

### VAUD, BERNE, AND SAVOY

#### CHAPTER XCI

IN October 1717 the widow of Mme. de Loÿs de Warens' cousin, Jean Baptiste de la Tour, *née* Rose de Rovéréa, married Isaac Dulon of Vevey.<sup>1</sup>

In 1719 occurred another interesting family event, which drew M. de Loÿs de Warens and his wife to Lausanne. His half-sister, Sophie Louise, was married to her kinsman, Daniel François de Loÿs, co-seignior of Middel, Trey and Ecublens. The bridegroom was the son of Jean Rodolphe de Loÿs, seignior of Marnand, châtelain of Montherond and councillor at Lausanne, his mother being a daughter of Daniel de Sturler, Baron de Belp, by Jeanne de Watteville of Berne. The de Loÿs clan gathered in great force on this occasion; the old house in the Palud was the scene of prolonged gaieties.

The eldest son of this festive marriage rose to distinction in the French service, and as a general officer with the Order of Merit retired to Lausanne about 1780, and became a friend of Gibbon. He died unmarried in 1806, while his younger brother, who also served in France, carried on the line, and was the ancestor of the present de Loÿs family of Lausanne.

Private theatricals had early taken root at Lausanne, and Voltaire by no means, as some suppose, first introduced the taste there. I have already alluded to the scenic plays at the

<sup>1</sup> Information derived from M. Dulon's MSS.

installation of the bailiffs, such as the Sacrifice of Abraham, by Théodore de Bèze, and the Shadow of Garnier Stauffacher, by Joseph Duchesne; these were varied by pastorals and epithalamia. The following lines are from an epithalamium by Marc Cuvat, Doctor of Philosophy, on the marriage of Noble Gamaliel de Tavel, seignior of Vullierens and Lussy, with Mlle. de Salis :

' Époux qui en toute liesse  
 Vas des amours de ta maîtresse  
 Recueillir les doux fruits ;  
 Qui des douceurs de l'hyménée  
 As séréné cette journée  
 Et l'as privé d'ennuis ! '¹

The Eclogue and the Idyll were then *à la mode*, Fontenelle being a great favourite.

Although at Geneva the prejudice against private theatricals was very strong, and so remained to the close of the century, in the châteaux and houses of the nobles at Lausanne the leaders of society indulged in such representations. As late as 1707 they were still imitating the 'Astrée' of the Marquis de Durfé, the friend of Mme. de Charmois, as is seen by the 'History of Ismène and of Corisante,' a Swiss tale, whose scenes are laid at Latobrigie (Lausanne) and Ebrodinie (Yverdon); the personages being : Ismène, Mme. de Vallefert, senior; Corisante, M. Seigneux, châtelain of the chapter; Sinibald, the assessor de Seigneux; Eugénie, Mme. Doxat; Elise, Mlle. Guerite Doxat; Corilas, M. Doxat de Demoret; Agénor, the bailiff de Steiguer; Eriphile, Mlle. de Steiguer; Iphite, M. George Roguin; Délie, Mlle. Roguin.

Towards 1720 the financial movement set on foot by Law caused an amount of speculation throughout the Roman country which resulted in the accumulation of large fortunes in the hands of some 'new people,' while its effects were also felt by the old nobility. At this time many of the former, who had suddenly acquired money—like the Calandrinis, the Pelissaris, the Thélussons, the Denkelmanns, the Guiguers, the Hoguers—purchased old manors along the borders of the lake, and set on foot a style of living similar to that of Paris.

¹ Gaullieur, *Etudes sur l'Histoire Littéraire de la Suisse Française*, pp. 27, 55.



Sinner remarks that he remembered visiting one of the finest castles of the Pays de Vaud, in the hands of one of these new-comers. While he was inspecting the apartments the servant guiding him said, 'Here is the counting-room of M. le Baron.'<sup>1</sup> This remark might be transferred to Paris in the present century, without finding anyone to contradict it.

M. Dulong says, in his manuscript notes, there were in the Pays de Vaud many fiefs, great and small, which were purchased by strangers of honest extraction, by merchants or commercial people, especially from Geneva, by French refugees in easy circumstances, or finally by peasants, who, having amassed some money, purchased this kind of property, and called themselves noble because they were vassals.<sup>2</sup> Gradually this new element was confounded with the older, and there grew up a new social vitality which drew its inspiration from the chief capitals of Europe. Literature and art felt its beneficial influence, and Lausanne became more and more known as a place of agreeable resort, while scholars thronged its schools to hear the teachings of its eminent professors.

Among those whose reputation drew thither youths of princely houses and illustrious names, none was more popular than de Loÿs de Bochat himself, who while on a visit to Holland had met the charming young lady who became his wife.

In the treasures of La Grotte, I found a manuscript letter (unpublished) from the future Mme. de Bochat—Mlle. Suzanne Françoise de Teissonnière—addressed to her future spouse. It is dated Utrecht, December 20, 1721, when M. de Bochat was about quitting that town. This gracious epistle runs thus :

'You do me too much honour, Monsieur, in thinking that reason and myself are inseparable. I wish that I could with sincerity accept such a high compliment; but I know on the contrary that my judgment is often lacking, and that far from consenting that she should quit me, I see her depart with every imaginable regret. I shall be of the same mind to-day if she makes the slightest movement towards abandoning me. It is in concert with her that I attempt to reply to your obliging letter.

'You do yourself a great injustice, Monsieur, in counselling

<sup>1</sup> Sinner, *Voyage dans la Suisse Occidentale*, i. 279.

<sup>2</sup> MSS. of M. Dulong of Vevey.

me to dispense with my reason. You have no ground to fear it, if you believe that it represents things in their true light ; and if you have need of an advocate with me, I doubt very much if you could choose a better one. In effect, it says to me that you have always shown such noble and generous sentiments, such pure views, and conduct so filled with kind attentions, that I may be permitted to thank you for them, and to assure you that in this matter of separation I am as much touched as you can possibly desire me to be, looking upon you, Monsieur, as the person who perhaps most interests me in this world, and in all that concerns me.

‘ Judge then with what eyes I am able to consider your departure. Nevertheless this same reason tells me that it is absolutely necessary. Make use then of your own. I beg you to calm your fears. Whatever disadvantage there may be to me in such an examination, removed from all prejudice, I exhort you to make it, if it can be of some utility to you, in the hope that the support of your reason will assume the place of a too favourable prejudice. I flatter myself that you do me justice in thinking me incapable of lightness. What then do you fear ? Do I owe to your tranquillity the assurance that my wishes are not contrary to your own ? Well, then I will say it: My reason permits me perhaps to go too far ; but finally I believe that I risk nothing in doing so, finding it in accord with myself upon the sentiments with which I have the honour to be, Monsieur, your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘ S. F. TEISSONNIÈRE.’ <sup>1</sup>

The writer of the above was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Noble David de Teissonnière, seignior of La Meinerie, who left his native province of Languedoc and established himself at Paris, where he died. His two brothers passed into England before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,<sup>2</sup> and obtained such a foothold in that country that one of them, Noble Jacques de Teissonnière, seignior of Ayrolles, became the

<sup>1</sup> From the (unpublished) Collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, at La Grotte. (MS.)

<sup>2</sup> Letter of Mme. de Bochat to Mme. de Corbières (June 18, 1750), found by the author in La Grotte.

British Minister at the Hague. After the death of David de Teissonnière his brother's family seem to have followed his fortunes, as they were Huguenots, and his residence at the Hague appears to have brought them thither.

A letter of August 13, 1722, addressed to Mlle. de Teissonnière from Utrecht, indicates that the latter was then living at the Hague. It is written by Mlle. Henriette Rapin, who afterwards signed the contract of marriage, and appears to have been a relative. It indicates the warm personal interest which all the friends of the future Mme. de Bochat entertained for her :

'I do not know what terms to make use of, my very dear friend, to express to you the extreme regret which your absence causes me. Since I have been separated from you I do not know myself. A continual chagrin, a melancholy to which I was entirely unaccustomed, a general indifference for all the world, are the least effects. If anything could give me pleasure, it is the thought of what I have enjoyed in your society. . . . Pity me, my dear friend, in being obliged to dwell at Utrecht while you are at the Hague. You doubtless perceived the involuntary theft I committed. In undoing my ribbons, I was greatly surprised to find two of the same colour. It is right to restore to you that which belongs to you, and I pray you to excuse my thoughtlessness. Adieu, my dear and good friend, love me always, and do me the favour to think that no one in the world is with more sincerity or more inviolable attachment, etc., etc.'<sup>1</sup>

This letter bears a touching seal—a heart inflamed with tears—and this inscription : *Comme je suis*.

Still another letter from the same to the same has survived. It belongs to the year 1723, and is dated August 4, at Utrecht:

'I very greatly doubted, Mademoiselle my dear friend, whether my uncle would consent to my making the voyage with M. de Bochat. Being sounded by me somewhat thereupon, he put off the matter so far that I took very good care not to propose the matter directly to him. His original design

<sup>1</sup> From the MS. Collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered in La Grotte by the author.

was to conduct me himself to the Hague ; but I dissuaded him from it because he could not refrain from seeing many of his friends who are in that town, and of dining or supping with them ; and his health is already sufficiently deranged and could not bear this extraordinary fatigue. It is, therefore, now resolved that Germaine, whom you doubtless know, shall accompany me. . . . Imagine, my dear friend, the impatience which I experience, and which cannot be surpassed except by the anxiety felt by M. de Bochat in approaching the Hague, which is perhaps a good deal to say. The two days which I have still to pass without seeing you seem to me like two centuries.'<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XCII

FROM a certificate of marriage and its accompaniments now before me, it appears that the banns were published August 8, 1723, and the young couple entered into the holy state of matrimony on the 25th. The ceremony was enregistered in the Walloon church at the Hague.<sup>2</sup>

The marriage-contract, dated on the 23rd, names M. Charles Guillaume de Loÿs, seignior of Bochat, professor of Law and History in the Academy of Lausanne, as the future husband, by the express consent of his father, M. Isaac de Loÿs, seignior of Bochat, and Lieutenant Bailiff of Lausanne ; and Demoiselle Suzanne Françoise de Teissonière as the future wife, assisted by, and with the consent of, Dame Elizabeth Julie de Harbes, her mother, widow of M. David de Teissonière, seignior of La Meinerie, and M. Jacques de Teissonière d'Ayrolles, minister of His Britannic Majesty to Their High Mightinesses the States General of the United Provinces, her paternal uncle.

The same care was manifested in this document for future offspring as was taken in the case of M. and Mme. de Warens,

<sup>1</sup> From the MS. Collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, of La Grotte, discovered by the author.

<sup>2</sup> Extrait du Livre des Mariages de l'Eglise [sic] Wallonne de la haye [sic] En Hollande. Found in La Grotte by the author.

and with the same results; for M. and Mme. de Bochat were never blest with any children, and after her death the greater part of her property was left to her nephew, George Deyverdun, Gibbon's friend. At the last moment, however, it appears to have occurred to the person preparing this legal document that there might be no children, and this eventuality was also provided for.

Among the signers of this contract were the bride and bridegroom; the mother of the bride (her father being dead), and the father of the bridegroom (his mother being dead); the uncle of the bride, Jacques de Teissonnière d'Ayrolles, and Elizabeth his wife; Julie de Teissonnière (who afterwards became Mme. de Maclerc); Madeleine de Teissonnière (who a few years after married Samuel Deyverdun and became the mother of George); and Solomon de Teissonnière. Henriette de Rapin has already been mentioned. There were also H. Oursel, and Gabriel de Seigneux, a man who must not be here passed silently.

Gabriel de Seigneux, seignior of Correvon, was a noted man in his day, and was born in the same year as his friend and connection, de Loÿs de Bochat. After completing his legal studies at Geneva and Basle, he returned to Lausanne and was appointed judge of the chapter in 1718, at the age of twenty-three; and, five years later, member of the Council of Two Hundred. He now travelled in France and Holland, where he was present at the above marriage, and where the Princess of Nassau, widow of the Stadtholder, offered him the post of Privy Councillor in her household. Preferring, however, his own country, he returned thither and filled many high offices. His wife and kinswoman, Esther de Loÿs, brought him the seigniory of Correvon, whose title he enjoyed. He was corresponding member of the English Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and of the Academy of Marseilles, also one of the most active members of the Economical Society of Berne, as well as of that of Lausanne, over which he presided from its foundation. He was, says de Montet, the author of some treatises upon law and theology, of many translations of German, English and Italian works, and finally of poems distinguished by lightness and grace. He also occupied himself upon a

literary history of Switzerland, which he commenced with de Loÿs de Bochat, and for which Scheuchzer furnished a great number of materials; but this work never saw the light. He is mentioned in Voltaire's correspondence, and was on intimate terms with many other leading minds of his century.

I remember well the portrait of M. de Seigneux de Correvon painted in 1767. It was one of the interesting family portraits which adorned the drawing-room of the late Mme. Bacon de Seigneux, a very intelligent lady, and a connecting link with the last century. She was distinguished by the same gaiety and wit which characterised her kinsman Gabriel, with whose shade she had acquired a certain friendship. As I sat listening to her conversation I glanced from time to time towards the portrait of Gabriel, who seemed to smile approval on the witty observations and reminiscences of his clever relative. The old and beautiful tapestry, the embroidery, the quaint furniture, and the many family relics which surrounded us held the place they had long maintained, and it occasionally seemed as if I had stepped from the present century into the last, and was conversing with one of de Seigneux' contemporaries.

Gabriel de Seigneux' admiration for the fair sex, like that of his friend Fontenelle, often assumed poetic forms. On the occasion of de Loÿs de Bochat's wedding he broke out into song in the following somewhat rude fashion :

‘Tendres désirs que l'Hyménée  
Doit rendre accomplis en ce jour,  
Plaisirs qu'unit la destinée,  
Et qui n'êtes rien sans l'amour,’

and so to the concluding stanza :

‘Des feux que la délicatesse  
Et le vrai mérite inspira,  
L'Hymen, conduit par la sagesse,  
A fait éclore une tendresse,  
Que l'amour éternisera.’<sup>1</sup>

If this were all that he had ever written the following criticism, which George Deyverdun passed upon him in his *Journal* (unpublished) a quarter of a century later, would appear justified: ‘He has wit and learning. He is a poet with

<sup>1</sup> From the MS. Collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier.

much pride, and during his life he has made many bad pieces and few good ones.'

A grain of allowance should be made for Deyverdun's evident ill-humour, for he was excessively sensitive to what he was inclined to consider personal slights, and de Seigneux had a self-important air, and would not pay much attention to a youth of twenty. Deyverdun, in fact, confesses this feeling with regard to M. de Brenles on this account.

Two years afterwards, de Seigneux addressed a letter of felicitations to Julie de Teissonnière, Mme. de Bochat's sister, who was about to become Mme. de Mauclerc. He writes from Lausanne, April 29, 1725 :

'Mademoiselle,—I should not merit to have ever known you, or, that which is the same, to have tasted all the pleasures which delicacy of heart and vivacity can give—I should declare myself even unworthy of the kindnesses with which you honoured me during my charming sojourn at the Hague—if I could hear of your marriage without hastening to applaud it.

'You may think, perhaps, with your ordinary modesty, that in everything which concerns you nearly, I applaud without reason. I will reply to you, Mademoiselle, that it is not easy to deceive the public, especially the enlightened and judicious public; and that those who know your taste will run no risk in saying too much concerning your choice. . . . With a secret repugnance for marriage you have listened to what has been said to you concerning it, without doubt because its cause was eloquently pleaded. May it not be the result of the reflections which I took the liberty of sometimes making to you? For, after all, the most indirect circumstances and the smallest in appearance contribute occasionally to the greatest events. I shall be most proud if the decision which you have just taken should prove to be the fruit of some one of our conversations. You will remember, Mademoiselle, that sometimes they turned upon this subject, and that I then took the liberty to attack your system, which I called prejudice. At first, you were pleased at engaging in the dispute; but finally, fatigued in contradicting me, you yielded to me the field of battle. The force of my reasons overcame your preconceived notions, and we scarcely ever finished our chapter without some

mark of conviction. . . . I have tarried over this subject with all the pleasure which a man should take who interests himself in the most lively manner in your glory. It only remains for me to make a thousand vows for your happiness :

" Puisse les plaisirs et les jeux  
Rendre votre union si belle,  
Qu'on en ait jamais vu de telle  
Assaisonner de si doux nœuds."

[and so on for three verses which it is scarcely necessary to quote].

' Yes, Mademoiselle, I am persuaded that people are mistaken, and that you are more proper than anybody else to reconcile those two gods (Hymen and Cupid) so that they shall mingle for you their flames, and finally render them brilliant and durable.'

In a postscript he alludes to a wager which had evidently passed between them on the possibilities of her consenting to marry :

' I flatter myself for the rest, Mademoiselle, that I have a mortgage on the wedding, on account of a little bet which you lose by your marriage. My tablets are inscribed with this, and it will authorize you to pay me a compliment which Monsieur de Mauclerc cannot find misplaced.'<sup>1</sup>

In a letter written on the same day to Mme. de Teissonnière, he refers to her speedy departure with her daughter from the Hague for Pomerania, and says :

' Inasmuch, Madame, as you must choose a new country, I ardently wish that it might be ours, or, at least, that it might be one near to ours. The distinguished kindness which I have experienced in your charming family gives me the right to declare these sentiments. I cannot prevent myself from having these thoughts, in which I am fortified by Mme. de Bochat, with whom I tighten daily the knots of the most perfect friendship. She is eminently suited to be a friend, and, although I should make but one such acquisition, I should have sufficient reason to pride myself upon my good fortune. On my side, I am so entirely bound up in her that I scarcely know how to

<sup>1</sup> Letter found in La Grotte by the author. (MS.)



express it, and if the entire country were mine, this dear friend should have the right to dispose of it. It is only those persons who are the most nearly united to me by blood who could dispute her rights in this respect.’<sup>1</sup>

A letter which he wrote about this period to Mme. de Bochat deals in equally warm, though more figurative, terms :

‘Madame, and very dear Friend,—I come from the Council with all imaginable impatience to relate to you a surprising adventure which occurred to me this morning. I was returning by chair from the country, where we were given yesterday a most agreeable party, when, in the delicious serenity of the air, I beheld developing a cloud of most extraordinary brilliancy. It was like a little mountain of lively azure, relieved by a glory mingled with the colours of gold and fire. This cloud descended insensibly to within a short distance of me, and opened ; and I saw issue from it the most amiable and most majestic goddess, whose souvenir poets have preserved for us. In the midst of the blaze which dazzled me, I took this magnificent spectacle for the result of some of the vapours of an exquisite wine in which I had indulged, or for the remains of a beautiful dream with which Morpheus had embellished last night my repose.

‘She had all the graces of Love, and all the sweetness of Friendship. Too enlightened to be blindfolded, too sure of her beauty to have need of the arms of the small god, she was naked like Venus rising from the sea :

“ Mais mille fois plus belle  
Et moins coquette qu’elle.”

‘What charms could not my eyes have discovered if they had been less bewildered ! At her feet was a golden vase, from whence came forth a flame too pure to have need of matter, and too full of life not to endure always. Two cupids guarded it with care, and assured me that it often increased, but never diminished.

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished Autograph Letter of April 29, 1725, found in La Grotte by the author.

'The modesty or the pride of the goddess did not give me time to push my researches further. She spoke to me :

" A ce son de voix touchante,  
Douce, argentine, piquante,  
De quels doux frémissements  
Ont été frappés mes sens !  
Et quelle onde vive et pure  
Portant au fond de mon cœur  
Un goût tendre, un goût rêveur,  
Par son délicat murmure

Scût mieux du Dieu d'Amour—— Mais taisez-vous, causeur !  
Vous alliez de ce dieu renouveler l'injure."

' "Learn," said my goddess, "that to-day is for you one of the most interesting of fêtes. It is that of G——. I see that you are ignorant of it, because you have not yet crowned it with flowers. I desire to bestow some upon you, in order that you may offer them to her."

' At this instant her intention was fulfilled, for Flora, perfuming the air with her wings, flew to the feet of my divinity, accompanied by the Zephyrs.

' "Pardon," said she to her, "the burning heats which have impoverished my garden, and fix yourself the price of the poor garland which I now offer to you."

' Thereupon my goddess, undoing the sweet and brilliant chain, gave me sufficient to form a bouquet, which one of the Loves took upon himself at my request to carry to you.

' My divine protectress then disappeared, and I returned, filled with the ideas to which this magnificent spectacle has given rise.

' It is to you, Madame, that I owe them. I send you a thousand thanks; and it is to testify to you my just gratitude that I join my vows to the flowers of Love.'<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XCIII

LIFE at Vevey, like that in all moderate-sized towns, usually passed quietly. As at Lausanne, the highest class indulged in private theatrical amusements, and especially in cards; for there were many without occupation, and this resource became indispensable to them. The amounts lost or won were extremely

<sup>1</sup> Autograph Letter found in La Grotte by the author.

slight, rarely exceeding a crown in an evening, although at Lausanne foreigners had brought into society a taste for high play, which, later in the century, was developed to Gibbon's cost.

Ambition had no great field. To belong to the bourgeoisie, and to be a member of the Council, were considered necessary adjuncts of a grand seignior, and accordingly we find that M. de Warens obtained the bourgeoisie in 1716, and became a member of the Vevey Council in 1725.<sup>1</sup> He seems to have always been one of those chosen to welcome the highest authorities on their arrival from Berne, to explain to them the situation of government affairs in that locality, to entertain them at his house, and to accompany them on their excursions through the bailiwick.

The inhabitants at this time, as earlier, insisted that Vevey was the prettiest town in the Pays de Vaud. They enlarged on the beauty of their surroundings, and called the attention of strangers to the fertile heights and the magnificent amphitheatre amid which their settlement was placed.<sup>2</sup>

Vevey had now almost recovered from the conflagration of 1688, the year of M. de Warens' birth, which had consumed entire streets. On June 30, at six o'clock in the evening, it broke out in the bourg of Oron-Dessus, and lasted until next morning. Over 230 houses were destroyed, the winds carrying the burning embers in all directions, and especially beyond St. Anthony bridge, whose neighbouring houses were also destroyed. Many persons perished. Geneva sent 15,540 florins to the sufferers.

This great fire swept away some of the mediæval features of the place, but enough remained in M. de Warens' time to give it the air of an ancient and fortified city. Even now these characteristics can be traced, and they lend much to the attractiveness of a spot on which Nature has lavished so many charms. The inhabitants were then for the most part of independent fortune, and distinguished for their wit, polished manners, and hospitality to strangers. The delicious air, the good society, the country pleasures within easy reach, the many

<sup>1</sup> MS. Notes on M. de Loÿs de Warens, furnished to the author by the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu.

<sup>2</sup> *Voyage en Suisse*, par Hélène Maria Williams, traduit de l'anglais par J. B. Say (1798), ii. 126.

excursions, the neighbourhood of attractive Lausanne, the pleasures of the lake—all combined to attract personages who added to the resources of Vevey.

It is evident that during this period M. and Mme. de Warens exercised a degree of hospitality more in accordance with their impulses than their fortune, and Madame especially seems gradually to have got into the habit of spending more than her means warranted. She appears to have been the life and soul of the society in which she moved, and in the summer was constantly engaged in devising picnics and other amusements. Not long ago there was found in the pavilion which she inhabited at the Bassets a portion of a letter in her handwriting, describing an interesting cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen who, under the direction of herself and husband, had the day before made the ascent of the Dent de Jaman.<sup>1</sup>

The religious tendency of Mme. de Warens' mind had always shown itself in her letters and conversations. It is sad to think that one so beautiful, charitable, and gifted, and so endowed with excellent ideas and sentiments, should have been led into desertion of her husband on account of a difference in religious opinion, in which, perhaps, an ambition not experienced in early life had some share.

It was at this period of her life, when no breath of calumny had touched her, when the relations of husband and wife were those of entire harmony, that Rousseau intimates that she accorded undue favour to a certain seignior of Vevey. After recounting in his peculiar style the method in which her *défaillance* was brought about, he ascribes to her the most contradictory characters, endowing her with a warm heart but an entirely cold temperament, and accounts for the weakness of which he accuses her by asserting that she had been imbued with sophisms that made her unwilling to deny anything to those she loved.

Doppet, in his apocryphal memoirs—which M. Dufour considers were founded upon notes gathered from contemporaries—mentions the acquaintance of this gentleman with Mme. de Warens, but refers it to a period before her marriage, and gives it an entirely innocent character.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Mme. Olivier, of Petits Bassets, to the author, April 5, 1882.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires de Mme. de Warens et de Claude Anet* (1786), pp. 93 et seq.

In passing, I must say that whoever writes upon the subject of Mme. de Warens must not overlook Doppet's volume; for, although he was unacquainted with the documents now known, and therefore could not properly control the information he possessed, his work contains a few authentic statements intermingled with its multitude of errors. On his few facts was erected a more or less imposing structure, whose materials were drawn from his imagination. To indicate the kind of misstatement in which Doppet indulged, I may cite his assertion that Claude Anet first made himself known to Mme. de Warens in Savoy, whereas his family had for years been in the service of the noble house of de la Tour, and their connections, the Hugonins. The letters in Doppet's volume from Mme. de Warens to Mlle. de F—— of Villeneuve, and the replies, are evidently inventions of the pretended editor. It is only necessary for me to mention one proof of this: she speaks of her father as alive nineteen years after his death.

These are specimens of the incongruities in Doppet. I must, however, repeat that in a full examination of the subject this volume must not be neglected, because among all the chaff there are some grains of wheat. For example, Doppet mentions 'the poor M. Danel,' whom a recent writer took to be Claude Anet. It now turns out that such a person was really for many years in the service of Mme. de Warens, after the death of Anet. He also mentions the house of M. Flandrin at Nezin. The truth of this reference is confirmed by a letter to François Fabre, lately published by M. Jules Vuÿ.<sup>1</sup>

In an unprejudiced investigation of the matter, I have never been able to meet with anything except Rousseau's slanders, and calumnies clearly traceable to them, reflecting on the virtue of Mme. de Warens. In the long letter of M. de Warens concerning his wife, which I shall presently quote, there is no indication of any grievance against her, except her unbridled extravagance and her conversion to Catholicism—which he attributes partly to ambition.

What gave Mme. de Warens her deplorable celebrity? It was that she had the misfortune to be bespattered by the filthy

<sup>1</sup> 'M. Dufour's Researches on Rousseau and Mme. de Warens' (*Revue Savoisienne* (1878), p. 72).

pen of one who was under the deepest obligations to her, and who rewarded her motherly care with characteristic ingratitude. The most solid part of Rousseau's character was his insane self-love. In this instance he did not hesitate to blacken the name of his best friend to add a picturesque feature to his self-portraiture. It must be remembered that out of Rousseau's vile statements an entire literature has grown.<sup>1</sup>

The stories disparaging to Mme. de Warens' character current in her own country have been used by some as corroborations of Rousseau by persons who do not reflect that they all arose after the publication of his 'Confessions.' No contemporary but Rousseau ever made any such insinuation, nor was there any such gossip until she had been dead twenty years.

M. de Warens was a man of quiet disposition, who lived in harmony with his wife, and endeavoured to make her life happy, though he seems to have possessed a somewhat narrow mind, and to have been over-careful in money matters. The first discords between them may be fairly referred, I think, to the prodigal tendencies of his wife, which increased as she grew older. Moreover, to cover the expenses of hospitalities beyond their means, she resorted to various commercial expedients for raising money. Two years before the separation she established a silk-stocking manufactory at Vevey, in company with a certain M. St. André, frequently mentioned by M. de Warens; and she carried on this business independently of her husband, who was opposed to the project but without sufficient force of will to make her abandon it.

It should be noted in this connection that the cause of her embarking in this enterprise was attributed by the Bernese bailiff at Vevey to her desire to give employment to the poor.<sup>2</sup> This is in entire harmony with her subsequent life.

It will be seen by the statement of M. de Warens, given in

<sup>1</sup> The wide interest felt in Mme. de Warens is curiously illustrated in some of the notes of M. Baron, cantonal archivist at Lausanne, bound up in a copy of Doppet's book, and pointed out to me by M. de Montet in the library at Geneva. One of the earliest letters of Napoleon I. was a request to M. Paul Barde, publisher at Geneva (and, by the way, Gibbon's bookseller), to send him the Memoirs of Mme. de Warens and Claude Anet (now known to be unauthentic). This letter was seen a few years ago framed in the shop of M. Joel Cherbulliez, one of Barde's successors. It is dated July 29, 1788, when its writer was a young sub-lieutenant of artillery in garrison at Valence.

<sup>2</sup> Inventory presented to Their Excellencies of Berne in 1726.

the next chapter, that in his petition for divorce there is no trace of a suspicion of any unchaste conduct on his wife's part, which could hardly have been the case if there had been such continual misbehaviour as Rousseau alleges.

The religious fanaticism and excitement which were aroused at Vevey by her flight and conversion to Catholicism would have quickly brought to light any weaknesses of this nature; but I have yet to find the slightest trace or suspicion of such tendencies in the past life of the hated convert. If some oppose to this the generally received impression as to her frailty, I can only reiterate that the world at large eagerly welcomes evil reports emanating from notorious or celebrated persons, over which an air of romance has been cleverly cast. Rousseau has set on foot some of the most wicked and dangerous theories that have cursed the world, and in the smirch on Mme. de Warens' memory may be traced his slimy trail.

In Rousseau were two natures—one which consorted with angels, the other, fit companion of devils. No man has enunciated loftier ideas, or evinced more appreciation of what is beautiful and refined. But his treasons, especially against women, were diabolical, and he seems to regard their confession as atonement. But here it is the reverse. If what he says of Mme. de Warens be true he was a scoundrel for recording it; if untrue he was the greater villain. All that can be said in his defence is, that his 'Confessions' were written late in life, when his mind was unhinged and he believed himself the object of universal persecution.

I have purposely made use of the most moderate terms which language permits, in characterising the base cowardice of Rousseau's conduct towards Mme. de Warens, and I trust that the gentle manner in which I have treated this extraordinary character will not be misapprehended.

The first religious elements of dissension between husband and wife made their appearance when Mme. de Löys de Bonnevaux came from Evian to visit some friends at Vevey. Her husband belonged to an ancient and distinguished family of Savoy which (erroneously) claimed connection with the de Loys of Lausanne, and consequently with M. de Warens

himself. She seems to have possessed an intriguing mind thoroughly devoted to proselytism, and soon acquired an influence over Mme. de Warens which was used to pervert her from her original faith.<sup>1</sup> The task was rendered easier by Mme. de Warens' journey in the preceding year to Aix, Chambéry, and Geneva. During her sojourn in Savoy at that time she seems to have been impressed by the attentions received from high personages in the Roman Catholic Church. On her arrival at Geneva she was entertained by Mme. de Gallatin and others, and freely expressed the pleasure she had experienced in Savoy, and her disgust at returning to the Pays de Vaud.

During the winter of 1725-6 she was ill, and in the spring sent to Morges for Dr. Viridet, who, recognising that her illness was due to perturbation of mind more than delicacy of body, fell in with her humour, and prescribed the waters of Amphion. This enabled her to make her preparations for departure to Evian without arousing suspicion.

## CHAPTER XCIV

THE crisis in the lives of M. and Mme. de Warens was reached on the night of the 13th and 14th of July, 1726, when the wife departed for Evian, never to return.

The memoir which M. de Warens addressed to his brother-in-law, M. de Loÿs de Middel, who had married his half-sister Sophie, has never seen the light,<sup>2</sup> and is filled with a quantity of striking details, which bring to bear a series of new facts on the

<sup>1</sup> MS. Notes of Baron de Gingins on Mme. de Warens, from the archives of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu.

<sup>2</sup> This was written in 1880, when Mme. de Loÿs de Treytorrens had placed the manuscript at the author's disposal (by a letter to him of August 23, 1880). Owing to delay in the publication of my work, M. de Montet printed in 1891 M. de Warens' statement in French in the *Mémoires et Documents de la Suisse Romande*, seconde série, tome iii., with a valuable introduction and notes, the whole presented in his usual clear and admirable style. But as the statement has never appeared in English, and as its circulation in French is restricted, the author publishes it with the above preliminary note written in 1880. The document is now in the possession of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu, to whom my thanks are especially due.



whole story. Although the events took place over a century and a half ago, the situation, the facts, the very expressions, come to us with a freshness belonging to the present.

On account of the length of this unique document, I had thought of presenting only a brief analysis of it, but now feel certain my readers will enjoy the whole. The romantic character of the story, the dramatic interest of its details, and the intimations it contains of ancient law, make it of peculiar importance.

The letter is stitched in pamphlet form, and contains sixty-six pages. The handwriting is that of M. de Warens, and is bold, firm, large, and legible. It must be remembered that it was called forth by statements concerning M. de Warens made by his divorced wife, in a petition presented by her to the Senate of Chambéry a short time before. It seems desirable to recall briefly the movements of M. and Mme. de Warens from 1726 up to the time when the letter was written. After her flight to Evian, she went to Annecy, under the escort of two gentlemen of the bedchamber, eight of the king's guard, and a gentlewoman of Evian, and there in the convent of the Visitation abjured her Protestantism. It was on the occasion of this ceremony that she assumed the additional name of Eléonore, in honour of her religious sponsor, the Princess Eléonore of Hesse, which name has proved a stumbling-block to many of her commentators; for in the baptismal certificate she is designated simply as Françoise Louise, whereas in her mortuary record the name Eléonore is inserted.<sup>1</sup>

As Victor Amadeus had taken her under his protection, he granted her an annual pension of fifteen hundred livres, to which the Bishops of Annecy and of Maurienne each added a thousand.

When Their Excellencies of Berne received news of her abjuration they confiscated her property in the Pays de Vaud, and afterwards waived their rights in favour of M. de Warens, to whom they granted a divorce, with the right to re-marry on account of his former wife's desertion and abjuration.

In 1732 she was still residing at Annecy, absorbed in religious duties and good works—her neighbour and friend M. de Conzié says 'her conduct was entirely exempt from all suspicion,

<sup>1</sup> Letter of M. Cuénod to the author, April 20, 1882.

and safe even from the calumny which commonly pursues new converts when they have intellect and beauty'—and at this time instituted legal proceedings, sufficiently explained in M. de Warens' letter.

The manuscript is endorsed: 'Letter written from London September 22, 1732, to M. de Middel, my brother-in-law, in reply to his of the 5th of the said September, on the subject of the suit which the *Savoyarde* had brought against M. de Villardin my father, in garnisheeing the sums which were due to him in Savoy, by the order which she had obtained from the Senate of Chambéry.'

#### LETTER OF M. DE WARENS

Your letter, my very dear brother and friend, of September 5, N.S., has on the one hand afforded me a real pleasure by informing me that all the family enjoy perfect health, and by the new assurance you give me of your friendship, which will always be very dear to me; on the other hand it has mortified me extremely in seeing the new persecutions which the *Savoyarde* has levelled against me, and especially the calumnious insinuations and the unworthy means she has resorted to for her end.

Long ago, I should have seen with pleasure my father retire the sums due him in Savoy, because I have always feared some *croc-en-jambe* in that direction. Nevertheless, the attempt my desertress made in 1728 to re-obtain her pretended property, and to prevent the sale, having been without success, and she having remained since then entirely silent—although she was not ignorant that Messieurs de la Bastie<sup>1</sup> and Le Jeune<sup>2</sup> were debtors of my father—I flattered myself that I was shielded from her attacks. I had finally come, with the aid of the two best doctors—Time and Reflection—to regard as a Stoic that tragic epoch of my life, and to support with patience the unfortunate situation in which she had placed me. This last attack has fallen upon me like a thunderbolt. I was unable to read the copy you sent me of the petition presented to the Senate of Chambéry without being penetrated with the most lively pain in seeing it

<sup>1</sup> Louis Amé de Loys, Baron of la Bathie, in Chablais, Savoy.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the person from whom she hired the house at Evian in 1754.

filled with supposed facts, with circumstances entirely contrary to the truth, and my most innocent steps disguised in the blackest colours.

A proceeding so dark has renewed so freshly the memory of all my evils, and has struck me so hard that, devoured by the griefs I was obliged to keep to myself in order not to allow them to appear to any one, I found it absolutely impossible for two or three days to write three lines consecutively. Finally, having recovered a little from my bewilderment, and feeling the necessity of replying to you at once, I commence to do this now on the fourth day ; but my mind is still so agitated that I am forced to quit and to retake my pen at each instant.

Not having any of my papers with me, it has been necessary for me to work from memory ; and if I had not taken the precaution to make sketch upon sketch so as to arrange my ideas, you would have been unable to comprehend in any manner my confused scribbling, and I still fear greatly that my letter may bear traces of it. I will add nothing to this preamble, which is already too long, except to say that I flatter myself that the malicious insinuations contained in the petition in question will make no impression upon the minds of the persons to whom I have the honour to be known, and that they will do me entire justice. I have the right to hope this, for my conduct has entirely belied these accusations ; moreover, this document is a tissue of falsehoods from one end to the other, which are even so clumsy that they are apparent at the first glance.

Notwithstanding all this, as nothing is more dear to an honest man than his honour and his reputation, and having nothing to reproach myself with, except too great weakness for a woman whom I had allowed to gain too much of an ascendancy over me, I could not hold out against this last piece of malice. It has nonplussed me, and made me suffer all the more as I had no sufficiently intimate friend to whom I could open my heart. Having a little unburdened myself to you in this letter, whose verbiage I pray you to pardon, I come now to the facts.

Let us begin by this petition, which is a work worthy of the place from whence it emanates. It is addressed to the Senate of Chambéry. How long is it since this tribunal became the judge of facts and acts passed in our country between the subjects of

Their Excellencies? and who gave to it a right to control the decisions of our sovereigns?

But let us continue our examination. The extract she gives from the unfortunate contract of 1713 is faithful. It is the only part where she speaks accurately, and states things as they are. She had carried with her her copy. She says then, that *I enjoyed her property until 1726, without causing any inventory to be made, which it was easy to do with an inexperienced person.* How can she complain in this respect? There was one judicially passed at Montreux after the death of her father. Various copies were made of it, signed by the clerk, and one was given to me. The others remained in the hands of her relatives. I gave them a receipt for the effects which they remitted to me. These consisted in real property which could not be made away with without its being perceived, in furniture which perishes by usage, and in some papers whose exact value I do not remember, but which would not exceed a thousand crowns.

I moreover settled a final account of division between her cousin de la Tour and herself. We each received a copy, signed by all those interested. It appears to me that these protections were more than sufficient, and it must be thought they appeared so to her family, for they have exacted nothing more from me in this respect, although they would have a personal interest in case of the death of the complainant without children and intestate.

The article of her petition regarding the pretended donation *inter vivos* passed in my favour at Annecy in September, 1726, three months after her desertion, arises from the blackest malice. Its sole end is to give a sinister impression of me by inventing facts directly opposed to the truth, without there being the slightest real advantage to the person who forges them. Let us bring to light all the facts. Let us enter into all the details. I risk nothing in doing so. There is nothing to be found whatever which can possibly prejudice the character of a Protestant Christian and a man of honour—titles more precious to me than life, and which I hope with God's help to make profession of until my last breath.

To hear her, would not one say that I had gone expressly to Annecy to have this fine piece fabricated? And yet there is

not a word of truth in this assertion. I made that journey only on account of her urgent prayers, addressed to me in two letters from Annecy. I had, indeed, so much repugnance, that I should not have made it at all if the poor deceased Fontanes, who was at my house at Vevey when I received the last letter, had not persuaded me to do so. It was only a few days after our return from the first voyage to Berne, where he had accompanied me, and during the time that they were occupied in drawing up the inventory ordered by Their Excellencies. He found that I might obtain some useful advantage in taking this course, and that at least it could cause me no kind of prejudice. I yielded to his reasoning.

I arrived at Annecy September 24 [1726] towards night. As my desertress lodged with the ladies of the Annunciation,<sup>1</sup> I did not judge it apropos to see her that same day. I contented myself with sending to her St. André, who had accompanied me in this excursion, in order to inform her of my arrival, and to say to her that I wished to see her on the following day. She sent to ask me to come in the morning at a certain hour. I went.

I found her in bed, a position which she had apparently chosen so as to cover a part of her confusion.<sup>2</sup> With tears she asked my forgiveness. I had always been so blinded with regard to her, and had allowed her so entirely to govern me, that I frankly avow this scene touched me. She did away with a good part of my resentment, and I remained even for some time without power to speak a word.

Having had time to recover my self-possession and to reflect that I was not in a proper place to quarrel with her, I thought that the rôle of kindness was the only one to adopt. I was afterwards glad that I had followed this idea, for there were eavesdroppers. The moment I opened my mouth to make her feel the fatal consequences of the course she had taken, she

<sup>1</sup> 'I was mistaken in regard to this house. It was not at the residence of the dames of the Annunciation that my desertress lodged: it was with the dames of the Visitation. There are two houses of this Order at Annecy, one called the Grande Visitation, which is this one, and another which is named the Petite Visitation, and is outside of the town upon an eminence, and is dependent upon the first' (*Note of M. de Warens*).

<sup>2</sup> They were not yet divorced. The judgment of divorce was given February 24, 1727.

prayed me to look at a certain place behind the tapestry of her room. I did so; and having opened a kind of little closet, I saw that it had a side-door opening into the cloister. In a word, it was like the double *guichet*, by which they give to the Chartreux their food. For this reason we spoke in low tones to be more at liberty; and being alone in her room, nobody was able to hear us.

I began speaking about religion. I represented to her, as strongly as it was possible for me to do, that to abandon the church whose principles she had drawn in with her mother's milk, in order to cast herself into the arms of another, without giving herself the time to examine beforehand its teaching, could not but be a very false move, even if the latter should be found true; but that that which aggravated her action and rendered her conduct inexcusable, was, that of all churches of the Christian world the one she had quitted was the most in conformity with the purity of the primitive church, as much for its worship as for its doctrines; that it was exactly the contrary with the one of which she had just become a member; that the clergy had disfigured worship by customs and ceremonies borrowed from Paganism, and that as for the dogmas they were so greatly filled with absurdities, fables and gross errors, that it was impossible she could believe them in good faith, although she might profess them with her lips; that she might deceive men, but not God; that, apparently dazzled by the promises which had been made to her in order to gain her, she had thought it possible to bring her ambition into accord with her conscience; that she might put the latter to sleep for a time, but it would re-awaken sooner or later; that the result, looking at all the appearances, not answering to the hopes which she had conceived, she would feel then in the most lively manner all the greatness of her fault; and that, notwithstanding my just resentment, I would not cease to pray God with all my heart to give her grace to recover herself some day.

I then added that, all the same, even if she had determined to change only after having studied the question, that would not prevent the manner in which she had done so from creating a great prejudice against her in the world, even in the minds of those of her own party; that to desert her husband, of whom

she never had had any cause to complain, and in decamping to despoil him of everything she could lay her hands upon, was an unpardonable action; and that I had paid very dear all the weaknesses I had had for her.

Having allowed me to speak up to this point without interrupting me, she took up the question. She did not excuse her change of religion by motives of conscience. On the contrary, she allowed so much indifference in this respect to appear, that I was struck by it. She said that the derangement of our affairs had in part induced her to take this step; that they had flattered her with honours at the court of Turin; that what she had carried away from me was the means for living while she was waiting for a position with fixed pension; that, moreover, knowing me to be very tolerant in matters of religion, she had thought that she could induce me to follow her example; that in this case I could count upon not being forgotten; and that a place would be given to me, which would indemnify me in the most ample manner for whatever I might abandon in my own country.

I replied that she must have learned to know me very slightly during the twelve or thirteen years we had lived together, or she could never have made me such a proposal, still less imagine I would like it; that the tolerance of which I made profession with regard to those of a contrary faith had nothing incompatible with the principles of my religion, of whose truth I was so persuaded that nothing in the world could make me abandon it.

Changing then the subject, I informed her of the footing upon which things were in the Pays on the matter of her flight; the order of Their Excellencies issued some years before, confiscating to their profit the property of those of their subjects who change their religion; my first voyage to Berne; and that the bailiff of Vevey had taken an exact inventory of her property and effects to send to Their Excellencies in accordance with their orders.

I represented to her how sad was the state into which she had plunged me; that confiscation was not the only thing that I had to fear; that, having authorised her in the loans she had contracted for her manufactory, the proceeds of which she had



carried away, I should be obliged to reimburse the creditors; that moreover her relatives would not fail to agitate against me in order to give me trouble; and that in such a rough situation I did not know really where to put my head.

‘I feel all that very strongly,’ she said. ‘I know no better remedy than to follow the plan I propose to you, and, in that case, nothing will be more easy than to obtain the liberation of the sums which are due to your father in this country.’

‘The remedy,’ said I, ‘would be worse than the evil. How do you dare to propose such things to me? It is useless to speak to me of them.’

‘You are wrong,’ she replied; ‘but whatever may happen, I am disposed to do all that lies in my power to assure you the tranquil possession of my property. It only remains to see how to set about it.’

‘There are only two ways,’ I said—‘by will, and by a donation between living persons (*inter vivos*). Neither of the two has any weight against confiscation, and the donation would be of no use to me except as against other claimants.’

‘I will think of it,’ she replied, ‘and will consult some person who understands matters of this sort.’

This is the faithful recital of our first conversation, in which I have endeavoured to recollect, as far as my memory will permit, the exact terms we both used.

Thereupon she arose, and we breakfasted with a young lady of Evian, who served her as a companion, and with St. André, who then came into her room. After which, praying me to await her return, she went to Mass, there being a communication between her apartment and the church.

The interval was sufficiently long for me to make my reflections. The blindness I had always experienced on account of this woman had prevented me from understanding all that she was capable of. The slight interest which she appeared to me to take in any kind of religion; the cavalier air with which she spoke to me of it; the wildness of the proposition she made to me; her sudden change from sadness to joy, and many other circumstances, completely opened my eyes. I was indignant, and I desired to be far away; but it behoved



me to extricate myself from this awkward situation with a good grace. I considered that, although a donation between husband and wife was without effect in law, nevertheless, as she could not avoid having this act couched in terms which would be favourable to me, it would be a sort of acknowledgment which she would give of the kind conduct I had always manifested towards her; that at least it would be a check which would prevent her from afterwards breaking into invectives against me. Here you have the reasons which determined me to proceed with policy, and only to make use of gentle means, especially as the place and the circumstances permitted of no other.

On her return, she said to me that she had consulted, on the subject of the donation, some persons skilled in the law; that she had charged them to draw up the minute in the most favourable terms and in the best form possible; and that they were to bring it to her in the evening, and she would give it to me to examine.

I replied that that was very well.

She added that she hoped that what she was doing for me would induce me not to abandon her; that she was mortified that the austerity of the house where she was obliged her to let me sleep at the inn; but that when I should return to see her, as she prayed me to do, she would receive me in a private house where she was taking an apartment.

I allowed her to think whatever she pleased on the subject of a second visit, and contented myself with explaining to her, in connection with the rest, that the situation in which I found myself prevented me from engaging myself to do anything whatever.

We dined in her room. After dinner, an abbé of distinction, whose name I do not remember, came to see me. He threw himself into controversy. He was a learned man, and very polite; and after a quarter of an hour of conversation, I said to him that I understood too well the difference existing between the two religions, and was too well persuaded of the truth of mine to allow my faith to be shaken; that, therefore, I prayed him to cease speaking to me further on the subject, as it would merely be time lost. He replied that he had not

come to give me pain, and we afterwards only spoke of indifferent subjects.

The dame already mentioned, who by the way had thought fit to leave us alone, now returned, and we took coffee, and the abbé retired. A little while after, one of the priests who belonged to the church of St. Francis de Sales came to see me. He also wished to feel my pulse, but as he was really one of those who are called 'poor priests,' I only dallied with him, and did not judge it apropos to engage in a serious conversation.

After release from these visits, I went to call upon Mme. la Marquise de Sales, who had sent her servant in the morning to my inn to present her compliments to me. I remained there half an hour, and we assuredly did not talk of religion. From thence I went to call upon the abbé, to return his visit. He was not at home. I remained a moment with his brother, an officer of cavalry, and we only spoke of the service.

I found upon my return in the chamber of my desertress a Piedmontese nobleman, who awaited me, and who is the intendant in those quarters, or something of that kind. He did not, like the others, indulge in controversy: he sought to gain me by fine promises, insinuating that he had orders to this end. I cut it short by saying to him, that if I had two souls perhaps I should allow myself to be dazzled by some considerable advantage to the extent of sacrificing one; but as I had only one, it was not for sale at any price. Thereupon he retired.

If these replies can be considered as insinuating hopes of a change of religion on my part, I have nothing to say. But let us continue. When this nobleman had gone, she gave me the minute in question to examine. It was in conformity with the act which was executed the following day, with the exception of one article, whose exact terms I do not recollect, but by which I should have engaged myself to furnish generously towards her maintenance. I took good care not to fall into this trap. This article would have counted against me, while the act itself would not have given me any real advantage. I said to her, in returning the minute, that I absolutely could not bind myself to that clause; that it would be a burden upon

me in consequence of the derangement she had introduced into our affairs ; and that things might take such a turn as to render my position impossible ; that, accordingly, unless the donation was pure and simple, I could not accept it.

‘ Very well,’ she said ; ‘ I will have the article cut out which troubles you, but I hope that you will take care of me.’

‘ I repeat to you,’ said I, ‘ that I can engage myself in no wise.’

This is all the share I had in the composition of this piece, not having seen, and still less conferred with, those who compiled it until the act itself had been executed.

As I was going out : ‘ We will sup together,’ she said to me ; ‘ and while you are taking your promenade, I will give the necessary orders with regard to the donation.’

I afterwards supped, and remained with her until between ten and eleven. She said to me when quitting her, that she wished me to come to her the following morning at an early hour, and that all would be ready to execute the document before midday.

I cannot refrain from noting here a fact, although it does not touch the subject-matter. It is that, in returning with St. André to my inn, which was in the faubourg, I found the gates of the city closed, as if they fancied I might carry off this beauty. The porter, who was at some paces distance, came to open it for us, and I saw two other men with him. This precaution made me laugh, for the gate is not ordinarily closed.

I came to the convent on the following morning, which was September 26, at 8 o’clock. I found the lady in bed. She having got up, and I being alone with her, she showed me a letter from the king of Sardinia, by which His Majesty assured her of his protection, and that he would take care that she wanted for nothing. This was with a design to tempt me once more. I cut the matter short, however, by saying to her that I trusted she would not be deceived in her hopes ; that as for me nothing could possibly make me change my sentiments and my principles.

When she had been informed that all the persons necessary for the execution of the act in question were arrived, we passed across the church into the apartment of the principal

priest.<sup>1</sup> Before reading it, one of those persons who were present said to me that he was surprised that I made a difficulty about an article so reasonable, as it seemed to him, which I had demanded should be cut out. I replied that I had taken care not to bind myself by a clause which might become a burden; that the aforesaid lady had so well felt that my situation did not permit it that she had herself caused the article to be withdrawn; that we were assembled to execute a donation pure and simple, and that I could not accept any other, nor bind myself in any way whatever.

Whereupon they said to me: 'We hope that, notwithstanding your unwillingness to bind yourself in writing, you will not fail to take care of Madame.'

'I repeat to you, Messieurs,' I replied, 'that I cannot engage myself in any way.'

The donation was then read, and was entirely complete with the exception of the names. It was executed and accepted in the manner which you will find in the act itself among my papers.

We all breakfasted together, and, the company having separated, I was shown the body of St. Francis de Sales, and everything of a curious nature in the church.

We dined in the priest's apartment. On leaving the table, I was admitted to the parlour, where I found the abbess or superioress,<sup>2</sup> and some *religieuses*, all of the highest rank, to whom my desertress presented me.

After the first salutations: 'Well, Monsieur,' said to me the superioress, 'is it not a pity that a man like you should live in error? Believe me, follow the example of Madame your wife. Come among us. You will be received in such a manner that you will have reason to be content.'

'I make it my glory, Madame,' I replied, 'to profess that which you call error.'

'Do you believe, then,' said she, 'that your wife will be damned?'

'My religion teaches me,' said I, 'not to judge anyone.'

She then began a conversation upon common topics. I

<sup>1</sup> This was Jean-François Chabod, according to M. de Montet.

<sup>2</sup> Françoise-Madeleine Favre des Charmettes (M. de Montet).

replied in the manner proper to a person of her rank, and contented myself with showing her that I was there only to pay her my duty.

My desertress then taking up the conversation, said, 'This is an obstinate ; there is nothing to be gained with him.'

After having remained there about half an hour, I took leave of these ladies, manifesting my gratitude for all the attentions I had received in their house. As I was leaving one of the ladies said, 'Adieu, Monsieur. I hope that God will touch your heart, and that we shall see you one day among us.'

'I hope, Madame,' I replied, 'that we shall all see one another some day in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.'

A moment after, being in the room of the pretended donatress, they brought the completed act. She gave it to me herself.

I then went out, and called upon the *juge mage*,<sup>1</sup> who completed the ordinary formalities, and affixed his seal to it.

This is the faithful narration of all that passed on that occasion, even the smallest circumstances of which I have endeavoured to recollect. In all this can anything be found which approaches promises and hopes held out, as the petition supposes? Can a person be taxed with compiling or having caused to be drawn up an act in writing, who refused to accept it unless a clause was cut out by which he was unwilling to bind himself? Was it necessary to make use of a stratagem to induce the pretended donatress to execute an act which she and her counsellors, skilled men, perfectly well knew was null in law? Can it be considered as wishing to take an advantage of them, because one was unwilling to become their dupe? Was it necessary to resort to circumlocution in order to gain those who were present at this stipulation, when there was nothing to be done except to listen to the reading of a donation which was entirely completed with the exception of the names and to authorize it by their presence?

I have nothing to say against the character of these gentlemen, whose names even I do not remember, and who the petition says are people of merit. I never spoke to them before

<sup>1</sup> Or president of tribunal. This post, says de Montet, was then occupied by Noble and Spectable Noël Viallet, councillor of the king.

that day, and I am unaware that I have ever seen one of them since. I am not aware whether or not some one of them had something to do with the petition ; but what may not one expect from party spirit ?

From the *juge mage* I went to the intendant's—that is, to the Piedmontese noble—to return his call. I only remained there a moment, and then went to the said lady, whom I found in bed.

This is all that passed between us until supper.

The frankness which I profess to employ does not permit me to hide the following fact, although there is nothing about it in the petition.

‘ You are going then,’ she said, ‘ without my knowing when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, and without leaving me any assurance that you will take care of me.’

‘ You know perfectly well,’ I said, ‘ my circumstances ; and that my sad situation does not permit me to bind myself in any manner.’

After a long dialogue, which it would be useless to insert here, she conducted herself in such a manner that she induced me to have some condescension for her. Briefly, I wrote a billet stating in substance that, on account of the donation passed in my favour that day, and in case that by virtue of that document I should have the tranquil possession of her property, I would give her an annual income of three hundred silver livres of Savoy. I thought that I risked nothing in this, since the condition expressed in the note not having taken place, it bound me to nothing. I have since taken care to withdraw the note, so she was not in a position to make use of it.

She arose. We supped, and I remained there until an hour after midnight, and she received the next day a censure from the superioress.

The 27th, which was a Friday, I came in the morning to take leave of her. As I quitted her she was seized with a sort of faintness, which was so short that it convinced me she was a veritable comedian. I left the same day.

Some weeks later I received a letter from her, which in itself is sufficient to destroy all the pretended promises and hopes the petition supposes. She finished it in these terms :

*'I pray you to regard me from henceforth as dead, and to think no more about me than if I really were so.'*

This is the last I received from her. We have had no intercourse from that day.

I was at Berne in December, and Their Excellencies of the Senate issued an order by which, after having declared the property of the said lady confiscated to their profit, they abandoned their rights to me, putting me in their place. It is, if I am not much mistaken, dated the 26th of December. You will find it among my papers.

M. de Pluvianes being at Berne in January, 1727, I wrote to him to ask him to obtain a divorce in my name, sending him for this purpose a power of attorney. The order of the Supreme Consistory is, I think, of the 5th [24th] February. It is also among my papers. I have none with me.

About this time, there fell into my hands a letter from my desertress to St. André, who still lodged with me but was then absent—for it is well to remark that, under pretext of the manufactory, there had always been a correspondence between the two, which indicates that there was connivance between them. The sending her a cask of merchandise the evening before she left Evian, those which she carried away with her, which could not have been done without his knowledge, and many other things, gave rise to violent suspicion, but were not real proofs.

I should not perhaps have opened this letter, whose character I perfectly well understood, if it had not been for the affectation with which she had purposely badly written my name upon the address. This determined me to open it, but in such a manner that I could close it without its being noticed.

It was without signature, containing the date of the month, but not the name of the place from whence it was written. She advised him to get out of me all that he could, and they could, in case of necessity, make use of the arms which they had in hand for that purpose.

All this was still not evidence, for I was not named. The only thing I had to do was to dissimulate, and I destroyed the letter. I resolved to retake the note in question, and to make use of him for that purpose, as you will see presently.

made the marriage, and assisted in the contract ; that not being able to have recourse except to the property in Savoy, and because there might be peril in delay, she demanded the seizure of the sums due to my father, not only of those which she names, but of those which she may discover hereafter, finishing by saying that these sums would never make more than a very small part of that which is due to the suppliant, and making the dotal constitution amount to not less than 30,000 Patagons, without speaking of her matrimonial gains and advantages.

Her conclusion is in harmony with the spirit which reigns throughout the petition and is altogether opposed to that of truth. Let us refute it in as brief a manner as possible.

If it were as true as it is in reality false, that *since her flight I have not enjoyed her property except in virtue of the dotal constitution*, there would be nothing in all that contrary to the dispositions of the law, since in France, in England, and in the greater number of countries in Europe, by the malicious desertion of a wife, the property which she brought to her husband devolves by full right upon him. This is an admitted fact. We have an example of this of fresh date in England. I think there is the same in Savoy ; I will not, however, positively assert it.

But here the case is altogether different. The property of the desertress devolved upon me by an order of December 26, 1726, by which Their Excellencies, after having declared the said property confiscated to their profit and benefit, being touched by my unhappy situation, and being moved by their usual benignity, cede to me their rights and put me in their place and stead. By what right does a foreign tribunal undertake to review the orders of our sovereigns ? Of what consequence to us are the laws and customs of Savoy ?

Have I done any great wrong in having considered as dissolved a marriage which she has rendered null by her desertion, and of having taken advantage of our laws to declare it such ? Am I a Roman Catholic, and obliged to think marriage indissoluble ? Since when, and in what country, do the malicious desertion of a husband and the despoiling him of all that can be carried away, give a wife a right to recover not only her dot, but even the matrimonial advantages to which she would have



no right to pretend—except in case of surviving her husband or of not rendering herself unworthy during the time of their union?

How can she dare to complain that *I have sold and dissipated her property*? I had full right to do so, since I was the master of it. Moreover, Their Excellencies have, I think, authorized the same. You know better than I whether this is so, and to what the proceeds of this sale have been applied, since you had all the management and the trouble of this business. It was necessary to pay the debts she had contracted for her accursed manufactory, whose funds she had carried away with her, and for the other foolish expenses to which I had been weak enough to close my eyes. And far from there remaining to me some of her property, you know better than any one how much of my own has gone, and how little remains to me.

My retirement into England, with which she reproaches me, is a proof that I am not enriched by these 'spoils.' If it is a dishonour not to be rich, I will endeavour to efface it in conducting myself as a man of honour.

What right did the presence of my father and his authorization of the contract of 1713 give her over his property, when she had none whatever by the contract itself?

*She cannot, she says, have recourse to any except the property which is in Savoy, and on this account she demands the seizure of the sums due to my father in that country.* Does she hope that party-spirit will prevail sufficiently over the members of the Senate of Savoy, to make them find a right and a mortgage where there has never been one? It is true that it seems that this tribunal has gone a little quickly to work in granting provisionally the seizure without having heard the parties; but it is to be hoped from the enlightenment and the sense of justice of the seigniors who compose it, that after having heard them, being convinced of the injustice of the demand of the plaintiff, they will nonsuit her, and annul the provisional seizure which they have granted.

It must be that in Savoy the term of Patagon carries a different idea from what it has in the rest of Europe; or, that the plaintiff, far from losing her time in that country, has well learned the rule of multiplication. *Her dotal constitution, says*

made the marriage, and assisted in the contract ; that not being able to have recourse except to the property in Savoy, and because there might be peril in delay, she demanded the seizure of the sums due to my father, not only of those which she names, but of those which she may discover hereafter, finishing by saying that these sums would never make more than a very small part of that which is due to the suppliant, and making the dotal constitution amount to not less than 30,000 Patagons, without speaking of her matrimonial gains and advantages.

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that if I had been in the country she would never have dared to insert in her petition the malicious insinuations with which it is filled; but knowing me to be far away, she thought that she could do it with impunity.

My letter has insensibly arrived at the size of a volume. I make you a thousand excuses, my dear friend, and I pray you to charge the postage to my account, it not being just that you should be burdened in any manner. I have thought that it was absolutely necessary to enter into a well-formulated detail, and this has carried me further away than I supposed it would, and has taken time, as you may well judge, to recollect events which took place six years ago. My situation of mind has not permitted me to abridge it. It is indeed time to reply to the contents of your letter.

You, my dear friend, as well as my cousin de Bochat, whom I pray you to assure of my entire friendship, think that it is absolutely necessary to have a manifesto printed and distributed in Savoy, as much to relieve me from the atrocious calumnies of the petition of my desertress as to make known her entire conduct. I am of the same opinion, and, being persuaded of your prudence, I place myself in your hands in this respect.<sup>1</sup> Her conduct is known to you. You will find an account of one part of it in the petition which I presented to Their Excellencies on the subject of this accursed affair, and which ought to be among my papers; only I will add here some more circumstances of which you can make such use as you may deem proper.

In the autumn of 1725 she was at Aix in Savoy, on account of some pains. M. Doné, to whom in passing I pray you to

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she, *amounted at the least to thirty thousand Patagons*. Although we are not concerned here to dispute the greater or less amount, after the order of Their Excellencies, I will not refrain from saying that it is proved by the juridical inventory, taken in September 1726 by the bailiff of Vevey, in consequence of the order of Their Excellencies, that all the property and effects of the said dame, estimated by persons sworn for that purpose, amounted only to thirty-eight thousand francs, although the property which her stepmother enjoyed and the remains of the *débris* of the manufactory were comprised in this sum—by which it appears that I have never had in hand from her above thirty thousand livres. Nobody knows better than you that the result of the sale of the said property was far below that sum.

But this is a trifle, and she must be pardoned, for she has only raised the dotal constitution two-thirds. Why should she speak more correctly in this article than in all the rest of the articles? It seems to me that she has turned her coat, falsehood has become her favourite sin.

If I am rightly informed, some months after her desertion she wrote to my father by the curé of Rumilly that she had taken no part in our unfortunate suit, and that she had done all in her power to turn me from it. It is positively quite the contrary, as I can protest before God and in entire truth.

As for her indifference for the faith in matter of religion, she owes it in part to the principles of our Pietists. That was the sentiment of her late father, and it appears to have been that of the late M. Magny, one of their principal doctors, who said to me, on his return from a journey to Annecy to see my desertress, that he had never found her soul so well turned towards God in dispositions. These were his exact words, which scandalised me greatly.

The aforesaid dame complains of *her situation* in her petition. If she means by that that she has been deceived in her hopes, she has only herself to blame for it.

Some time ago, I was told that she was suffering from a cancer at Chambéry, where she was living. When you ascertain the truth with regard to this, let me know, I pray you. If this be so, does she desire to make a gift to her new church of property over which she has no right? I am persuaded

that if I had been in the country she would never have dared to insert in her petition the malicious insinuations with which it is filled; but knowing me to be far away, she thought that she could do it with impunity.

My letter has insensibly arrived at the size of a volume. I make you a thousand excuses, my dear friend, and I pray you to charge the postage to my account, it not being just that you should be burdened in any manner. I have thought that it was absolutely necessary to enter into a well-formulated detail, and this has carried me further away than I supposed it would, and has taken time, as you may well judge, to recollect events which took place six years ago. My situation of mind has not permitted me to abridge it. It is indeed time to reply to the contents of your letter.

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In the autumn of 1725 she was at Aix in Savoy, on account of some pains. M. Doué, to whom in passing I pray you to present my compliments, accompanied her thither. From thence she made a journey to Chambéry. She passed then some days at Geneva, where some ladies, amongst others Mme. Gallatin, entertained her. She could not refrain from showing them how much she was charmed with Savoy, and how disgusted she was with our country. Honourable persons have since assured me of this fact. I have learned also, since then, that it was during this voyage that they began to undermine her by promises and attentions.

<sup>1</sup> 'This manifesto,' says de Montet, 'does not appear to have been ever published.'

She was ill that winter. My uncle de Vullierens having done us the honour to come to see us, she told him in so many words that he would hear the next summer of a most extraordinary event concerning a lady of the country—a proof that she had prepared her plans a long time beforehand.

She had, towards the spring of 1726, the precaution to summon to Vevey M. Viridet, a physician of Morges, with the intention of being advised to take the waters, a remedy which is a good saddle for all horses. M. Viridet, recognising that her illness arose more from perturbation of mind than from real delicacy of body, and seeing her determined to take the waters of Amphion, took good care not to contradict her desires.

Under this pretext she was enabled to arrange everything for the execution of her project. The manufactory which she had established, and which had been begun in 1724,<sup>1</sup> furnished her another pretext for borrowing considerable sums, whose amount you may see and the date in the inventory of the month of September 1726. They are not unknown to you, since you made the payments.

She carried with her the money she had borrowed on this occasion in the winter of 1725–6, and the money borrowed up to her departure. There were even loans contracted in the month of June. She carried them away, I say, or at least the greater portion of them; and though she may have employed a part of the aforesaid sums to buy silk, &c., or to pay the workmen, she was more than indemnified by the goods themselves which she took away with her in leaving Vevey, or which St. André forwarded to her at Evian. This was all the more easy, inasmuch as I myself had no part in the manufactory. You will find this inventory and the condition of my pretensions against the aforesaid among my papers. If the inventory should be mislaid, it can always be found in the hands of the secretary ballival Grenier.

Towards the end of June 1726<sup>2</sup> a flood created considerable devastation at Vevey and in the environs. The cellars, gardens, wine-presses—in a word, all the lower parts were under water. Scarcely were things restored to order, when she

<sup>1</sup> 1725. (De Montet, p. 226.)

<sup>2</sup> It should be July 5. (De Montet, p. 227.)

took the occasion of a general washing to put all the finest and best linen aside. Their Excellencies deputed, in July, the Treasurer de Watteville to examine upon the spot itself the losses caused by the waters. She chose exactly this time for her departure. The occupation which the repair of the damages made by the waters to our house and to our country-house gave me, prevented me from undertaking the voyage with her. Everything seemed to combine to facilitate her enterprise.

As she always took with her a great deal of luggage, even for the shortest trip, and as this would consume some weeks, those who were not in the plot paid no attention to the fact that she took with her more than usual. Besides, in packing her baggage, she only made use of a proselyte who followed her into Savoy some weeks after her desertion. As we had acted as sponsors to the child of this woman, and as she had often been in the house and had even nursed my desertress during her illness, there was no ground for suspicion.

Obliged to accompany His Grandeur [the Treasurer] as much through my respect for him as from the fact of my being the deputy of the Council of Vevey, of which I was a member, it was impossible for me to perceive this intrigue; and an event like that of her evasion could not naturally enter into my mind. My desertress arranged everything to depart during the night, under pretext of avoiding the heat of the day; finding, apparently, that nothing was in better keeping with a work of darkness than darkness itself. This was on July 13th and 14th. On the day preceding this departure, I said to her that it would be well to put up the silver which was not absolutely necessary. She did so, and in my presence placed all the best that we had in a buffet, where we were accustomed to put it when we went out of town, with the exception of two chandeliers, a candlestick, two spoons, and as many knives and forks, a coffee-pot, and a tea-pot which she took, she said, for her use during her sojourn at Evian; and having placed the key of the aforesaid buffet in a closet where there were many others, she gave me the key of the said closet.

There remained then for my use only some old spoons and forks, and an antique salt-cellar—in a word, simply what you found among my effects. As I was going out a short time

after, she said to me that she needed something which she had forgotten in the aforesaid closet. I gave her the key, which she handed back to me on my return.

I supped that evening with His Grandeur at the house of M. Couvren. My desertress took this interval to have her coffers and baggage transported to the boat—that is, brigantine, for such it was. She did not forget the silver plate that she had locked up that day in my presence, of which she was careful to take possession before giving me back the key of the key closet.

Under pretext of housekeeping at Evian, she took the kitchen utensils, the ironware, &c., the finest and best linen, coverlets, mattresses, with her jewels and underclothing; in a word, all that you can see in the list of effects which she carried away when the inventory was made in 1726, and even others beside. You will find this list among my papers.

Beyond this, she carried away a large part of the goods of the manufactory. The fact that she could not do this without the aid of St. André gives great cause for suspicion that they understood each other.

On my return, I found that she was shut up in her room, under pretence of sleeping. Notwithstanding this appearance, it was this time she took to finish packing, that is to say, putting up the silver she was carrying away with her, and her jewels. As I heard no noise, although there was a light—which she had always burning in her room since her last illness—I went to bed, giving orders to the domestics to inform me the moment that she was awake. This she prevented them from doing until just the moment before her departure.

About two o'clock in the morning, she came to me to say adieu. She would not hear of my getting up. I did so, however, throwing over me only my *robe de chambre*. I felt her trembling as I conducted her to the boat, so greatly did she fear, apparently, to be discovered; but we were all so blinded about her, that scarcely would we have believed our own eyes. She even pushed her dissimulation so far, that during the time that she meditated this fine stroke, she manifested for me a special cordiality.



She took with her La Chenebié of Vevey to act as her *femme de chambre* during her sojourn at Evian.

It was in leaving the house to go to embark that she gave to poor Peter to carry under the name of toilet-case a casket which she had not been willing to send to the boat before herself. It is true that it had served for that purpose, but at this time she had placed in it the silver that she was carrying away, and her jewels.

Peter accompanied her as far as Evian. He has told me since that he had found this casket very heavy. He is full of life, as far as I know, and he can tell you himself. He is an honest man; you have had many proofs of it in the guardianship and sale of my effects. Certainly if he had known what he was carrying he would have told me, and the blow would have missed; but I do not think that I should have been any happier. If you have occasion to render him a service I shall be under obligations for it, and I shall credit you with it. I have forgotten to say in its place that I took the aforesaid Peter with me to Annecy. His name is Fruschy. He is from the village of Saanen in Gessenex, or its environs.

I was then so occupied with arranging for the repair of the disorders of the flood that I had not time to go to Evian until the 4th of August, which was a Sunday. In this interval, I received several letters from her of a very cordial character. I was at Evian with M. Couvren and some others. We went there in a brigantine.

When I was at the house of the aforesaid dame, she said to me that, not having seen me for some time, she prayed me not to go out that day, and to pass the whole of it with her. I did so all the more willingly that, indispensable affairs calling me the next day to Vevey, it would be necessary for me to return with these gentlemen, who were going back the same evening. She feared that I might discover her design, and everything tended to close my eyes.

Madame de Bonnevaux came thither while we were dining. She only came in and went out immediately. I got up to accompany her. She would not allow me, and said to me three times, 'Do not leave your wife.' Nevertheless I accompanied her to the door. She has since pretended that she wished to

reveal to me by these words the intention of my desertress, and thereby put things in order. I leave it to every man of good sense to judge if one could give such an interpretation to them.

Note well that the aforesaid dame de Bonnevaux had been one of the principal mediaries in this affair, and that she had taken upon herself the *rôle* of proselytiser. When the devil was old, he turned hermit. I desired to go and call upon her after dinner, but my desertress prevented me. Everything gave her umbrage. She feared lest something should escape the aforesaid dame, which would disclose the pot of roses which were nevertheless upon the point of opening. When we were alone, my desertress prayed me to send her Bayle's Dictionary, whose perusal would amuse her; saying that she suffered greatly from *ennui*, and was almost always alone.

I had a very beautiful cane with a golden head which she also asked for, to use in walking while taking the waters, so much did it grieve her to leave with me the slightest thing from which she might derive profit. As I knew not how to refuse her anything, I gave the one and the other to St. André, whom she had asked me to send to her next day, being obliged to talk with him concerning the affairs of the manufactory; and he carried them to her.

My companions came to pay her a visit. We took coffee together. When going out, they said they would inform me when they were ready to leave.

The rest of the time that I was with her, she sighed, and said now and then, 'My dear husband, what will become of you?' This was apparently the remains of a remorse of conscience, but it was soon smothered. What took place on the night even of our departure is a proof of this. As she was subject to vapours, I thought it was only the effect of that malady, and I sought to tranquillise her.

The hour of departure arrives; they come to inform me. I take leave of her. She manifests as much friendship as she had ever done in her life for me. She accompanies me outside of the house, whose rear looks on the lake, as far as the shore, with tears in her eyes. I saw some of the king's guards round about, but did not for a moment suppose that they were there to watch us. Nevertheless, nothing was more true, and I have since

learned that my desertress had already given her word to the Bishop of Annecy.

As we left, she accompanied the brigantine with her eyes. But of what dissimulation is not a woman capable? I have since learned, on good authority, but long after, that scarcely had she turned her back upon us, than her maid said to her, 'Madame, you have a good husband.'

'If you think so,' she replied, 'then take him, for he will soon be without a wife.'

As we were beginning our voyage, we perceived the king of Sardinia on horseback, with some seigniors of his court, returning from a promenade. Some of our gentlemen not having seen him before, approached the shore and descended. I remained in the boat with the others. When the king had passed, these gentlemen returned, and we set sail once more.

I have been assured that as His Majesty entered Evian, my desertress, who lodged in the house of the sieur Bugnet, which is very near the gate, went and threw herself at his feet to demand his protection, and bread. Whereupon the king seems to have replied, 'I accord you the one, and I will take care that you do not want the other.'

At any rate, it is certain that from that same evening, she changed her lodgings, and went to the house of Mme. de Bonnevaux, where they took care to amuse her and keep her within view, as if they feared that there would be an attempt to carry her off.

We made scarcely more than two leagues that night. Bad weather overtook us; much rain fell, and even hail. It was fortunate that we had taken provisions with us, for the wind was so contrary that we were obliged to pass the night on the Savoy coast. We accommodated ourselves to the best of our ability in our brigantine, which was better at any rate than the Savoyan huts. We heard from time to time the patrols. They continued their rounds the whole night through. I do not doubt this was in order to observe us, and that a knave who passed the lake with us was a sort of spy; for I have since become convinced that he had served as messenger between Mme. de Bonnevaux and my desertress in the correspondence between them before the latter's arrival at Evian.

We reached Vevey on Monday the 5th, in the morning. I said to St. André that my desertress wished that he should go over to see her. He left, and took to her my cane and Bayle, which I had handed to him. He returned on Tuesday morning, the 6th, and said that he must send to the aforesaid dame a cask or bale of merchandise on that very day. This extremely sudden order surprised me ; but he told me that the aforesaid dame absolutely wished it, and that she had scolded him because he desired to dissuade her, saying to him that she had a chance to sell it to advantage. He thereupon arranged the bale, which was very large, and sent it in the evening by the boat of Evian which had brought him, and which awaited this freight.

The sending having been completed, he went to Lausanne. I cannot remember exactly whether he went the same night or only the next morning. What I do know is this : that on Wednesday evening, August 7, he returned from Lausanne, and, coming up to me as I was walking in the rear of the Aile, said, 'Monsieur, you have no more a wife.'

'What?' said I, altogether astonished.

'No, Monsieur,' he replied ; 'she left Evian this morning to follow the king to Turin.'

'Are you quite sure of it?' I said.

'That is the general rumour at Lausanne,' he replied.

I was so blinded that I could not believe a word of it. I returned to the house, and while going thither reflected that there is never smoke without fire. I determined, at any rate, to search in the key closet for that of the buffet where she had placed the silver-plate in my presence. I was surprised at not finding this key there. During the whole interval which had elapsed since her departure, not having had occasion to make any use whatever of what was in the buffet, it had not entered my mind to examine it.

Finally, I found this key ; but you can never imagine where she had put it. I was about to have the buffet opened, and it would have been necessary to employ a locksmith, when the purest chance led me to find it. Having taken out the contents of the closet in order to search therein thoroughly, one of those who were with me, looking into an old tea box, drew out some

cotton with which it was filled, and in which the dame had put this key, and that of her wardrobe.

This sight struck me, and acquainted me with my misfortune. To complete my conviction, I opened the buffet, and found the birds had left the nest. I opened her wardrobe. She had carried away everything; she had scarcely even left some rags.

This threw me into a state of mind that you can well imagine. The trouble I was in not permitting me to determine immediately the part that I should take, I went to seek a friend. I told him the affair.

‘That which you see,’ I said to him, ‘and the rumour which prevails, are proofs that she has deserted me, but not that she has finally abandoned me. I fear that in going myself to the spot to obtain information, I may expose myself.’

‘Do not go,’ said he. ‘Send rather some one.’

We agreed finally, that it should be St. André. I prayed him to depart the same evening. This he did, with Peter, whom I thought best to give him as a companion. ‘Inform yourself,’ I said to him, ‘with exactitude of everything, and give me constant news.’ This was on the night between Wednesday and Thursday.

On Thursday morning, the 8th, a man from Lausanne, whose name I do not remember, and who had come from Evian, came to my house, and told me that it was only too true; that the aforesaid dame had left the day before (Wednesday), August 7, early in the morning; that she had traversed the whole town on foot, conducted by two gentlemen of the suite of His Majesty; that at the gate of Allinges, she had entered a coach with a gentlewoman of Evian (whom I afterwards saw near her at Annecy) to keep her company; and that eight guards of His Majesty escorted the coach.

Between one and two in the afternoon, two boatmen coming from Evian told me that they had met St. André, who had instructed them to come to see me. ‘We have,’ they said, ‘this morning seen the king come out from Mass, and order the man Bugnet to take care to send on the clothes of Mme. de Warens. We saw the coffers and bales embarked for Geneva. Everything was under the seal and arms of the king.’

Thereupon, after having taken a *bouillon*—for, by the way, I had swallowed nothing since dinner of the previous day—I mounted on horseback, and accompanied by a neighbour arrived at Geneva the following day at the time of opening the gates. I consulted two persons of my acquaintance, men of honour, as to seizing the aforesaid effects, but they assured me that I should not succeed, as they would be passed under the name and cover of the king. I did not push my point, and returned to my lodgings; and think I adopted a wise course. I should, moreover, have missed the principal thing, the casket, which the traveller had taken care to transport with her in the coach.

On the day after my return, the castellan of Vevey took the trouble to come and see me. He informed me of the order of Their Excellencies, to the effect that the property of their subjects who changed their religion was to be confiscated to their profit; and he said that he was mortified to be obliged on account of his office to take an inventory of the dame's effects; that he was not come to give me pain, but to consult as to the manner in which we should take it.

I thanked him for his politeness, and told him that although the rumour ran that the fugitive had changed her religion, there was as yet no certainty as to her abjuration; and that as, moreover, it was my design to go and throw myself at the feet of Their Excellencies, I prayed him to suspend action until my return from Berne.

He replied that he only asked to be relieved from any censure that might be preferred against him. This was just; I therefore gave him a written declaration that it was at my request, and that for the above reasons he had suspended proceedings; with this he was contented.

I received about this time a letter from the aforesaid dame, dated August 11, without the locality being given. She announced her change of religion; that she had done this in order to follow the suggestions of her conscience; and she prayed God to be willing to touch my heart, and enlighten me by His Holy Spirit.

A few days later I received another, dated from Annecy. She exhorted me to follow her example, or at least to give her the consolation of seeing me.

cotton with which it was filled, and in which the dame had put this key, and that of her wardrobe.

This sight struck me, and acquainted me with my misfortune. To complete my conviction, I opened the bureau and found the birds had left the nest. I opened her wardrobe. She had carried away everything; she had scarcely even left some rags.

This threw me into a state of mind that you can well imagine. The trouble I was in not permitting me to determine immediately the part that I should take, I went to seek St. André. I told him the affair.

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great risk of losing the sums he has in that country, or, at least, a good part of them. They are anything but assured. M. de la Bastie has, properly speaking, nothing belonging to him ; all is placed in trust, or is entailed by his contract of marriage upon his son. The property which remains in the hands of M. Le Jeune, comes entirely from his wife. He has nothing himself. I do not know the situation of the sieur Picolet. There is even a strong presumption that the debtors of my father have been in collusion with my desertress, and that they have led her to demand this seizure. All the circumstances convince me of this.

The said dame knew perfectly well before her flight that there remained in the hands of my father a sum which in reality belonged to me ; although, perhaps, she has since forgotten the amount. She knew besides that Messieurs de la Bastie and Le Jeune were indebted to my father. She remained, nevertheless, six years in Savoy without making the slightest movement to seize the aforesaid sums, over which she has no more right now than she had then. At what moment did she begin to act ? Precisely at the moment when my father, after having pursued his debtors, was on the point of forcing them to reimburse him in the sums he had confided to them, and when they had no other resource than this to delay payment.

But, say the partisans of the aforesaid dame, suppose even that she has no right against your father, she has one against you by her contract of marriage. Your father enjoys a sum of money, the property of which is in you. He has some funds in Savoy ; and as, to make use of her exact language, she could not have recourse except to the effects which are in this country, and there would be danger in delay, she demands that the sums due to your father should remain a guarantee against losses, or at least, a portion important enough to make up the sum which belongs to you.

Here is my reply to this, and I believe it is unanswerable. Her malicious desertion deprives her not only of the advantages which the contract gave her, but even of the property that she brought me, which are held to have come to me by that desertion. It is the invariable custom in countries having a written law. The circumstances which accompanied this desertion—



that is to say, the effects which she carried off from me—aggravate her case, and render mine the more favourable.

But above all, I do not possess the property except in virtue of the cession made to me by Their Excellencies, after they had declared it confiscated to their profit. Consequently, she has no more right against me than she would have against Their Excellencies themselves. If I were so unfortunate that she should obtain the end of her petition, this would crown the work. Far from there remaining to me something of her effects, my own have departed in company with them. Besides the payment of the debts she had contracted, it was necessary for me to pay, strictly speaking, the premium of an imaginary property in her real estate which had not lasted two years.

I am persuaded that Their Excellencies will not refuse to acquiesce in the petition that you intend to present, begging them to sustain us in this position. It concerns their honour neither to allow their rights to be invaded, nor that a foreign tribunal should undertake to overturn their orders, at least tacitly, in giving the right to act against persons in favour of whom these orders have been issued, and that under pretext of a right which has been annulled and no longer exists.

I admit that the priesthood will give trouble, but I hope that we shall extricate ourselves in the end from this bad situation. I do not think that the Senate of Chambéry will dare to give a sentence in favour of the aforesaid. It is a delicate point, and would commit the sovereigns against each other. It is an attempt which should naturally fail. They will not be willing to embroil themselves for a *femmelette*.

As for my papers, they are in the hands of M. de Pluvianes. You can take those you consider necessary. The principal ones are in a small casket, the others in a larger one. All those of which I speak to you in this long document ought to be in one or the other. The only things missing from it are the letters which I think I burned at the time that I departed for Holland. Perhaps some remain, but this would be a pure chance. The one without date or signature, written to St. André, has, at any rate, been destroyed, and I think all the others, for I burned different papers in the kitchen of our

friend Pluvianes; but you can count on the fidelity of what I advance concerning their substance.

You will find here enclosed a letter for M. de Pluvianes, by which I pray him to give you the papers of which you have need, and which you will have the goodness to replace when you have done with them, and to be good enough to lend us his kind services.

I cannot sufficiently express to you how sensible I am of the readiness with which you have endeavoured to draw me out of this unfortunate situation. I am under a load of obligation to you. When shall I be in a position to testify my gratitude in another way than by causing you new embarrassment? Accept, I pray you, in the meantime, the will for the deed.

I finish my letter, my dear friend, at the place where you begin yours. If I have taken so long to give you news of myself, it is because I have had nothing new to tell you concerning my situation. Up to this time no suitable place has presented itself. Those which would have been acceptable were taken in advance. Good places are rare, and are to be found with difficulty.

I have, nevertheless, some good patrons. They make me hope that they will place me in such a manner that I shall have reason to be contented; but they tell me that I must have a little patience, and that it is much better to wait and have something solid. It is to be hoped that during this winter we shall find something good, because I look for nothing during the remainder of this year. The contrary would be a mere accident.

I made up my mind to this the more willingly, as I should make a mournful figure in the Pays during all this *tripotage*, and assuredly it would not lead my father to see me with more indulgent eyes than the last time I was at Lausanne.

I thank my dear sister, your wife, for the assurance of her friendship, and assure her of mine. My respects to your ladies and my compliments to all the rest of the family. I cordially embrace d'Orzens, and I make him a thousand excuses that I am so far in arrears with him. The occupation which this letter has given me, and a wretched cold which has seized me while I was at work and which holds me still in its grip, prevent

me from writing to him at once. It has delayed the sending of this letter. I am sorry for it, but nothing is to be done with the impossible.

I am sensible also of the trouble which my cousin de Bochat<sup>1</sup> is willing to give himself, conjointly with you. Assure him, I pray you, of my gratitude, until I can do so myself. My respects to my uncle and to Mesdames de Bochat, to my uncle de Vullierens when you see him, to M. and Mme. de Vernand, and my compliments to all those who do me the honour to remember me. My cordial greetings to all the fraternity.

Adieu, my dear friend; pardon once more the length and the verbiage of my letter. Never have you received, and I believe never in my life have I before written, such a volume. I have numbered the pages, thinking this precaution necessary. Give me, I pray you, news of yourself, and inform me of the turn things take as early as possible.

As I am absent, perhaps it would be as well to issue the manifesto in the name of the family. I leave all this, however, to you; and I ratify all that you may do.

I date my letter from London, although I write it from the country, where I am residing. You did well to address yours to Messieurs Rieu and Guinand at London, without naming the place of my residence, and I pray you to do the same in the future, because they will always know where to send my letters.

As one often partakes of the humour of the country wherein one is, I have changed for the second time my domicile, and am at present at Islington, where I am nearer to my London patrons and friends.

Do me the justice to be persuaded of the sincerity of my friendship and of my gratitude, and that I shall be all my life entirely yours.

D. L. V.

London,  $\frac{22 \text{ Sept.}}{3 \text{ Oct.}}$ , 1732.

N.B.—The same day, September 22, that is, October 3 new style, I wrote to M. de Pluvianes, to pray him to aid us with

<sup>1</sup> M. Loÿs de Bochat, who married the aunt of George Deyverdun (the friend of Gibbon), and resided in La Grotte.

his kind offices in this accursed affair, to communicate to M. de Mides the papers of which he might have need, to replace them afterwards in the caskets, and, finally, to take care that my books, which are in the coffer in which the caskets are enclosed, shall not be injured.

The above postscript is followed by a space of blank lines, and the ensuing explanations or memorandum, also in the handwriting of M. de Warens:

The process which the former dame de Warens had brought against my father in 1732, by the seizure of the sums due to him in Savoy, as has been seen by the preceding letter, having lasted a long time, and having obliged my brother d'Orzens to make various journeys to Chambéry, and one to Turin, she finally desisted from the aforesaid seizure in May 1734; M. La Croix, being then attorney of my said father, as may be seen from the following instrument sent to me by my father in June, 1734, at the house [La Grotte] of my cousin de Bochat, where I then lodged, which was written by the hand of my father, bearing word for word the following:

COPY OF AN ACT OF THE 24TH MAY, 1734.

In the suit of demoiselle Louise Françoise de la Tour, demandress and defendress, against noble Jean de Loÿs, seignior of Villardin and Orzens, also demander and defender, has appeared before M. Banquis, actuary in the cause, the attorney of the said defendress, assisted by her, who, having shown to the undersigned the last deed of the seignior demander of the 16th of April last, and the production by him made, says, under his advice, that as he (the seignior demander) has just produced certificates in form concerning the customs contended for by him in establishing that the written law is not followed in the Pays de Vaud, as the court had been led to believe, and even that the requirements of the common law in parallel cases had not been fulfilled, the demoiselle defendress, not wishing to raise distressing contestations, declares that she abandons her opposition to the removal of the seizure required by the seignior demander, to which she consents, reserving to herself,

nevertheless, the privilege of pursuing her rights in the manner that may hereafter appear against the seignior de Loÿs de Warens and against his property ; and she would not have so long delayed to make the said declaration, if the seignior demander had produced the said certificates, in correct form, and unless he takes advantage of it he will be nonsuited, with costs and judgment.

(Signed) DEMOTZ, advocate general of the Poor,  
and MOREL, attorney.

(Signed) BANQUIS,  
actuary to the Senate.

The said copy is endorsed in the handwriting of my father :  
' Copy for the seignior de Loÿs de Villardin, of the 24th of May, 1734, at Chambéry, of the retirement and withdrawal of the former dame de Warens, divorcée, sent and received by the post at Lausanne, the 8th of June, 1734, by M. La Croix, his agent, ordinarily living in the rue du Temple de St. Gervais, at Geneva.'

## CHAPTER XCV

THE letter of M. de Warens carries in its train several interesting adjuncts for the use of which I am indebted to the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandien.

The first is M. de Warens' petition of August 29, 1726, to the authorities of Berne, praying them to stop the operations of the fiscal attorney looking to the confiscation of his wife's property, on account of her change of religion, because of the debts and embarrassments left on him by her flight, and to surrender to him the property remaining.

This is followed by an order of Their Excellencies of the same date to the Seignior Bailiff of Chillon, stopping the procedure of the fiscal attorney, but directing that there should be taken 'an exact inventory of the debts, active and passive, of the aforesaid dame, for transmission immediately to Their Excellencies,' and her property liquidated at the smallest cost.

There follows a *résumé* of the inventory of the fortune of Mme. de Warens duly forwarded in accordance with this order

to Berne, whereby it appeared that M. de Warens held from his wife's property 33,264 livres, and that her debts amounted to 34,056 livres. Their Excellencies could have had no hesitation in being generous.

The next paper is the *Donation* made by Mme. de Warens to her husband, of which the latter speaks in his letter to M. de Middel. It bears at the top the official stamp of twelve deniers, and is interesting enough to see the light in full:

'The year 1726, on the 26th of the month of September, in the morning, in the house of the Reverend Sieurs Chaplains of the Reverend *Religieuses* of the first Monastery of the Visitation of St. Mary of Annecy, before me, notary royal of the said town undersigned, and in presence of the witnesses hereinafter named, appeared in person, duly identified and established, noble dame Eléonore Françoise Louise de la Tour, daughter of the late noble Jean Baptiste de la Tour, former citizen of Vevey, in the Pays de Vaud, wife of noble Sebastien Isaac de Loys, seignior of Warens, in the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, who declares that she has not left her house nor the estates of Their Excellencies of the said Berne, of which she was born a subject, because of any discontent towards her said husband, nor otherwise, but solely to follow the movements of her conscience, which have led her to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, of which she now by the grace of God makes profession.

'And as she learned that Their Excellencies, immediately after her retreat, had taken an inventory of her property, real and personal, and as she fears lest the consequences of this formality may be to cause her husband to lose the legitimate pretensions he has to her property, she declares by the present act that her intention has always been to leave him the peaceable enjoyment and possession thereof, and that she had counted on his never being troubled therein, having always lived in entire peace and union with her said husband; and desiring to give him marks of her good feeling, and on account of the friendship which she has for him for the gracious manner in which he has always treated her, she has made, and by this present act makes to the said noble Sebastien Isaac de Loys, seignior of Warens, her husband, here present and accepting for himself and his heirs, a general donation of all her property and

rights, and that by a donation pure and simple between living persons, without reserve, other than a sum of one thousand livres of Savoy, to be raised upon the property hereinbefore given, to make use of and dispose of as may seem good to her.

‘The present donation is made in the presence and with the assistance of noble spectable Noel Viallet, councillor of the king and his *juge mage* of the province of the Genevois, whom the parties humbly supplicate to be good enough to authorize and enregister the present donation, with which object the said dame donatress has appointed and constituted as her attorney Maître Jean Pierre Morens, and the said seignior de Warens, Maître Joseph Amblet, both attorneys of the said judicature absent as well as present—I, notary, for them stipulating and accepting—to require and consent to the said enregistration, making choice of domicile, for this purpose, in their persons and that of their substitutes, in the form, style and rule of this country, and praying also very humbly Their Excellencies to deign to ratify and enforce the present donation between living persons which she has made to her said husband as a proof of the affection which she will preserve for him during all her life—and to render the present act enforceable according to their accustomed clemency, declaring in good faith that she has not been solicited nor led by any person whomsoever, to execute the present deed, but that she has made the same purely of her own motion, and open and free will, under and with all due promises, renunciations and other requisite clauses—and to which said donation the said *juge mage* has brought the support of his judicial authority for the above motives, as he does hereby declare.

‘Sealed and delivered at Annecy, in the aforesaid place, in the presence of noble and spectable Gaspard de Lambert, seignior of Soirier, of la Coste d’Evires, seignior of Choyrier, and co-seignior of Auteville, first of the noble syndics of Annecy; of spectable Joseph Favre, advocate of the Senate, second of the said noble syndics seigniors of Annecy-le-Vieux; of Reverend François Chabod, and of Reverend Amédée Montillet, archpriest and cantor of the Maccabeans of Geneva, residing in the present town of Annecy, and of Maître François Charcot,

practising notary, bourgeois of the said Annecy—the witnesses required, all people of distinction and probity, known to me who have signed the minute on folio 609, book 2.

(Signed) 'J. MAURIS.'<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XCVI

ON December 26, 1726, the banneret of Berne issued an order of Their Excellencies gratuitously abandoning to M. de Warens the property of noble de la Tour, his wife, who has escaped, under the condition that he will arrange with the creditors, and pay them. On February 24, 1727, they accorded him a divorce with liberty to marry.

M. Baron, in his manuscript notes on Doppet's volume, makes a statement that may fitly close the record of these issues and settlements :

'By will made in 1709, M. Jean Baptiste de la Tour disposed of his property, establishing a triple substitution, in case that all his children died without posterity and without a will, by leaving the enjoyment of it during her lifetime to his widow Marie Flavard—among others the country-house of the Bassets—under the reserve that she could not dispose of it except in favour of her nearest relatives; and he established as testamentary executor a M. de Rovéréa, charged also with the interests of the estate of the de la Tours.

'It appears that the testator died in 1725.

'In consequence of her clandestine flight and change of religion, Mme. de Warens was legally considered as dead, and also deprived of her rights to the inheritance of her parents. On this account, Their Excellencies of the State of Berne decreed December 26, 1726, that the property which might come to Mme. de Warens, after the death of her stepmother, Mme. la veuve de la Tour *née* Flavard, should devolve upon the Treasury.

<sup>1</sup> *Donation faite par Mme de Warens à son mari, M. de Loÿs de Warens, 26 Septembre 1726.* (MS. unpublished. From the archives of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu.)



‘ Now, the latter dame died April 24, 1745. The right of confiscation belonged to M. Bondeli, baron of Châtelard, in whose fief the country-house of the Bassets was situated. Nevertheless, there arose on this point an exceptional question from the fact that, in the present case, it concerned the exercise of this right against a person who, by the fact of a change of religion, had incurred confiscation of property ; and at that time they were very severe in these matters, and here this right ought to be exercised by the government of Berne, the sovereign seignior.

‘ Nevertheless, on account of certain considerations, Their Excellencies did not follow it up. On December 9, 1745, they ordered that, after taking an inventory, the property should be put by the bailiff of Vevey under the provisional trustee charged to render them an account of it, and to send annually the revenue to Mme. de Warens, to whom this property would be restored as a whole, if, on her return to her country, she re-entered the Reformed Church. As is well known, she complied with neither the one nor the other of these conditions.

‘ Lieutenant Jean Louis Vincent of Chailly was established as trustee of the country-house of the Bassets, and he rendered, in 1746, the first account of his stewardship, a *résumé* of which is transcribed in a chapter of the accounts of the bailiwick of Vevey for that same year ; but as we cannot find the accounts of that trusteeship for the following years nor any other documents relative to it, I am ignorant what was the result and the end of this affair, upon which I will make no conjecture.

‘ One sees here that Mme. de Warens had lost her mother, *née* Warnery, already in the year 1704. She thus became an orphan at the age of five years, since her brother was then only six.’

One error in the statement of M. Baron I may correct. It appears from the marriage contract of M. and Mme. de Warens that her father was already dead in 1713, and there is reason to believe that he died shortly after the making of his will in 1709.

M. de Warens, while in England in 1728, dwelt in the house of the pastor Barbor, at Brentwood, in Essex. After his return to Lausanne, he received notice of his appointment as governor of

His Serene Highness Prince Victor Lebrecht d'Anhalt Bernbourg-Hoymb.

With an affectionate and somewhat tautological recommendation from the Burgomaster and Council of Lausanne (signed by Secretan, uncle by marriage of George Deyverdun) M. de Warens set out on August 21, 1729, and arrived at Maestricht September 15. On the 30th he received at the Château of Ost the commission of governor of Prince Victor, from the hands of His Serene Highness the Landgrave Guillaume of Hesse-Philipsthal, brother-in-law and tutor of the Prince, and colonel of a regiment of cavalry in the service of Their High Mightinesses the States General, under the seal and signature of the aforesaid Landgrave. By this act he was to receive two hundred reichsthalers annually during his stay in Holland; the first quarter to begin September 1. He was provided with an excellent table and lodgings, with fires, lights and washing, and was served by the Prince's domestics, whom he might change when he wished. He was to render every three months an account of monies received and expended by him on behalf of the Prince. After an interesting residence at Maestricht, Utrecht, and the Hague, he resigned his post at the end of November 1730, apparently finding his office not sufficiently remunerative or important; but he remained in Holland until September 14, 1731, when he embarked for London. Three months after his arrival there he received the following letter from his brother-in-law, M. de Loÿs de Middel, dated at Lausanne, December 17, 1731, in which he says:

‘If this spring brings forth nothing, I flatter myself that you will not insist further in searching for a fortune, since you have one already made in your own country, having a sufficient amount with which to live, if your voyages do not diminish your funds too much. I hope, nevertheless, that having so many excellent acquaintances as have been procured for you, you may be able to find some proper post. I wish this with all my heart.

‘I am carrying on your affairs as well as it is possible for me to do. I have been arranging to endeavour to pay all those little articles of Vevey. When I sent you the last fifty mirlitons, I was obliged to borrow for six months four hundred florins,

which I will repay, and there will remain to me something, having received from elsewhere some other little sums. If I can get together a small amount, I will try to place it.

‘I have passed, as I have already said, all the time in the country. The Blancherie having fallen to my share, I endeavour to make this property not only agreeable, but also profitable. I have sown sainfoin, planted an infinity of trees, established two hundred *toises* of hedge, and repaired the house. You see, my dear friend, that I have not been wanting in occupation, and if it had not been for the cold which drove me out fifteen days ago, I might still be there.

‘My office also called me to town. We have received our new bailiff, who is very gracious. There was a great deal of noise and fuss as usual—a quantity of repasts and balls. Finally, everything was finished on Thursday, when we accompanied the Treasurer to the sound of artillery. The bailiff, who is broken down by the gout (I suppose you know that it is M. le Général Hochbrett), was obliged to remain in his sedan-chair during the ceremony. He had with him, to relieve him, M. May, his son-in-law, who is of the Two Hundred, with his wife, a very young and amiable person.

‘Your father enjoys, by the grace of God, excellent health. D’Orzens is very well with him, which pleases us greatly. On this account he finds himself in a very agreeable situation, and that helps greatly his purse, which had great need of such succour, the service having somewhat deranged his affairs. I trust with all my heart that this good understanding will continue.

‘He told me that he would send me a note to put in the package, but as the hour of the courier approaches, his illness perhaps will prevent his writing.

‘My wife embraces you a thousand times, and her tenderness engages her to pray you to put an end to your journeyings, if you do not find a post sufficiently advantageous to place you in a situation to have no longer need of anything. For as for those places as governor at five sols, we should never think of counselling you to accept them, and I am persuaded that it is not your intention to put yourself in a false position.’

M. de Warens returned to Lausanne in June 1734, and

resided at first with his father in the Palud, but afterwards in the Rue de Bourg, in the house of his relative de Loÿs de Bochat, who was owner of the grounds of La Grotte and its tower; and who sixteen years afterwards purchased the remaining partially burned walls and foundations of the old convent of St. Francis called La Grotte, which he turned into the stately dwelling where Deyverdun and Gibbon subsequently resided. M. de Warens was a member of the Grand Council as early as 1729. He became superintendent of public works eight years later, and High Forester in October 1744.

His father having died in 1740, his fortune was assured from that epoch, and he lived at ease until his death, at Lausanne, in November 1754,<sup>1</sup> six months after his friend and relative de Loÿs de Bochat died at La Grotte, and more than a year after the arrival of Gibbon, who made his acquaintance through Deyverdun.

## CHAPTER XCVII

HAVING now before us the chief events in M. de Warens' life and many new facts concerning his wife which explain various things that have puzzled commentators, we may more fairly review what was previously known of her, and follow her subsequent history.

The following unpublished letter from Mme. de Warens to M. Magny at Vevey, is dated at Annecy, August 18, 1726.

'Monsieur,—I have received from you so many favours that I hope to obtain the one I am about to demand of you.

'As I have never supposed that it would be necessary to declare who I am, I have never occupied myself with my descent. To-day, I find myself under the necessity to declare that I am noble, in order to satisfy His Majesty who desires to be instructed upon this point. Do me therefore the favour, my dear Sir, if you can, to send me a little *résumé* of my origin, prepared in as advantageous a manner for me as possible. I know well that my ancestors had little care for such things,

<sup>1</sup> *The de Loÿs archives, in possession of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu (MS.).*

which I myself regard as follies. It is not vanity which induces me to make this demand: it is my necessity to have bread. As I am at present in a country where this makes a great difference, spare no efforts, I pray you, to procure for me this advantage, and above all guard, I pray you, this secret, as I do not wish that the thing should be known before I can declare it myself.

'I will not repeat what were the motives of my change. I flatter myself that my mother has communicated my letter to you. M. St. André may have perceived my reasons. I do not doubt that I owe my conversion to the good prayers which you have put up on my behalf, with many other good Christian souls. God grant me the grace to gather the fruits and enable me to have still further occasion to prove to you all my attachment and my gratitude; being, with respect, Monsieur,' &c.

This letter (which is signed F. L. de Warens, *née de la Tour*) is interesting from the fact that it confirms, so far as it goes, views expressed in the husband's statements concerning the influence of M. Magny on his wife.

In connection with Mme. de Warens' flight to Evian and her sojourn there, as described by M. de Warens, we may cite the remarks of some of her contemporaries resident in Savoy. M. de Conzié, in his notice of Mme. de Warens and Rousseau, says:

'The following was her *début* in Savoy, where I then was in the suite of the late King Victor, who was drinking the waters of Amphion at Evian.

'This Prince went to Mass in the parochial church accompanied simply by some seigniors of his court, among whom was the late M. de Bernex, Bishop of Annecy. Scarcely had the King entered the church, when Mme. de Warens seized the prelate by his cassock, and threw herself at his feet, saying: "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum." The Bishop stopped, and, aiding her to rise, talked five or six minutes with this young penitent, who from thence went directly to the lodgings of the prelate; and as soon as the Mass was finished he joined her there, and after a long conversation with her returned to the court, without doubt to render an account of the matter to the King.

‘This impulsive act, as you may well believe, created a sudden excitement in this little town; and from this moment one party said that this was a Magdalen veritably repentant, and the other (especially the Swiss who had come to Evian partly to drink the waters and partly to see the King) contended that this repentance was only simulated, and that the real motive of the flight of this baroness was the derangement into which she had thrown the pecuniary affairs of her husband by her inconsiderate prodigality—an example by no means the first to be cited of young and amiable women who by their wit and personal appearance know how to captivate their husbands and to master them.

‘Other Swiss arrived in a boat after dinner, but scarcely had they disembarked when a rumour went throughout the town that these new arrivals—relatives, it was said, of Mme. de Warens—had come to carry her off.

‘This report, although without foundation, received as I believe some credit at court; for the following morning this dame was sent away in a litter of the King, escorted by four of his body-guard, who conducted her straight to Annecy, accompanied by a lady of that town, to the first convent of the Visitation, there to be instructed in our religion. This baroness appeared to me at this time to be about twenty-four or twenty-six years of age.

‘From that period I lost sight of her on account of my return to Piedmont, where I remained until 1733, when I returned to Chambéry to reside there. It was in the winter of that same year that I had occasion to become intimately acquainted with her; for after her abjuration, when she left the Visitation, she took a small house at Annecy, she being forced to this, if I may so say, as she then only enjoyed 1,500 livres of pension, which our King allowed her as a new convert; but M. de Mazin, Bishop of Maurienne, having made her acquaintance, allowed her an annual sum of 500 livres, and M. de Bernex gave her as much more.

‘Then this baroness, finding no doubt the town of Annecy too small for the projects she had in view, came and established herself at Chambéry—not in order to escape from the vigilance of her pious instructors, for her conduct had up to that time

been entirely exempt from all suspicion, and safe from the calumny which commonly pursues new converts when they have intellect and beauty.

‘Apropos of her personal appearance, I will give you here a sketch of her. She was of the middle height; but her figure was not graceful, because she had too much *embonpoint*, which rendered her shoulders round, and gave too much volume to her alabaster neck; but she easily led one to forget these defects by her frank expression and her interesting gaiety. Her laugh was charming, her complexion that of the rose and the lily, and the vivacity of her eyes evinced the liveliness of her mind, and gave an uncommon energy to all she said, without the slightest air of pretension—quite the contrary, for all about her breathed sincerity, amenity and benevolence—without displaying the least suspicion of a wish to seduce by either her wit or her beauty; for she neglected this latter too much, without nevertheless affecting too great a contempt for outward charms, like some pretended *savants* of her sex.’

In illustration of her religious uncertainties de Conzié relates this anecdote:

‘Conversing with her one day concerning her change of religion and state, she asked me: “Would you believe it, my friend, that after my abjuration I never went to bed for two years at least, without, as the saying goes, having goose-flesh over my whole body, on account of the perplexity into which my reflections plunged me concerning this change of religion, which had made me throw off the prejudices of my education and of my religion, and to abjure that of my fathers? This long uncertainty was terrible for me, for I have always thought of a future eternally happy or eternally unhappy. This indecision tortured me for a very long time. (Her expression was: *m’a bien longtemps bourraudée*.) But at present,” she continued, “my soul and my heart are tranquil, and my hopes have revived.”’

In speaking of Jean Jacques, he says: ‘I have always condemned Jean Jacques (whom she [Mme. de Warens] had honoured with the name of *her adopted son*), in the first place, for having preferred the interests of Le Vasseur to those of a *maman* as respectable for him in every sense as his washer-



woman Le Vasseur was disgraceful. He might well have laid aside his pride, from time to time, and have worked to earn the necessaries of life, so as to restore all or at least a part of what he had cost his generous benefactress.<sup>1</sup>

In personally following [1879-80] the footsteps of Mme. de Warens, in her famous retreat from her husband, at each point I endeavoured to restore her surroundings, and to picture the appearance of each place she visited at the time of her sojourn there. This was difficult in some cases, for there was little information to be had on the spot except by examination of old documents which had not been previously explored. I have therefore preserved some of these sketches, as they contain new information, and connect with them some records of places whose history has not been continuously written.

When Mme. de Warens fled from Vevey to quaint Evian, she found a very different town from the one which has since thrown out its wings along the shores of the lake from Amphion to the Tour Ronde. It has now two principal streets. The first borders the Lemman, and is the direct communication of the Simplon road, but stops abruptly at the Casino. The second, the 'Grand'Rue,' is the connection between the eastern and western portions of Napoleon's great route.

A stranger who now visits the capital of the still primitive and kindly Pays de Gavot, the little country extending from the Dranse to the Morge, should first approach it from the lake in the summer season, when the shaded seats beside the water invite to repose, and the cool walks on either hand woo him to quiet wanderings and pleasing reveries.

Starting from the Port, he may mount the hill, and traverse the Place of the Hôtel de Ville, through the main street, and

<sup>1</sup> M. de Conzié, *Notice sur Mme. de Warens et J. J. Rousseau, adressée à M. le Comte de Mellardé*; *Mém. et Doc. de la Société Savoisienne d'Histoire*, i. Having seen what M. de Conzié had to say about Rousseau, it may be interesting to read Rousseau's portrait of his critic:

'M. de Conzié, a Savoyard nobleman, then young and amiable, had the fancy to learn music, or to make the acquaintance of him who taught it. With a mind and taste for accomplishments, M. de Conzié had a gentleness of character which rendered him very companionable, and I had the same feeling myself for those in whom I found this spirit. Friendship was soon made. The germ of literature and philosophy which had begun to ferment in my head and only awaited a little culture and emulation to develop itself thoroughly, was found in him.'



finally emerge into the country, in the direction of Thonon. The first impression produced by this narrow and irregular thoroughfare may not be favourable, but twenty-four hours' stay will reconcile the lover of history to its manifest eccentricities. He will accept them as the necessary and not disagreeable features of a place whose name, of Roman origin, does not do justice to its remote antiquity, but whose venerable story is established by existing remains.

## CHAPTER XCVIII

At the time of Mme. de Warens' sojourn at Evian, there remained in the Grand'Rue the ruins of the château of Peter of Savoy; the convent of St. Claire near the church of St. Marie, of which some years later Marie Renée Pompallier of Lyons was abbess; the Town Gate next the present Post-Office; the château of Gribaldi, then occupied by the family of that name, now a station for the gendarmerie, and whose gardens have become the Place of the Hôtel de Ville; the City Gate, at the east end of the town, near the monastery of the Cordeliers, at present the convent of the nuns of St. Joseph (the district between these two gates being called then as now *la Touvière*); the City Gate, at the west end of the Grand'Rue towards Thonon, facing the moat, vestiges of which are visible; the Gate of Allinges in the same quarter, but on the lake side, through which Mme. de Warens passed on her departure; and the château of Fonbonne, now the Hôtel de Fonbonne, near the Port.

This last—ruined towards the end of the sixteenth century by the French and Swiss—formerly a residence of the princes of Savoy, had been granted to the Baron de Montfaucon, who sold it to de Loÿs, Baron de la Bathie, and it was the home of Mme. de Loÿs de Bonnevaux, whither Mme. de Warens was taken after her husband returned to Vevey. A pathway ran here by the water's edge and passed at the foot of the gardens of the houses (still standing), in one of which Mme. de Warens was staying at the time of her husband's visit to her. (The birth of Napoleon was then nearly fifty years away, and the idea of the Simplon route which he inaugurated was unborn.)

Walls and moats anciently enclosed the town. The moats, beginning at the Gate of Allinges and mounting the hillside, encompassed the château of Peter of Savoy, passed behind the walls of the fortified houses (still existing) of MM. Andrier, Constantin, Laurent, and Brignet, and stretching along the eastern wall, terminated at the Gate of Chavannes, east of the actual Port. The searches of MM. Laurent and Brignet in their gardens have revealed traces of the moat, evidences of whose existence appear also near the castle of Gribaldi. A ditch defended the interior town, separating it on the east from the bourg of la Touvière. This began at the moat on the south, passed by a gate which existed next the Post-Office, and descending along the line of the castle of Gribaldi, terminated beneath the citadel near the château of Fonbonne.

There were originally three citadels on the borders of the lake. The remains of that near the present hospital existed within the memory of persons now living, and I myself have seen a part of the great wall which formed a portion of one at the Gate of Allinges, destroyed by the French and Swiss, in February 1591. These allied forces invested Evian, beginning on the side of la Touvière, next the grange of M. Vehron, which then formed a portion of the city wall. They partially destroyed Peter's castle in the Grand'Rue, which was never repaired, and the walls near the Gate of Allinges, with the three citadels.

It was these ruins, with all the rights of the seigniorship of Evian, which the princes of Savoy ceded to the Baron de Montfaucon, in exchange for a large sum.

It appears from Prévôt, that in 1237 Peter of Savoy built at Evian a stronghold with four great towers. Prévôt assigns that ruler's construction of castle Chillon to the following year, although the date generally received is 1236. According to this Gavotian chronicler, Peter also erected the castle and tower of Peilz in 1238-9, and those of Martigny in 1241.

General orders for building the walls and fortifications of Evian were given by Amadeus V., September 30, 1322. The family of Châtillon, in exchange for the privilege of creating at Evian an octroi and a custom-house, carried on these works at their own expense, and paid besides an annual sum of one hundred Genevese livres. This ancient house is now extinct.

It possessed the title of Baron of Larringes, which seigniory was sold by a widow of the family to the Marquis d'Allinges-Coudrée.

One reads in Albanis Beaumont the following :

'It appears that it was to Amadeus V., Count of Savoy, that Evian owed its enlargement. It is even known that this prince contributed greatly to its embellishment, while at the same time he gave celebrity to the waters of Amphion of which he himself made use ; and he caused to be constructed a castle, which he inhabited during the fine season'—perhaps the castle of Fonbonne, for Peter of Savoy's castle had been in existence for nearly a century, as I have already shown, and as is indicated in these lines from Prévôt : 'The said seignior Prince Peter of Savoy, having accomplished the conquest of the Valaisans, departed and returned to the town of Evian, where, in the following year, 1237, he caused to be built a fortress and castle with four great and good towers, for the guard and security of the said town and country, as much against the attacks and ravages which may be enforced by the Valaisans, as by his other enemies ; wherein he left a good and sure garrison of his people. He then came to protect his surroundings at Chillon with a fine and goodly company which his brother had given him, and, moreover, as the aforesaid Chillon was a very agreeable, pleasant and delectable place, and also very strong, and provided with the necessary munitions, he took up his residence there, going and coming however between the other fortresses of the aforesaid Chablais, and notably staying in that of his town of Evian, where he greatly pleased and delighted himself, and thus dwelt and governed peaceably the said country of Chablais, until the decease of Count Amé his brother.'

The château which Peter of Savoy had erected occupied the site of the present Hôtel de France and the gardens in its rear. The eastern limit of the castle was probably the existing circular tower, which (1880) is called after its proprietor the Tour Billiod ; while the western limits were near the building occupied by the 'Brothers of the Christian Doctrine,' the choir of whose chapel rests on the remains of another ancient tower of the castle.

The Billiod Tower merits a visit. The upper part is smaller

in circumference than the lower, and the roof is supported by columns. The view from this tower through the beautiful gardens beneath embraces to the west a blacksmith's shop where recent excavations have brought to light a square tower. From this height may be seen Cæsar's Mount, where the peasants say Cæsar passed on his way to conquer Gaul. The inhabitants of the village of Bernex (from which a noble family drew its name) above the rocks of Cæsar, are known under the nickname of *brula-camps*, in allusion to an incident of the battle with the Vaudois under Arnaud, referred to in a former chapter. Near the ancient Gate of Allinges there is another round tower, enclosed in the Maison Cachat, and covered with vines.

Count Amadeus de Foras told me that he remembered other remains of the château of Peter of Savoy twenty years before, and particularly a beautiful gothic window of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, then intact. M. Laurent recollects distinctly the ditch which existed in his youth to the west of the old castle. It began at the spot now occupied by the fountain and the handsomely arranged reservoir, where sturdy Savoyard girls daily wash the town linen. In the last century the de Saxel mansion, now occupied by the Clarists, belonged to the de Blonays, as did the site of the present Grand Hôtel of Evian.

The Hôtel de Ville as at present arranged dates back less than fifty years. In the early part of the last century it was formed by what is now the tower and part of the house of the late M. Charles Laurent—one of the oldest in Evian—in which was the staircase. One can still see in the *salon* of the Archives, behind the paper cases, walled-up doors which once communicated with the eastern part of the building. A few years before Mme. de Warens' arrival, the town was decimated by the plague; and the municipality, needing money, sold that part which is now included in the property of M. Laurent. The other portion originally belonged to a well-known family.

Towards 1699, Mlles. Grenat-Bellon generously gave this building to the Benevolent Society, which established a hospital there; it continued until the French Revolution, but was then neglected and finally abandoned. When order was re-established the town took possession of the structure and added it to the one it already possessed, which was the seat of the municipality.

Some years ago an inhabitant of Evian discovered in the Archives an act which proved that the Benevolent Society was the true proprietor of this building, and the town came to an understanding with that institution, purchasing its rights over this property for fourteen thousand francs.

The clock tower of the Hôtel de Ville attracts attention by its elaborately ornamented grated windows, which closely resemble those of ancient dwellings in Bologna.

In the house of the late M. Laurent was incorporated one of the twelve towers which formerly defended Evian. Its summit is crowned with vines. On an upper floor of this tower is the study of M. Laurent, containing a loophole in its original proportions. Descending to a *salon* I examined a mass of documents relative to the history of the town and region—all admirably arranged by M. Laurent. In 1824 he met near his house Baron Henri de Blonay, who said to him, ‘Do you know that your house formed part of the Hôtel de Ville, and that it was sold after the terrible plague?’

‘How did you learn this?’ asked M. Laurent.

‘The explanation is easy,’ replied the Baron. ‘When I was syndic, I remarked that people were constantly going to the municipal Archives, and that they invariably carried away papers. I resolved to put a stop to this. In consequence, I had them all transferred to my house, where I could make a minute examination of them. It was thus that I found the fact I have mentioned.’

From that time, M. Laurent often thought of these registers, and eventually spoke on the subject to the late Baron Ennemond de Blonay, telling him that it was desirable that these manuscripts should be placed where they could be easily consulted. After the latter’s death, M. Laurent spoke to M. Andrier, aid to the Mayor, about the papers, and was requested to search for them. The town of Evian having become the heir of M. de Blonay, M. Laurent betook himself to the de Blonay archives, and found the original franchises accorded to Evian by Count Peter of Savoy in 1265, as well as those given by the princes who succeeded him.

M. Laurent spent much time in the arrangement of these rare manuscripts, and found among them all the documents

which describe the visits of the Bishops of Geneva to the church of Evian, giving exact descriptions of each church and chapel within their jurisdiction. Here also is everything relating to the hospital and other charitable institutions, and accounts of the sojourn at Evian of princes of the house of Savoy, who for many years in the last century came to take the famous waters of Amphion.

## CHAPTER XCIX

THE château of Gribaldi was erected, tradition says, on the ruins of a convent, by Mgr. Vespasian de Gribaldi, named archbishop of Vienne in Dauphiny, in 1569.

He was born in the district of la Touvière at Evian, whither his parents had come from Chieri in Piedmont. Seeing the troubles that the new Calvinistic reform caused in his diocese, and that his zeal could do no good for his church, he resigned his archbishopric to Peter III. of Villars, and retired to his own country. He was one of the consecrators of St. Francis de Sales in 1602, and died at his château in Evian in 1608.

In examining this château from the Hôtel de Ville, one remarks that it resembles the former residence of Mme. de Warens at the Bassets, being constructed like a telescope. It was originally composed of four sections. The largest and most ancient part (now occupied by the gendarmerie) was then nearest the lake. Here in the last generation were still seen portraits of several of the Dukes of Savoy.

There existed here in Mme. de Warens' time, and also in Gibbon's, a theatre on the first floor constructed for the amusement of the Princes of Savoy. The three other parts diminish in size and height, and finally the fourth and last is the small house on the Grand'Rue now used for the Post-Office. This is much more modern than the others, and occupies a part of the ancient castle garden, the rest being occupied by the Place.

The rivulet La Gruz, south-east of the castle, passes now under the bridge of the Grand'Rue at the spot where existed one of the city gates. This watercourse formerly fed the moats in that neighbourhood.

In that part of the castle occupied (1880) by M. Donnet, one notices above the fire-place in the kitchen, a fresco of the Gribaldi arms : *Or, à la croix en sautoir ancrée d'azur* ; with this device : *Plus penser que dire pour parvenir* ; also the date 1671. The crest is a demi-seignior coiffed with red hat and golden plumes, and adorned with a red robe, the right arm holding a cross with anchor points, the cuffs ornamented with ermine. This brilliant personage issues from the coronet of a Marquis. The shield, which bears a cross saltier-wise *ancrée*, is supported by two griffins *langués en dard*.

The Gribaldis were allied to the de Broglies of France, and to the Counts Lisio of Piedmont, and in the early part of this century this traditional relationship led the famous Count Lisio, who had been aide-de-camp to Charles Albert, to protect and push forward a young member of the family.

The Gruz, which sweeps the side of the castle, turns the wheel of a mill, opposite which, in the street of the Port, is a curious ogival window in an ancient building formerly belonging to the Marquis d'Allinges-Coudrée.

The beautiful and shaded promenade along the lake between the landing and the Casino, was not in existence in the last generation. The waters of the lake then swept up nearly to the walls of the gardens.

The ancient castle of Grillie, now the Casino, belonged for two centuries to the de Blonays, and became the property of the town through the will of the late Baron Ennemond de Blonay, who died in 1878. He had inherited Grillie from his paternal uncle, and it was inhabited by the family until 1876. The castle has been repaired and extended, and its ancient square tower seems to look loftily and condescendingly down on the new part, which contains the theatre. The château occupies a fine site on the lake at the end of the public esplanade, and its gardens run down to the water. The ample and lofty rooms have ceilings decorated in the style of the Renaissance. St. Francis de Sales retired hither at one period of his life.

The voluminous and precious archives of the de Blonay family, already referred to, are mostly stored in the old muniment room in the upper part of the main tower. When the



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Three of his brothers were, like himself, actively engaged in the affairs of their time. They were Urban, bishop of Vercell; Pierre, seignior of La Barre; and François, seignior of Lompnes (pronounced Lunes), the grandfather of François Bonivard of Chillon.

Louis' son, Charles de Bonivard, was lord and master of Grillie at Evian in 1498.

I have already mentioned Aymon, who figured among the fifteen knights of the Order of the Collar at its creation in 1362.

If we may believe some authorities, a terrible fate overtook another member of this house, one hundred years earlier. Jacques de Bonivard was the secretary and favourite of Count Thomas of Savoy, and in virtue of a bull of Pope Innocent IV. he expelled with violence the monks of the priory of St. André in 1248; and while the latter betook themselves to Notre Dame of Myans, and placed their 'sad fate with prayers before the glorious Virgin,' Bonivard gave a banquet at the priory to his relatives, and to the principal inhabitants of St. André. In the midst of the feast, 'by the ministry of the devils,' Mount Grenier fell upon them, engulfing the priory, the village of St. André and sixteen other villages, including five thousand inhabitants.<sup>1</sup>

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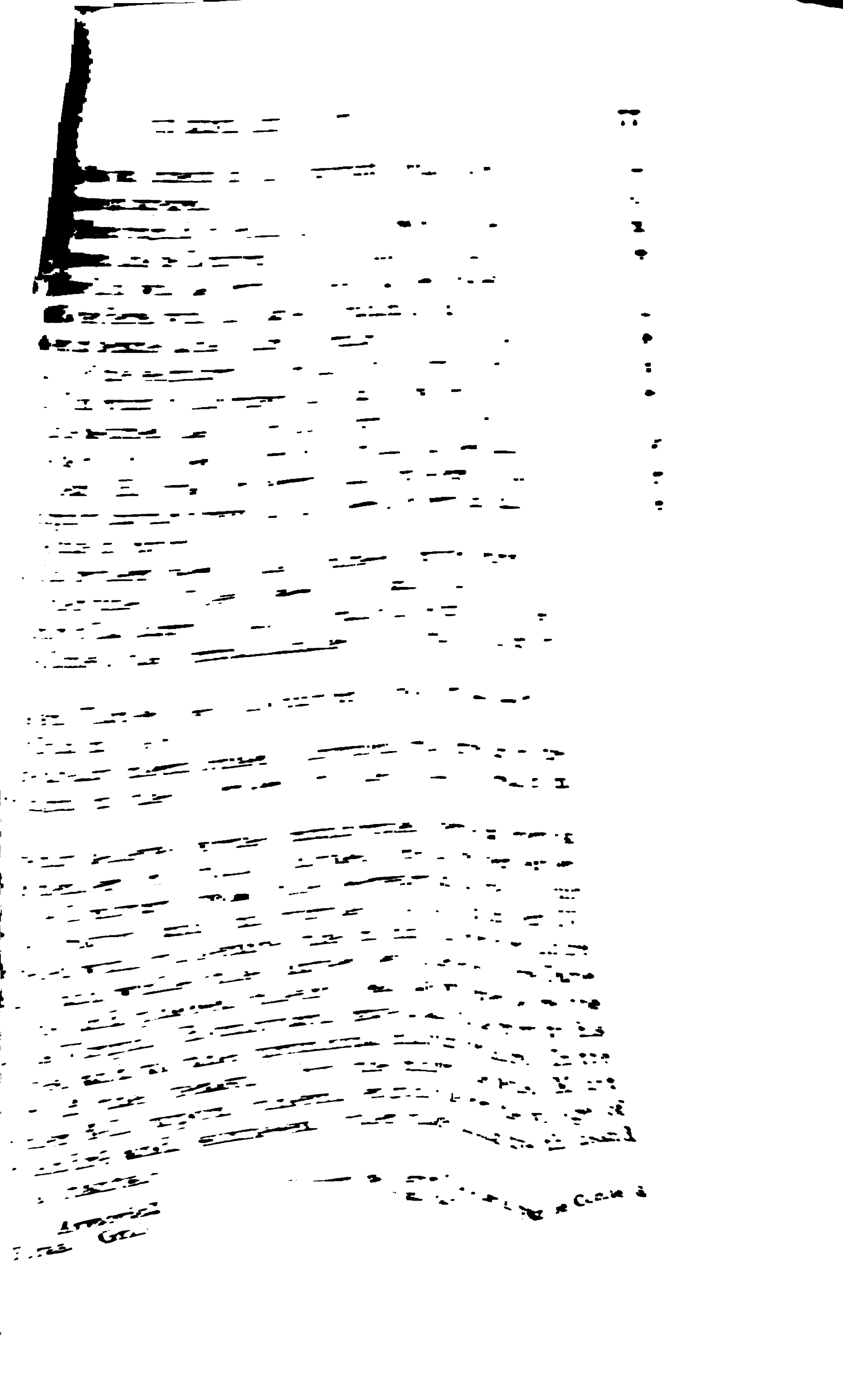
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height, but with a slight and graceful figure. His deportment free and proud, his physiognomy animated, his features aquiline, with golden blond hair and eyes of a particular blue, and of extreme vivacity, he resembled the House of Nemours. He was sober and simple in his habits. His temperament, naturally delicate, had been so fortified by exercise, that excesses of fatigue or of work never injured him. His most eminent qualities were penetration, boldness, diligence and courage. He passed for a skilful politician and an excellent administrator rather than a famous general, never having distinguished himself in war except by his personal valour, circumstances having given him as allies or as adversaries men so superior from this point of view that he was not remarked in their company.'

The Marquis adds the following from Blondel concerning Amadeus :

'He was most simple in his dress. I never saw him, during seven years, winter or summer, except in the same costume of coffee-coloured cloth, without gold or silver ornaments, and with great double-soled shoes, cloth stockings in winter and thread ones in summer, never any lace, strong shirts of linen of Guibelle, lined with cambric, pretending that they were the only ones suitable to health. His sword was of rusty steel, garnished with leather along the handle in order not to wear out the bottom of the coat. His cane was a Malacca stick with a head made from the wood of the cocoa-nut tree, and his snuff-box was in tortoise-shell with an ivory rim. He displayed no magnificence except in his wig and hat, and as he was very fond of walking he had, besides, a surtout of blue cloth like a frock coat, which he put on when it rained. He made a show of this simplicity, and joked his son, who on the contrary was rather fond of magnificent furniture, costumes, lace and diamonds. King Victor wore the same *robe de chambre* winter and summer. It was of green taffeta, lined with white bearskin. In the winter the bearskin was outside, in the summer it was inside.'

<sup>1</sup>

In concluding my notice of the de Blonay château at Evian, it may be worth while to quote from two unpublished historical

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires Historiques sur la Maison Royale de Savoie*, par le Marquis Costa de Beauregard, iii.

notes which I found in the de Blonay archives, concerning the effect of the French Revolution on that house.

'In 1792, the French invaded Savoy. Messire Michel François Philippe de Blonay, universal heir of all the estates and property left by Messire François de Blonay, his father, was in Piedmont, where he occupied an honourable post in the army of His Majesty, and near the person of H.R.H. the Prince of Piedmont. We are ignorant of the true motives which led him in these critical circumstances to ask for leave of absence to return to his country ; but it is certain that he made a great mistake, of which all his relatives and creditors were the victims. Obligated, in order to save his head, to expatriate himself in 1793—that is to say, six months after his return from Piedmont—he experienced various vicissitudes up to the moment when peace was concluded between General Bonaparte, commanding the armies of the Directory, and His Majesty the King of Sardinia, who found himself obliged to cede the county of Nice and Savoy, the cradle of his family. The king took good care to stipulate in the treaty clauses favourable to his subjects, but the bad faith and astuteness of the French ministers gave to these articles the sense they desired, by torturing the real value of the words, and rendered useless the good-will of a father stipulating for his children. It was thus that, without regard to the justice and merit of their cause, the military men, nobles, and priests of Savoy saw their properties sold ; and it was then that those of M. de Blonay became the prey of the aforesaid partisans. Mme. de Blonay, his mother, and his brothers and sisters, who were truly privileged creditors, and might therefore hope to see their rights covered, were equally deprived, and their claims to indemnity annulled.

'Things remained in this state until 1800, the epoch of the famous battle of Marengo, which consolidated Bonaparte's power at the very moment when all the world expected to see it destroyed. He then appeared to turn himself towards justice and moderation ; his first steps inspired confidence, and many demands for restitution having been admitted, M. Louis de Blonay hazarded taking certain steps before the Prefect of the Lemane, whose jurisdiction included Chablais and Faucigny, to obtain the release of properties not sold. He acted as attorney for all.

Henri, the only one of his brothers who had received nothing from his family estate, obtained by his care some properties which remained unsold, in 1801. Among these properties may be counted the paternal mansion called the tower and fortified house of Grillie with its dependencies. It was saved from the wreck because the municipality, the registry and administration of public domains, the justices of the peace, the committee of public safety, &c., established their different bureaux there. It was the only building that remained to the family in Evian.<sup>1</sup>

M. de St. Genis ('*Histoire de Savoie*') relates an episode which illustrates the regard in which the de Blonays were held by the people of the Pays de Gavot. It was announced throughout the district of Thonon that a sale would take place at public auction of the large de Blonay estates which had been seized. M. de Blonay, tired of exile, determined to assist at his ruin even at the peril of his life. In the disguise of a Vaudois boatman he betook himself to the hall of the Council, and at the first bid braved all, and named an absurd figure which lowered the price already offered nine-tenths. The astonished multitude at once surrounded the unknown bidder and recognised their former seignior. His courage and the remembrances of the benefits showered on the country by his family assured him the instant complicity of the crowd. No one bid in opposition. The municipal officer hesitated for a moment. The attitude of the assembly however restored his confidence, and he adjudged successively the lots, under the pressure of popular sentiment and under the security of the peasants of Evian, who then joyously drew M. de Blonay into the mountains, whence he regained the Valais.<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER CI

THE following memoir by Rousseau concerning the conversion of Mme. de Warens, was handed by him, April 19, 1742, to M. Antoine Boudet, who was then engaged on his '*Life of M. de Bernex, Bishop of Geneva*':

<sup>1</sup> *Documents from the de Blonay archives* (MSS.).

<sup>2</sup> Victor de St. Genis: *Histoire de Savoie*, iii. 170.

‘As it is the intention to omit none of the considerable facts in the history of M. de Bernex, which may serve to place his Christian virtues in their true light, the conversion of the Baroness de Warens de la Tour must not be forgotten, for it was the work of this prelate.

‘In the month of July 1726, the King of Sardinia being at Evian, many persons of distinction in the Pays de Vaud went thither to see the court. Madame de Warens was of the number, and this dame, whom a pure motive of curiosity had drawn thither, was retained by motives of a superior character, which were not the less enduring for having been unforeseen.

‘Having been present by chance at one of the discourses which this prelate pronounced with that zeal and unction which carried the glow of charity into all hearts, Mme. de Warens was so moved that this instant may be regarded as the epoch of her conversion. The thing however must have appeared all the more difficult, as this dame, being very enlightened, steeled herself against the seductions of eloquence, and was not disposed to yield without being fully convinced.

‘But when one has a religious spirit and a good heart, what can be wanting to make him appreciate the truth except the aid of divine grace; and was not M. de Bernex accustomed to plant it in the most hardened hearts? Mme. de Warens saw the prelate. Her prejudices were destroyed, her doubts dissipated, and penetrated by the great truths announced she determined to give herself up to faith by a striking sacrifice, the price of the light which had just descended upon her.

‘The rumour of the design of Mme. de Warens was not long in spreading throughout the Pays de Vaud. There was mourning and universal alarm. This dame was adored there, and the love they had had for her was changed into fury against those who were called her seducers and ravishers. The inhabitants of Vevey talked of nothing less than burning Evian, and carrying her off by main force, even from the midst of the court. This insane project, the usual fruit of fanatical zeal, came to the ears of His Majesty, and it was on this account that he addressed to M. de Bernex the glorious reproach, that he made “very noisy conversions.” The king immediately sent away Mme. de Warens to Annecy escorted by forty of his guards. It was there that,

which describe the visits of the Bishops of Geneva to the church of Evian, giving exact descriptions of each church and chapel within their jurisdiction. Here also is everything relating to the hospital and other charitable institutions, and accounts of the sojourn at Evian of princes of the house of Savoy, who for many years in the last century came to take the famous waters of Amphion.

## CHAPTER XCIX

THE château of Gribaldi was erected, tradition says, on the ruins of a convent, by Mgr. Vespasian de Gribaldi, named archbishop of Vienne in Dauphiny, in 1569.

He was born in the district of la Touvière at Evian, whither his parents had come from Chieri in Piedmont. Seeing the troubles that the new Calvinistic reform caused in his diocese, and that his zeal could do no good for his church, he resigned his archbishopric to Peter III. of Villars, and retired to his own country. He was one of the consecrators of St. Francis de Sales in 1602, and died at his château in Evian in 1608.

In examining this château from the Hôtel de Ville, one remarks that it resembles the former residence of Mme. de Warens at the Bassets, being constructed like a telescope. It was originally composed of four sections. The largest and most ancient part (now occupied by the gendarmerie) was then nearest the lake. Here in the last generation were still seen portraits of several of the Dukes of Savoy.

There existed here in Mme. de Warens' time, and also in Gibbon's, a theatre on the first floor constructed for the amusement of the Princes of Savoy. The three other parts diminish in size and height, and finally the fourth and last is the small house on the Grand'Rue now used for the Post-Office. This is much more modern than the others, and occupies a part of the ancient castle garden, the rest being occupied by the Place.

The rivulet La Gruz, south-east of the castle, passes now under the bridge of the Grand'Rue at the spot where existed one of the city gates. This watercourse formerly fed the moats in that neighbourhood.



In that part of the castle occupied (1880) by M. Donnet, one notices above the fire-place in the kitchen, a fresco of the Gribaldi arms: *Or, à la croix en sautoir ancrée d'azur*; with this device: *Plus penser que dire pour parvenir*; also the date 1671. The crest is a demi-seignior coiffed with red hat and golden plumes, and adorned with a red robe, the right arm holding a cross with anchor points, the cuffs ornamented with ermine. This brilliant personage issues from the coronet of a Marquis. The shield, which bears a cross saltier-wise *ancrée*, is supported by two griffins *langués en dard*.

The Gribaldis were allied to the de Broglies of France, and to the Counts Lisio of Piedmont, and in the early part of this century this traditional relationship led the famous Count Lisio, who had been aide-de-camp to Charles Albert, to protect and push forward a young member of the family.

The Gruz, which sweeps the side of the castle, turns the wheel of a mill, opposite which, in the street of the Port, is a curious ogival window in an ancient building formerly belonging to the Marquis d'Allinges-Coudrée.

The beautiful and shaded promenade along the lake between the landing and the Casino, was not in existence in the last generation. The waters of the lake then swept up nearly to the walls of the gardens.

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Mme. de Warens, painted at the request of the Bishop de Bernex, but this has disappeared.<sup>1</sup>

The portrait mentioned by M. Houssaye and attributed to Pacini, resembles an idealised copy of that in Doppet's book, attributed to Batoni. It is probable that the former was an ideal portrait painted at the moment when Rousseau's 'Confessions' rendered her famous, at least twenty years after her death.

I noticed at the Charmettes, near Chambéry, her former residence, two photographs of Mme. de Warens—one taken from the Lausanne picture, and the other inscribed as follows: 'Portrait of Madame de Warens by Largillière. The original is at Boston, United States of America, in the possession of Mr. S. H. Russell, 135 Beacon Street; photographed by H. D. Smith, Studio Buildings, Boston.'

This alleged representation of her does not resemble the Lausanne portrait in this work; her hair is dressed in a different manner, and covers the temples, while the neck is longer, and the bust and figure thinner, indicating a tall and slight person. If this was intended to represent Rousseau's friend it was doubtless a fancy sketch.

M. Houssaye had the advantage of knowing intimately Mme. de Corrancez, the daughter-in-law of Corrancez, one of the last friends of Rousseau, who had published an annotated edition of the 'Confessions.' Mme. de Corrancez inhabited a small château at Asnières, whither M. Houssaye often went to converse with her concerning the eighteenth century, and to consult her rare and curious library. She had lived upon more

<sup>1</sup> 'M. de Bernex,' says a correspondent of the *Intermédiaire des Chercheurs* November 10, 1881, 'had four sisters, and left many nephews and nieces. It is not known into whose hands this authentic portrait of Mme. de Warens has passed. Perhaps it is the same which is mentioned in a document that M. Jules Vuÿ communicated to me—*Extract from the Inventory of the Convent of the Visitation of Annecy*, folio 30, June 12, 1793: "We, the aforesaid commissioners, assisted by the same that are mentioned in our preceding minute, have visited the great hall of the infirmary, where the effects mentioned in the said inventory were presented to us, with the exception of a picture representing the benefactress of Jean Jacques, which has been handed to the citizen Hérault de Séchelles, representative of the French people."'

The Bishop no doubt bequeathed this portrait of his convert to the convent where she entered on her new religious career. Hérault de Séchelles came to Savoy in December 1792, as one of four commissioners sent by the Convention to organise the new department of Mont Blanc; he died on the scaffold April 5, 1794. There is little doubt that he took the portrait with him to Paris.

Madame de Warens

7

or less intimate terms with Mme. d'Épinay, Mlle. de l'Épinasse, Mme. d'Houdetot, Queen Marie Antoinette, the Duchess de Polignac, Mmes. Tallien and Récamier, not to mention those princesses of comedy, la Guimard and la Clairon. One day she handed to M. Houssaye a copy of the 'Confessions' filled with her father-in-law's notes saying, 'He did not contradict Rousseau, but he dotted his i's like all annotators, and you may find in his pages something worthy of notice.'

One of the earliest notes of M. Corrancez states that it was above all by her sweetness—the sweetness of an angel—that Mme. de Warens conquered Rousseau. It was he who said that the first virtue of a woman is gentleness.<sup>1</sup>

It is evident from Corrancez's notes that Rousseau posed as the lover of his benefactress, and made assertions to this effect to Corrancez before the 'Confessions' saw the light.

Referring to her husband's statement about her desire to possess Bayle's Dictionary, we find a confirmation of the fact in Rousseau's saying that 'she spoke continually of Bayle, and made much of St. Evremond, who had long ceased to influence France; though this did not prevent her knowing thoroughly good literature, concerning which she conversed with much *esprit*.'

Corrancez adds that it was Mme. de Warens, and not Rousseau, who said that 'books only enable us to talk of that which we do not know ourselves.'

## CHAPTER CII

ACCORDING to Rousseau, in his 'Confessions,' he was confided to Mme. de Warens by M. de Pontverre, in 1728, his sixteenth year, and first met her on her way to church, on Palm Sunday. His portrait of her is memorable:

'I ought to remember the spot. I have often wet it with my tears and covered it with my kisses. If I could only sur-

<sup>1</sup> Recalling M. de Warens' words as to the famous box of silver, we note Rousseau's statement that she had few pieces of silver and no porcelain. The discrepancy between the three accounts as to the number of Mme. de Warens' escort to Annecy is also worthy of remark.

round with a balustrade of gold this happy place! If I could only draw to it the homages of all the earth! Whoever loves to honour the monuments of human salvation ought only to approach it on his knees.

‘It was in a passage behind her house, between a rivulet on the right, which separated it from a garden, and the wall of a court to the left, leading by a private gate to the church of the Cordeliers. About to enter this gate, Mme. de Warens turned on hearing my voice. I had imagined an old and extremely soured devotee. The “good lady” of M. de Pontverre could be nothing else, according to my idea. I saw a face filled with grace, blue eyes full of sweetness, a delicious complexion, and the throat of an enchantress. Nothing escaped the rapid glance of the young proselyte, for I became at once hers, feeling sure that a religion preached by such missionaries could not fail to lead to paradise.

‘The letter which I present with a trembling hand she receives with a smile, opens it, glances over that of M. de Pontverre, returns to mine which she reads throughout, and which she would have re-read if her lackey had not informed her that it was time to enter the church.

“Ah! my child,” she said to me, in tones which thrilled me, “you are very young to be running about the country. It is in truth a pity.”

‘Then, without giving me a chance to reply :

“Go to my house. Await me there, and tell them to give you breakfast. After Mass, I will talk with you.”’

After telling something of her antecedents, he says the king sent her to Annecy because he was thought to be in love with her, and continues :

‘She had been there six [two] years when I came. She was then twenty-eight, having been born with the century. She had that kind of beauty which lasts, because it is more in the expression than in the features; and hers was still in its first freshness. She had a caressing and tender air, a very sweet look, an angelic smile, a mouth about the size of mine, hair *cendré*, of uncommon beauty, to which she gave a negligent turn that rendered it very attractive. She was small in stature, even short, and a little stout for her height, although without



deformity ; but it was impossible to find a more beautiful head, a more exquisite bosom, or more beautiful hands and arms.

‘ Her education had been extremely varied. She had like myself lost her mother at her birth, and, receiving indifferently the lessons as they came, had learnt a little from her governess, a little from her father, a little from her masters, and much from her lovers—especially from a M. de Tavel, who, having a taste for pretty accomplishments, communicated them to the person he loved. But so many different kinds of accomplishment impeded one another, and the little order which she introduced into her various studies prevented her natural intelligence from profiting by them.

‘ For instance, although she had some principles of philosophy and physics, she imbibed the taste which her father had for quack medicines, and for alchemy. She made elixirs, dyes, balsams, and potions. She pretended even to be the possessor of certain secrets. Charlatans, profiting by her weakness, laid hold of her, ruled and ruined her, and consumed amid furnaces and drugs the mind, talents and charms which might have made her the delight of the best centres of society.

‘ But if some vile, worthless people thus took advantage of her badly directed education to obscure her reason, her excellent heart was beyond their reach, and remained always the same. Her loving and sweet character, her feeling for the unhappy, her inexhaustible goodness, her gay, frank, open humour never changed, and even at the approach of age, amid indigence, illness and divers calamities, the serenity of her beautiful soul preserved to the end of life all the gaiety of its choicest days. Her errors grew out of an inexhaustible fund of activity which was at the bottom of her character, and which desired occupation without rest.

‘ She did not need to indulge in the intrigues of women, but she desired to originate and to direct enterprises and undertakings. She was born for great things. If Mme. de Longueville had been in her place, she would have been only a troublesome meddler. If she had occupied the place of Mme. de Longueville, she would have governed the state. Her talents were misplaced, and that which would have been her glory in a more lofty station caused her failure in the position which she

occupied. In things within her reach she worked out the plan in her head, and beheld always her object in great proportions. It was in that way that, employing means in proportion with her views rather than with her resources, she failed by the fault of others, and was ruined where others would have lost scarcely anything.

‘This taste for affairs, which cost her so many sufferings, was at least productive of one benefit in her monastic asylum, in preventing her from fixing herself there for the rest of her days, as she was tempted to do. The uniform and simple life of the nuns, their little parlour gossip—all this could in no wise flatter a mind always in movement, which, forming each day new systems, had need of liberty to give itself up to them.

‘The good bishop de Bernex, with less mind than Francis de Sales, resembled him in many ways, and Mme. de Warens, whom he called his daughter, and who resembled Mme. de Chantal in many points, might have resembled her in her retreat, had not her taste turned her from the conventual idleness. It was not because of lack of zeal that this amiable woman did not deliver herself up to the little practices of devotion that seem suitable to a new convert living under the direction of a prelate. Whatever may have been the motive of her change of religion, she was sincere in the one she had embraced. She may have repented of having committed a folly, but she did not desire to return. She not only died a good Catholic, she had lived as one in good faith; and I dare to affirm—I, who believe I read to the bottom of her soul—that it was entirely by aversion for mummeries that she did not play the devotee in public. She had too solid a piety to affect devotion. But this is not the place to enlarge upon her principles. I shall have other occasions to speak of them.’

After a journey to Turin, and developing precocious vices, Rousseau notes singularities in his *Maman*, as he calls her. At table she supported with difficulty the first smell of soup and meats: it almost made her faint away, and the disgust continued long: little by little she surmounted it, conversing but not eating: it was not until the end of half an hour that she attempted the first morsel. He also tells us that ‘when she

moralised she sometimes lost herself in space ; but by kissing from time to time her mouth or her hands, I was able to retain my patience.'

### CHAPTER CIII

WHOEVER makes a pilgrimage to Annecy to visit the former residence of Mme. de Warens and Jean Jacques, will find that the town reminds him of Berne, particularly the arcaded street of Notre Dame, at the bottom of which is a tower with a vaulted archway formerly used as one of the city gates.

I found in the cathedral an ecclesiastic, who, in reply to my inquiries concerning Mme. de Warens, said that he really knew of no lady of that name living in the town ! Yet it was in this very street that she had dwelt, next to the bishop's palace—a long, unornamented building, like a barrack or a college. Within the large court, which is enclosed by decorated iron railings, are two semicircular flights of stone steps, supported by four stone pillars, leading to a doorway on the first floor. On passing this a staircase with ancient wooden balustrade ascends to the second floor.

Here I found the Canon Chevalier, who said what I already knew, that Mme. de Warens' house had been pulled down when the bishop's palace was erected, in 1784. It had adjoined this house, from which can be obtained a good idea of the surroundings of the building which has disappeared. Mme. de Warens' mansion looked over the canal of the Thiou communicating with the lake, and commanded at that time the open country. The rear windows of its sister building now overlook a populous quarter of the town. It is at that end of the bishop's palace which is towards the Place des Boucheries. A little distance below, there used to be a city gate, and a bridge leading out into what were then gardens.

The street, which has been called the rue de l'Evêché since 1822, was, in 1462, the rue du Four, on account of the public oven established there. In 1551, it was called the rue de la Juiverie or rue Exchaquet, on account of the family to which it

belonged, and the house served as a mint. In 1674, the neighbourhood of the convent of the Franciscans caused it to be given the name of Street of St. Francis. After the departure of the Franciscans and construction of the episcopal palace in 1780, it became the rue St. Pierre, and in 1794, by municipal order, the rue Rousseau.

The house was inscribed upon the cadastral plan of 1730 in the name of Noble Jacques de Boège, of Conflans. Mme. de Warens had installed herself in it when she came out of the convent of the Visitation. She had as neighbours the brothers who carried on the ovens of the reverend fathers, the canon de la Valbonne, the brothers Domenjod, the seignior of Prangins, the seignior of Mirabel, the provost of the cathedral, &c.<sup>1</sup>

The ignorance displayed at Annecy with regard to Mme. de Warens seemed to extend to Rousseau. At the seminary (a large, imposing building situated on a height commanding a fine view) I was told by the *concierger* that he had never heard of Rousseau, or that any such person had ever sojourned in that seminary.

‘But,’ I asked, ‘is there not a room here called Rousseau’s room, which is regularly shown?’

He answered: ‘Certainly not. I am quite sure that no such character is connected with the place.’

Fortunately, a priest advanced, whose agreeable countenance showed me that my inquiries would at least be met with courtesy. This abbé said it was true this was the same building in which Rousseau had lived; that, unfortunately, owing to some painting and repairs several years before, it was uncertain which of two rooms had been his; but he would show me both.

The two rooms, of which Rousseau’s was probably No. 48, are on the second floor. It appears that, in 1855, the canon Magnin, since bishop of the diocese, made known that there was a room which had always borne the name of Rousseau’s chamber, and that till a few years before, the name of the author was visible on the window-sill, carved with the date

<sup>1</sup> *Revue Savoisienne* (1878): ‘M. Th. Dufour’s researches on Rousseau’s residence at Annecy.’

of his sojourn. The building having been revamped, the inscription was effaced by a workman.<sup>1</sup>

The seminary was commenced in 1624, and completed in 1628.

On the second floor is a long corridor, and on the left Nos. 47 and 48, one of which was occupied by Rousseau, and looks over the garden and the country. The rooms are small, whitewashed, and each contains one window, a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, and a washstand. Nothing could be more clean or more primitive.

History and Literature are represented here. In the corridor hangs a table of the kings of France down to Louis XVI., a table of the kings of Poland down to 1702, and another of the Ottoman princes down to 1774. On the first floor is a very respectable library, containing perhaps twenty-five thousand volumes, collected since 1823; the former library having been dispersed during the Revolution.

The lower floor retains few traces of its state in Rousseau's day. In the refectory is a fine wainscoting, and the ceiling, like that of the corridor, is in the Renaissance style, with heavy beams. The reception-hall is ornamented with portraits, and commands a view of the lake. Tablets in the corridor contain the names engraved in gold of the benefactors of the seminary from the year 1645.

Though the chapel is very much changed and enlarged, a portion exists as it did in Rousseau's time. It is elaborately wainscoted, and on either side are the seats of the students. Opposite the altar is an organ-loft and an admirable instrument.

Poor Mme. de Warens had been casting about as to what was to be done with her *protégé*. With motherly care she desired to advance Rousseau's education, and he was sent by advice of M. Gros, the superior, to this seminary.

'What a change! I was obliged to submit to it, but I went to the seminary as I would have gone to the gallows. A seminary is a gloomy place, especially for one who leaves the house of an amiable woman. I carried thither only one book which I had prayed Maman to lend me, and which was for

<sup>1</sup> M. Th. Dufour, in the *Revue Savoisienne* (1878).

me a great resource. It would be impossible to imagine what kind of book it was. It was a book of music.

‘Among the talents which she had cultivated, music had not been forgotten. She had a voice, sang passably, and played a little on the harpsichord. She had had the kindness to give me some lessons in singing, and it was necessary to begin at the beginning, for I scarcely knew the music of our psalms. Eight or ten lessons from a woman, greatly interrupted, far from placing me in a position to understand the scales, scarcely taught me a quarter of the signs of music. Nevertheless, I had such a passion for this art that I wished to try and exercise alone.’

#### CHAPTER CIV

IN the spring and summer of 1730 Mme. de Warens passed several months in the French capital. M. Burnier (‘History of the Senate of Savoy’) says that ‘although she appeared strongly attached to her new faith, her conversation, acts, and writings were watched, which was all the more easy because she received with kindness the Protestant converts, among whom were a certain number whose morality was doubtful, and who had sold their faith for money.’ Rousseau also says she was conscious of being watched. And this is confirmed by a letter of July 24, 1730, from Count Annibale Maffei (Sardinian ambassador in Paris, and knight of the Annunciation) to President St. Georges of the Senate of Savoy :

‘This morning there departed from here by the coach, on her way to Lyons, the Baroness de Warens de la Tour, a pensioner of His Majesty, with the intention of then betaking herself by Seyssel to Annecy, her residence. Perhaps she may go straight to Chambéry, in order to pass on to Turin. I take the liberty of advising Your Excellency that it is essential, for the service of the king, that she should not leave the realm, especially that she should not enter Switzerland, for an important reason. Therefore, I pray Your Excellency to write to Seyssel that in case she presents herself there, she may be watched, and that it may be so managed that she shall go to

Annecy, without however giving her any cause for suspicion; and in case she goes to Chambéry en route for Turin, if there be nothing out of the way, she may be allowed to pursue her journey without interference.'<sup>1</sup>

The President immediately addressed instructions to a certain Mitonet at Seyssel directing him to look out for Mme. de Warens. On July 31, Mitonet replied: 'I slept last night at Seyssel, and remained there nearly all day. The coach arrived at one in the morning. The dame in question was not to be found in it. . . . I took care to inform myself whether any one could pass through Seyssel in a post-chaise. I was assured that this mode of conveyance had been given up as soon as Messieurs of the Protestant religion had gone to Geneva to take the communion. I learned moreover, adroitly, that Mme. de Warens had passed by Seyssel in going to Paris; that she only entered the coach masked; that two strangers arrived at Seyssel exactly the evening before her departure, and that one of them was named d'Aubonne. It seems to me that her conduct is problematic. It may be that she is a faithful Catholic, or it may be that she looks back like Lot's wife.'

In a second letter to the President, Count Maffei acknowledges his activity in these terms: 'I have noted in Your Excellency's letter the orders you have given concerning Mme. de Warens. I think she will go to Chambéry. In that case it will be necessary to observe the intercourse which she may have with the people of her own nation.' M. Burnier is of opinion that Mme. de Warens went on to Turin, and dwelt there some time. Rousseau has already told us that she always preserved friends at court, and in spite of secret jealousies retained her pension. It is possible she had some secret mission to fulfil. She doubtless strengthened her position at court during her stay, and perhaps endeavoured to obtain influence that might be of use to her in the contemplated suits against the Savoy property of her former husband's father.

It is very singular that Jean Jacques seems never to have known with certainty that Mme. de Warens went to Turin. In speaking of his not finding her at Annecy, he merely talks of

<sup>1</sup> *Mém. de l'Académie Impériale de Savoie* (1864), pp. 481, 482; *Life of Annibale Maffei*, communicated to the author by the Marquis di Maffei.

her voyage to Paris, and on his arrival in the latter city, he says he only heard rumours concerning her movements—one, that she had gone to Annecy, another, that she had gone to Turin, and a third, that she had gone to Switzerland; and he never mentions her withdrawn law-suit.

Count Maffei, whose name is associated with Mme. de Warens in the above incident, was himself a historical character of distinguished merit, who had played an important rôle in the history of his country, and who had placed it and the house of Savoy under lasting obligations by his wise conduct in obtaining for Victor Amadeus Sicily and the crown. Many years before Mme. de Warens' journey to Turin, he had been ambassador of the Duke of Savoy to the English Court, and in 1713 he went to Utrecht as his first plenipotentiary in the Congress held in that town at the end of the Seven Years' War. Through his able exertions, Queen Anne of England had taken up the Duke's cause, and the island of Sicily was now given to the latter with a royal crown. It was in consequence of this important service that in 1714 Victor Amadeus II., having become king, appointed him viceroy, declaring publicly that it was but just to send to Sicily the statesman who had secured its possession to the house of Savoy. The Count remained in Sicily three years, surrounded by enormous difficulties. At last a Spanish and Austrian coalition was formed and the island attacked by superior forces. Count Maffei, gallant in the field as skilled in diplomacy, at the head of a few faithful troops made so stubborn a resistance that he was able to conclude an honourable peace, and obtain Sardinia for his sovereign in exchange for Sicily. Thus it was that the present royal Italian family obtained a crown which was to bring its dynasty into Rome.<sup>1</sup>

I remember the agreeable impression made on me by the portrait of this extraordinary character which I saw years ago at the house of his descendant, then my ministerial colleague at Athens. There was in the face an expression of strength, subtlety, and frankness, which are rarely combined.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Letter of the Marquis di Maffei to the author, April 28, 1880; Notices biographiques sur le Comte Annibale Maffei de la Mirandola, par l'abbé Felice Ceretti (1875). (MS.)*

<sup>2</sup> It is an interesting historical coincidence that his direct descendant, the present Marquis di Maffei, was for thirteen years secretary of embassy at



Victor Amadeus II., whom we have seen welcoming Mme. de Warens on her arrival at Evian, began, after two years' retirement from power, to find time hang heavily upon his hands, and, pushed on by the ambition of his morganatic wife, the Marquise de Spino, he suddenly determined to retake the reins of government he had abdicated. He was at this time residing at Chambéry, and his secret designs were discovered in an accidental manner. He had gone out to walk, and in his absence the crowd were admitted to view the royal apartments in the castle. The king and his wife returning unexpectedly, a young abbé (Michon) found himself in the prince's chamber, and being unable to get out hid behind the tapestry, where he overheard a conversation which revealed the plan. When the young man was able to leave his perilous post unnoticed, he repaired to his spiritual director, the curé Petit of St. Leger, who told him it was his duty at once to inform King Charles Emanuel. The young king was himself just then the guest, as his father had been before him, of the Baron de Blonay in the

London; and, as it was through the good offices of Queen Anne that the crown originally came to the house of Savoy when Count Hannibal Maffei was ambassador, so the crown of united Italy came to its representative, through the goodwill of Queen Victoria, while another Count Maffei was officially accredited to the court of St. James.

In 1873, after the abdication of the duke of Aosta as king of Spain, the later Count Maffei was transferred from London to Madrid, where he remained three years acting as *Chargé d'affaires*, in the midst of troublesome and revolutionary days. At a time that the relations between Spain and the United States were in a critical condition, on account of the capture of the *Virginia* by the Cuban authorities, he was, in the absence of the American Minister, selected by the American government to take charge of its interests, though fortunately his intervention was not required. In 1876, he was entrusted by the Italian government with the important duty of examining the papers of Count Cavour after the decease of the latter's nephew; M. di Maffei having been the intimate friend of both uncle and nephew. Having separated with great skill the family archives from the state documents, he formed and arranged an important collection of manuscripts relating to a notable period of Italian history, which with a detailed report was presented to his government.

On the conclusion of this work he was appointed envoy extraordinary at Athens, and was twice called thence to the post of under secretary of state for foreign affairs at Rome. During his second tenure of office, he was elected a member of parliament by his native Turin, and when the cabinet presided over by M. Cairoli fell in 1881 was appointed envoy at Brussels.

He has laid English-speaking people under lasting obligations by his admirable translation of the *Memoirs* of his connection, the Marquis d'Azeglio. He had previously earned the gratitude of his own country by a remarkable history in English of Italian brigandage, which included a complete study of Italy's political and social condition after the year 1864, when struggling to free herself completely from the evils of past bad administration and foreign rule. This work is still a standard authority.

château at Evian, where the abbé Michon found him at the moment when a fête was to be given by the queen. The young monarch, hastily taking leave of M. de Blonay, departed with a small number of persons, traversed the Little St. Bernard, and arrived in his capital on the day that Rivoli was reached by his father, who from the heights of Aveillane heard the cannon of Turin announcing his son's arrival.

We know that the son's ministers refused to allow him to abdicate in favour of his father, whose attempt was in no sense realised. The abbé Michon, as the effect of the fright he had experienced, had, on his return from Evian, an extraordinary illness; he was naturally pale and thin, but now became red and of enormous size. The fear of recalling to King Charles the slightest circumstance connected with the arrest of his father, prevented an application for recompense in behalf of the abbé, who however died at a very advanced age as rector of the parish of St. André, near Chambéry.

## CHAPTER CV

To one who has studied minutely the movements of Rousseau and compared the dates, it is clear that he visited all the sites connected with Mme. de Warens—Vevey, the town in which she was born; the Bassets, her country pavilion; and Chailly, where she went during the vintage season—and, remembering his activity, that he was up with the sun and accustomed to wander all day amid scenes that pleased him, it is reasonable to suppose that he also pushed his way as far as the castle of Chillon. Several years afterwards, when he had returned to the roof of Mme. de Warens at the Charuettes, no doubt they compared notes about these haunts of her early life; the pictures left us in his various works being the offspring of his own personal impressions, and of the teachings of his Maman.

After his journey to Paris, and search there for his Maman, Rousseau wanders back to Annecy, arriving, not as he says in 1732, but in May 1731, when he was nineteen, and not as he declares past twenty. Soon after he discovered, or so states,

that Mme. de Warens was living in immoral relations with her scientific gardener and botanist, Claude Anet. Nevertheless, the three 'lived in a union that rendered us all happy, and which death alone was able to destroy. One of the proofs of the excellence of this lovable woman is, that all who loved her loved each other. Jealousy, rivalry even, yielded under the dominant sentiment she inspired; and I have never known any one of those who surrounded her desire to do evil to another. Let the reader pause on this eulogium, and if, after reflection, he knows a woman of whom he can say the same, to her let him attach himself, were she the most abandoned courtesan, if he desires a tranquil life.'

Rousseau found in Claude Anet a teacher, and his references to his botanical tastes have reminded me of a relic connected with him which came to me under remarkable circumstances.

During the Paris Commune, my house in the Avenue d'Antin was under fire from Mount Valérien, and I leased the hotel of the Marquis de Girardin in the rue Blanche, where I installed my family, permitting the proprietor to retain the upper floor.

During some of the long hours when it was impossible to move out of doors on account of the incessant fire, I held most interesting conversations with the old Marquis, whose grandfather had welcomed Rousseau to Ermenonville, where the latter took his own life (probably), in a moment of insanity.

Among other reminiscences of Jean Jacques was the tradition, handed down in the family, of his ardent love for botany in his last days.

Shortly after the Commune had come to an end, Mme. de Girardin died from its effects. Her health had been somewhat undermined by the anxiety which she endured when the Germans took possession of the château of Ermenonville, and she was obliged to leave the place, to which she was greatly attached, and the dear carp in the lake which used to come and feed out of her hand at the sound of the evening and morning bell, and which were destined to be eaten by the hungry soldiery; but the subsequent terrors of the Commune, the unceasing anxiety and excitement, were the real causes of her decease. Not long after this mournful event I was sitting one

day in my residence in the Avenue d'Antin, when the old Marquis was announced. He was followed by a servant bearing a large package, from which he took what looked like a framed picture.

'This,' he said, 'contains botanical specimens gathered by Rousseau himself in the park of Ermenonville a short time before his death, and affixed to the paper which you still see there; and beneath each object is written in his own hand a description of the plant. I pray you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.'

The Marquis himself has since passed away, and the château of Ermenonville has been sold, and is undergoing alterations which will rapidly obliterate the structure as it appeared in Rousseau's time.

As to what Rousseau says of the intimate relations between Mme. de Warens and Claude Anet, supposing the narrative not an invention, it is possible that they were platonic; and in any case there was a deep affection between the divorced lady and the botanist. But Rousseau proceeds to relate, with cynical sentimentality, a succession of *liaisons* in the life of this lady, and even his own seduction by her. The trail of this reptile is now visible over all the career of his eminent benefactress, and it is due to her memory that the reader shall scrutinise the libel, odious as it is, and consider whether it may not be an example of what Mr. John Morley finds, that 'Rousseau in some of his mental states had so little sense of the difference between the actual and the imaginary.'

'Maman,' he says, 'saw that to save me from the dangers of my youth, it was time to treat me as a man; and this is what she did, but in the most singular manner that a woman, in such a case, could devise. I noticed that her manner was graver, and her conversation more moral than usual. To the playful gaiety which she was accustomed to intermingle with her instructions suddenly succeeded a uniform manner, which was neither familiar nor severe, but which seemed to pave the way to an explanation. After having vainly searched in my own mind for the reason of this change, I asked her: this was what she had been expecting. She proposed a walk to the little garden the next day: we were there from the early morning.

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She had so arranged that we should remain together undisturbed all day, and she spent the time in preparing me for the favours she intended bestowing upon me; not as another woman would have done, by using artifices and allurements, but by conversations full of sentiment and reason, rather intended to instruct than to seduce me, which spoke more to my heart than my senses. . . .

‘The reader, already disgusted, supposes, that being possessed by another man, she had degraded herself in my eyes by thus sharing her favours, and that a sentiment of disesteem weakened those thoughts with which she had inspired me; but he is mistaken. This participation, it is true, caused me cruel pain, as much from a very natural delicacy as from the fact that I considered it to be unworthy of both her and me; but as to my sentiments for her, they were unchanged, and I can swear that never did I love her more tenderly than when I had so little desire to possess her. I knew her chaste heart and her cold disposition too well to believe for a moment that the gratification of the senses took any part in this abandonment of herself; I was quite sure that her only motive was to snatch me from dangers, which appeared otherwise almost inevitable, and to preserve me entirely to myself and to my duties, and that this was the cause of her infringement of a duty which she did not regard in the same light as other women do, as will be explained after. I pitied her, and I pitied myself. . . .

‘Ce jour, plutôt redouté qu’attendu, vint enfin. Je promis tout, et je ne mentis pas. Mon cœur confirmoit mes engagements sans en désirer prix. Je l’obtins pourtant. Je me vis pour la première fois dans les bras d’une femme, et d’une femme que j’adorois. Fus-je heureux? non, je goûtai le plaisir. Je ne sais quelle invincible tristesse en empoisonnoit le charme. J’étois comme si j’avois commis un inceste. Deux ou trois fois, en la pressant avec transport dans mes bras, j’inondai son sein de mes larmes. Pour elle, elle n’étoit ni triste ni vive; elle étoit caressante et tranquille. Comme elle étoit peu sensuelle et n’avoit point recherché la volupté, elle n’en eut pas les délices et n’en a jamais eu les remords.

‘I repeat it; all her failings arose from her errors, never from her passions. She was well born, her heart was pure, she

loved honest things, her inclinations were upright and virtuous, her taste was delicate; she was formed for an elegance of manners which she always loved and yet never followed, because, instead of listening to her heart, which led her right, she listened to her reason, which led her wrong. When false principles took her from her path, her real sentiments were in contradiction to them; but she unfortunately piqued herself upon her philosophy, and the line of conduct which she had drawn up for herself spoiled that which her heart dictated.

‘ M. de Tavel, her first lover, was her master in philosophy, and the principles which he instilled into her mind were those which he needed to seduce her. Finding her attached to her husband, to her duties, but always cold, reasoning and impregnable through the senses, he attacked her by sophisms, and succeeded in proving her duties, to which she was so much attached, to be a kind of catechism merely intended to amuse children; the union of the sexes, an act of the utmost indifference in itself; conjugal fidelity, an obligatory outward show whose morality only concerned opinion; a husband’s peace of mind, the only duty of the wife; so that concealed infidelities neither injured him who was deceived, nor need they trouble the conscience. In fine, he persuaded her that the thing in itself was of no consequence, the evil arose only from scandal, and that every woman who was honest in appearance was, by that alone, honest in point of fact. Thus did the poor wretch reach his aim by corrupting the mind of a child whose heart he could not corrupt. He was punished by a most devouring jealousy, being persuaded that she treated him as he had taught her to treat her husband. I do not know whether he deceived himself on this point. The Minister Perret is said to have been his successor. What I do know is, that the impassive temperament of this young woman, which should have protected her from this system, was in the end the means of preventing her from renouncing it. She could not conceive why others should give so much importance to that which had none for herself. She never honoured with the name of virtue the abstinence which cost her so little.’

Mme. de Warens, at the ardent solicitations of Jean Jacques, left her house in Chambéry to retire to the Charmettes—not in



**The Chamberlain** Residence of Mme. de Warans and Rousseau



1736, as Rousseau declares, but in reality in 1738, as the lease of the Charmettes proves.<sup>1</sup> It is possible that Mme. de Warens began to discover the real character of Rousseau, at the time of Claude Anet's death in 1734.

The château 'Charmettes' is on a hillside half an hour's drive from Chambéry. At the beginning of the way which leads to this rural residence, there is a mile-stone bearing the inscription: Les Charmettes, 1000 mètres.

As we mount the hill a sparkling stream meets us, its tuneful waters tinkled far in advance. The ascent is gradual and the road bordered by trees which, although it is December, have not thrown off their summer garb, while ivy and green moss cluster on all their trunks. The road lies partly through vineyards cultivated *en crosse*, as at Evian.

The house is of two storeys—between which a luxuriant vine throws its arm—with a steep roof and projecting eaves. The windows are filled with small panes, and the shutters painted pale green, seemingly a favourite colour among the farming class in this region. The main building with its dependencies stands on a terrace supported by a massive wall, in which a door opens into a long passage leading to the cellars.

Turning up the steep pathway towards the mansion, we pass a small building, originally a chapel, afterwards an oven, and now a wood loft. It bears a Latin inscription almost illegible, with the date 1647, and a coat of arms party per fess, two stars in the upper, and a wing in the lower part of the field. There are also traces of armorial bearings above the main door, but the shield was broken during the Revolution.

The hall, devoid of furniture or ornament, is paved with large square stone flags; three doors open into it and a broad stone staircase mounts to the first floor. On the right is a room filled with various relics of former residents. Our cicerone insisted that the portrait of Rousseau was painted by the author himself. It is certainly poor enough to have been drawn by Rousseau, or any other indifferent delineator. It represents him in a light brown costume, with white cravat and ruffles,

<sup>1</sup> 'Original lease of the Charmettes,' pub. in the *Mém. de la Société Savoisienne*, i. 87.

and a small grey wig. His eyes are brown, his nose aquiline, his lips thin and tightly compressed, and cheekbones decidedly prominent. One hand rests on the 'Social Contract,' which stands upon a column bearing an inkstand and inscribed with the words *Vitam Impendere Vero*; the other hand holds a pen above the volume of *Emile*, the name of his favourite Plutarch appearing on another book.

This *salle-à-manger* is of ample proportions, with a lofty ceiling, and the heavy beams peculiar to the Savoyard architecture of the sixteenth century. It is lighted by two large windows looking over the terrace, and wears altogether a marvellously attractive look. The whole atmosphere of the place is one of size and comfort. Above opposite doors busts of Rousseau and Voltaire are evidently snarling at each other.

Here is Rousseau's walnut bookcase, but without contents. Mme. de Warens' dining-table is here to bring to mind her dainty ways at table, and recall images of those who sat round it.

Passing through a door partly of glass, we come to the *salon* which looks towards Chambéry, and by a double door, the inner being of glass for summer use, descend into a garden, and from that pass to another terrace, bordered by vineyards.

In this garden is an avenue of plantains with intertwining branches. Was this Rousseau's *berceau*? It bears all the marks of gnarled antiquity. The extraordinary colour of these interwoven limbs, resembling the molasse—a stone much used in this country and in the Pays de Vaud—gives them a weird and close appearance to the aisle of a Gothic cathedral. Through this vista the eye ranges along the valley of Chambéry to the mountains.

In the *salon* is Rousseau's walnut gaming-table, disposed for chess on the outside, and for cards on the inside. Here is also Mme. de Warens' harpsichord, whose notes have become harsh and discordant with age, unlike its first owner's sweet voice, which was melodious to life's end.

From the main entrance hall we mounted by two stairways to Rousseau's bedroom, containing his *lit de repos*, mirror, and another gaming-table. The bed is in a large alcove and is ornamented with Rousseau's portrait after the Geneva bust.

A small chapel in the house remains in the same state as in the days of Mme. de Warens. Next to it is her fine, bright room, with the same lofty Renaissance ceiling.

Out of the north window I saw the dark mass of the Dent de Nivollay, but the clouds mounted quickly and hid it from view, while revealing the base of the mountain and the smiling plain below. From the valley and the outskirts of Chambéry rose the distant hum of an industrious population; on the other side were audible only the quiet sounds of the country—the lowing of kine, the streamlet's trickling, the droning of insects.

Above the chimney, which is disgracefully scribbled over with names, hangs a medallion representing Rousseau and Voltaire face to face—Jean Jacques in a full wig, with his youthful countenance and scarlet coat, Voltaire in a full-bottomed wig and blue coat, with his keen, cynical, elderly face.

The farmer whom we met had cultivated the place for sixty-six years, and presented a remarkable example of blundering reverence of shadowy personalities. He had never been able to grasp the idea of Rousseau or Mme. de Warens in the flesh; they represented to him an abundant harvest of inquiries and coin, and like an honest man he strives 'to give as good as he gets.' The result for the ill-informed tourist must be a curious one. If I had time, I might illustrate this, but I should appear imaginatively satirical without being so.

Nothing can surpass the art with which Rousseau describes his life with Madame de Warens at the Charmettes, and the idyllic scenes,—the harvest of fruits, the pic-nics as we should call them, the outdoor fêtes, which recall the pictures of Watteau. In the height of his happiness he remembers a day-dream, and embracing his good fairy, who had called up all this beauty around him, he cries, 'Maman, Maman, this day was promised to me long ago, and I see nothing beyond it. My happiness, thanks to you, is at its height. May it never decline!'

But plethora succeeds; for as Rousseau puts it, 'vapours are the illnesses of happy men.' We presently find him afflicted with an imaginary polyp of the heart, and travelling to

seek a cure from one M. Fizeo at Montpellier, and then returning to find—but he must tell the story himself.

‘I had always seen my arrival marked by a kind of little fête. I expected no less this time; and all these attentions which were so agreeable to me were worth the trouble of being approached gradually.

‘I arrived then exactly at the hour. From afar I looked to see if she was not awaiting me in the road. My heart beat more and more in proportion as I approached. I arrived out of breath, for I had left my carriage in town. I see no one in the court, or at the door, or at the window. I begin to be troubled, I fear some accident. I enter; all is tranquil; some workmen were lunching in the kitchen; but no signs of preparation. The servant appeared surprised to see me; she was not aware that I was expected.

‘I ascend the stairs. At length I see this dear Maman, so tenderly, so strongly, so purely loved. I run, I throw myself at her feet.

“Ah! there you are, little one,” she said to me, embracing me. “Did you have a pleasant journey? How are you?”

‘This reception took me aback a little. I asked her if she had not received my letter. She said, “Yes.”

“I should have thought that you had not,” I said; and the information ended there.

‘A young man was with her. I recognised him, having seen him at the house before my departure, but this time he seemed to be established there; and so he was. In brief, I found my place taken.

‘This young man was from the Pays de Vaud. His father, named Vintzenried, was *concierger*, or as he styled himself captain of the castle of Chillon. The captain’s son was a hair-dresser’s apprentice, and was running about the world in this capacity when he came to present himself to Mme. de Warens, who received him well, as she did all wayfarers, especially from her own country.

‘He was a tall, expressionless blonde, tolerably well made, with a flat face, and a mind of the same character, talking like a handsome Leander, mingling all the tones, all the tastes of his trade with the long history of his successes, naming only

half of the marchionesses he had conquered, and pretending that he had never dressed the head of a pretty woman without having likewise adorned that of her husband—vain, foolish, ignorant, insolent: apart from this, the best fellow in the world. This was the substitute established in my place during my absence, and the associate who was offered to me upon my return.'

I venture to cite this paragraph in all its revolting cruelty; for it is another picture of the evil characteristics of Rousseau's nature. But the certificate of character which he gives himself in these lines would not be complete without adding the paragraph which immediately follows this reference to his benefactress:

'O! if souls freed from their terrestrial fetters can still see from the bosom of eternal light what passes among mortals, pardon me, O adored and venerable shade! if I have no more regard for your faults than for my own; if I unveil equally the one and the other to the eyes of my reader. I ought and I wish to be true to you as well as to myself: you will always lose much less thereby than myself. And how entirely do your amiable and sweet character, your inexhaustible goodness of heart, your frankness and all your excellent virtues wipe out your weaknesses, if one can thus designate the faults of your reason alone! You fell into errors, but you had no vices. Your conduct was reprehensible, but your heart was always pure.'

According to Rousseau, this was the cause of his separation from Mme. de Warens; but as the latter had an intimate named Mme. Deybens, at Grenoble, whose husband was the friend of M. de Mably, grand provost of Lyons, and as M. Deybens proposed to him the education of the children of M. de Mably, and he accepted this employment—it is fair to judge from the character of the man, that Rousseau was eager for an opportunity to escape from Mme. de Warens, whose poverty rendered it probable that she could very little longer be of use to him.

As usual, he was unsuccessful in the task he had undertaken; and, being unable to command his pupils, he was also unable to command himself. He was found purloining wines

from the cellar to be enjoyed in his room, and again he finds himself drawn to his serviceable Maman—of course by inextinguishable love!

## CHAPTER CVI

WHATEVER may be the truth about Mme. de Warens, there can be no doubt of Rousseau's vileness in writing for publication the alleged immoralities, whether this record be attributed to malice or to the constitutional incapacity of this sentimentalist for any real moral or grateful feelings. Were his statements true, Mme. de Warens would appear to have been endowed with powers of feminine fascination such as are not generally associated with the 'strong-minded woman' who carries on factories and large charitable enterprises. In Tavel, Perret, Anet, Rousseau, and Vintzenried, we see philosophy, theology, science, literature, and worldliness, artfully presented as succumbing to her unconscious charms. Although the period was one of rapid religious transition in the Catholic as well as the Reformed Church, and of much moral confusion, which continued for a long time, it is difficult to accept Rousseau's story as containing any measure of truth, and to imagine a devout and kind-hearted woman so absorbed in humanitarian work as to sacrifice thereto both body and soul. Whether, however, his tale was true, or whether he immolated his dearest friend in order to make an effective picture, does not concern us now. The man 'who kisses and tells' is dishonourable. What then are we to think of a creature who pillories in print a woman to whom he owes a debt of gratitude which a life's devotion could not repay?

It is especially interesting in this connection to read what Rousseau says of Mme. de Warens' religious ideas.

'I had often travestied religion in my own fashion, but I had never been entirely without it. It cost me less to return to this subject so sad and melancholy for many people, but so sweet to one who makes of it an object of consolation and of hope. Maman was for me on this occasion much more useful than all the theologians could have been. She, who carried system into all things, had not failed to apply one to religion,

and this system was composed of very disconnected ideas ; some very healthy, others very foolish, being made up of sentiments arising from her character, and prejudices derived from her education.

‘ In general, believers imagine God as they are themselves : the good make him good, the wicked make him malicious. The devotees, hateful and bilious, see nothing but hell, because they would damn the whole world. Loving and gentle souls scarcely believe in it ; and one of the astonishing things I can never understand is to see the good Fénelon speak in his *Telemachus* as if he really gave credit to it ; but I hope that he lied then, for, after all, however truthful one may be, one cannot help lying sometimes when one is a bishop.

‘ Maman did not lie to me ; and this soul without hatred, which could not imagine a vindictive and always wrathful God, saw only clemency and mercy where the devotees saw only justice and punishment. She often said that there would be no justice in God’s being rigid in judgment towards us, because, not having given us what was necessary for perfection, that would be demanding more than he had given. The odd thing was that, without believing in hell, she allowed herself to believe in purgatory. This arose from the fact, that she knew not what to do with the souls of the wicked, not being able to damn them, nor to put them with the good until they should become good ; and it must be acknowledged indeed that, both in this world and in the other, the wicked are always very embarrassing.

‘ Another bizarre thing. We see that the entire doctrine of original sin and of redemption is destroyed by this system, that the base of popular Christianity is entirely undermined, and that Catholicism at least cannot subsist. Maman was nevertheless a good Catholic, or professed to be one, and it is certain that she professed it in good faith. It seemed to her that the Bible was too literally and harshly explained. All the comminatory passages about eternal torments seemed to her figurative. The death of Jesus Christ appeared to her an example of charity truly divine to teach men to love God and to love each other.

‘ In a word, faithful to the religion she had embraced, she adopted sincerely all its points of faith, but when it came to the discussion of each article, she apparently made such distinctions

with regard to each that her belief was entirely different from that of the Church, though she was always entirely submissive to it. She showed therein a simplicity of heart and a frankness more eloquent than sophisms, and often embarrassed even her confessor, for from him she concealed nothing. "I am a good Catholic," she said to him, "and I wish always to be so. I adopt from the bottom of my heart the decisions of Holy Mother Church. I am not mistress of my faith, but I am of my will. I submit without reserve, and I desire to believe everything. What more can you ask from me?"

'If there had been no Christian morality established, I am persuaded she would have lived as if regulated by its principles, so well was this system adapted to her character. She did all that was ordered, but she would have done the same thing if it had not been commanded. In indifferent things she loved to obey.'

It is evident from her correspondence with Rousseau that as early as 1747 Mme. de Warens' pensions were withdrawn; although they were undoubtedly renewed at a later epoch they were so mortgaged as to be of no use to her.<sup>1</sup>

It was at this time that she threw herself with renewed ardour into various industrial enterprises; and in October, 1747, she seems to have purchased a mine from the Marquis de la Roche for 25,000 livres, on behalf of a company which she had formed to work it. That she was in a state of uncertainty as to her future is evident from the following unpublished letter, dated at Chambéry March 12, 1747, and addressed to Captain Hugonin, at Vevey, who had married her niece, Mlle. de la Tour:

'Monsieur, and very dear Nephew,—I have been so incommoded by heavy colds and inflammation of the lungs accompanied by fever, since the reception of your last dear letter, that it has been impossible for me to take my pen in hand at an earlier moment.

'I can assure you, my very dear Nephew, that my intention has always been to leave at the end of my life the little domain in question to your dear children, and even from to-day, if my

<sup>1</sup> 'Letter to the Baron Dangeville,' pub. by M. Jules Vuÿ in the *Revue Savoisienne* for 1870, p. 61.



means permitted me to dispense with this little revenue during my life. As M. de Rovéréa is one of your nearest relatives, and moreover as I believe one of your friends, you can charge him when he comes here in May next with all that you wish that I should do to render you contented and tranquil.

‘ For this purpose, arrange the conditions yourself, and I will sign them. I accept the two hundred livres you offer me for the annual ground-rent of my property, provided that you will make me a declaration pure and simple, which carries within itself no illusory ambiguity, to the effect that you confess that you owe me two hundred francs annually of current money of Geneva, and that you will pay these two hundred francs each year regularly to me or to my order as long as I shall live, and in whatever country I may reside.

‘ If my evil destiny should render this little sum necessary to me, I shall require it from you regularly, as long as I shall live ; but if my affairs take a better turn, in that case I assure you that I shall not remind you of this bagatelle. It is to be hoped for your dear children’s sake that fortune will for some time second my good intentions with regard to them.

‘ I have taken the liberty to address the present to Mme. la Colonelle de Willading, in order that it may reach you the more surely during your sojourn at Berne ; and I have prayed her to protect your interests in the capital.

‘ I hope, my very dear Nephew, that you will accord me always a small place in your dear friendship, assuring you that you will always have all mine joined to the perfect esteem and distinguished consideration with which I have the honour to be, all my life,

‘ Monsieur and my very dear Nephew,

‘ Your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘ DE WARENS DE LA TOUR.’<sup>1</sup>

The amount of energy Mme. de Warens displayed in her efforts to support herself and to obtain money to do good, is really marvellous. At one time she and her associates were

<sup>1</sup> It will be observed that twenty years after her divorce she preserved the name de Warens.

working five mines; one of which was in the Tarentaise, one at Faucigny, and another at La Rochette. Although, on account of the knavery of her associates, she derived only trouble and sorrow, it would appear that her views in substance were correct; for most of these mines are to-day, I believe, worked with profit. The busy mining district of La Rochette owes all its importance to her initiative, and the botanical garden which has come into existence at Chambéry within a few years was her invention.<sup>1</sup>

M. Th. Dufour prints a letter of Mme. de Warens, of January 25, 1754, to M. de Courtilles, the Vintzenried of Rousseau, whose tone does not accord with Rousseau's story of her having a *liaison* with that hairdresser. He desired to marry in a family of the Tarentaise, and naturally applied to his kind friend to speak on his behalf to the father. She writes:

'You owe entire gratitude to M. and Mme. de Bargonzi, and to their amiable family, for the kind and charitable care they have had the goodness to extend towards you, and which I did everything in my power to promote; and I congratulate you with all my heart in having found succour from these kind people. At present, it is your duty to weigh and reflect upon all the obligations which you propose to contract, in order that you may never be placed in the position to be refused or to receive reproaches afterwards. Speak little, if you can, think much, and conduct yourself always in an irreproachable manner before God and men. This is the means of being always loved and esteemed by all the world.'

Three letters, published by M. Jules Vuÿ, written by Mme. de Warens (January 12, April 10, 1756, and February 7, 1757) contain evidences of her excellent and pious character. They treat of a request she had made to the Baron de Dangeville to furnish board for eleven months to a person named François Fabre, a master cast-iron founder. Mme. de Warens had, as M. Vuÿ remarks, promised to pay this sum; but overwhelmed with debts, pursued by her creditors, always at law, always before the tribunals, she was unable, notwithstanding the best will in the world—and no one could doubt her entire good

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bayle St. John's *The Subalpine Kingdom*.

faith—to put into execution the promises which she had made. Out of this incident grew these three letters. In the first she says :

‘ If the Divine Goodness deigns to bless my work, I hope to succeed so that, by this means, I may be able to occupy myself wholly with the only necessary thing—that is to say, labouring for the salvation of my soul. I recommend this subject to your good prayers.’

In the next letter she says : ‘ It is easy for me to understand from whence come the ill turns which are done to me with respect to you each day, in recompense for my benefactions. I keep silence upon all, and leave the vengeance to God, not wishing to complain of anyone. Be persuaded, my dear Baron, that I have no other desire than that of retiring from all the embarrassments of the world, of which I have felt the cruel bitterness through the bad faith of those with whom I have had to do, which ought to engage me to finish all business affairs, if it is possible, with such people.’

In the third letter she says : ‘ It is with great regret, my very dear Baron, that I learn that the unfortunate situation of your health resembles mine, which is so reduced also that I can leave neither my room nor my bed. I could not have written to you at an earlier moment, in spite of all my desire to do so. Since the Christmas holidays I have been kept in bed by painful gout in the four members, which has swollen my feet and my hands, and caused an inflammation of the lungs of the worst description, and has tormented me as much as my debts, which is saying everything. For it cannot be denied that the greatest cross for an honest person to bear is that of being in debt and not being able to pay at as early a moment as one desires. This is the unfortunate situation in which I find myself. Be persuaded, my dear Baron, that the 215 livres I owe you for having nourished the *sieur* Fabre trouble me far more than you, and will continue to trouble me until you have been paid.

‘ If God were willing to give me health, I should prefer it to the most brilliant fortune; but no one can choose his future. The will of God ought to be our rule, without complaint and without murmur to submit ourselves to His will; this is the rule which I propose to follow, with God’s aid, the rest of my days; and this is why I taste in silence all the injustices which

have been done to me. It would need volumes to explain to you even a part.'<sup>1</sup>

The correspondence with M. de Dangeville terminated with a letter, dated January 20, 1759, at Nézin :

' Could it be possible, my dear Baron, that you have had the courage to continue your silence in this new year? I offered to you my most sincere vows on the occasion of the holy Christmas fêtes. I reiterate them to you now in this renewal of the year, praying God that he will please to accord you a most happy one, with a great number of others, filled with all kinds of benedictions ; and that in the whole course of your prosperity you will have the goodness not entirely to forget a poor widow, who prays God every day for you.'<sup>2</sup>

Thus it was that this brilliant, accomplished, and pious woman found herself bereft of all friends, and, sickness having overcome her, she died with no early friend near her to smooth her pillow or to ease her pain by human sympathy. Even Rousseau's friend de Conzié felt the base ingratitude of Jean Jacques. He says of Mme. de Warens :

' She found herself forced to beg a corner of a hut in one of the faubourgs, where she vegetated only through the succour and charitable care of her neighbours, who were in anything but easy circumstances.

' Finally, borne down by various ills which confined her to her bed for more than two years, she succumbed with all the sentiments of a courageous woman and a good Christian.

' I have always condemned Jean Jacques (whom she had honoured with the name of her adopted son), in the first place, for having preferred the interests of Le Vasseur to those of a *maman* as respectable for him in every sense as his washerwoman Le Vasseur was disgraceful. He might well have laid aside his pride, from time to time, and have worked to earn the necessities of life, so as to restore all or at least a part of what he had cost his generous benefactress.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Lettres inédites de Mme. de Warens,' par M. Jules Vuÿ, published in the *Revue Savoisienne* for 1870.

<sup>2</sup> M. Th. Dufour in the *Revue Savoisienne*, 1878. The word 'widow' in the last sentence is pathetic. (M. de Warens died in November 1754.)

<sup>3</sup> 'Memoir of M. de Conzié,' published in the *Mémoires de la Société Savoisienne d'Histoire*, tome i.

As is usual with Rousseau, fine words took the place of good deeds. When he heard of the death of his kind friend, he broke out in the following words :

‘Go, sweet and benevolent soul, to the presence of the Fénelons, the Bernex, the Catinats, and all those who in a more humble state have like them opened their hearts to real charity : go taste the fruit of yours, and prepare for your pupil the place which he hopes one day to occupy near you—happy in your misfortunes that heaven in terminating them has spared you the cruel spectacle of his !

‘Fearing to sadden her heart by the recital of my first disasters, I had not written to her since my arrival in Switzerland ; but I wrote to M. de Conzié to inform me about her, and it was he who apprised me that she had ceased to succour those who suffer, and to suffer herself. Soon I shall cease to suffer also, but if I thought that I should not see her in the other world my feeble imagination would refuse to credit the idea of perfect happiness which I promise myself there.’

The house in which Mme. de Warens died was No. 58, in the Faubourg Nézin, at Chambéry.

The registers of the parish of Lemenc contain the following entry concerning the death and burial of Mme. de Warens, signed by the curate, M. Gaime, whom Rousseau mentions as being in great part the original of his Savoyard Vicar :

‘The 30th of July, 1762, was interred in the cemetery of Lemenc the Dame Louise Françoise Eléonore de la Tour, widow of the seignior baron de Warens of Vevey, canton of Berne, Switzerland, who died yesterday towards ten o’clock in the morning, as a good Christian and strengthened by the Sacraments, aged about sixty-three years. About thirty-six years had elapsed since she abjured the Protestant religion and lived within our own religion, and from that time she dwelt to the end of her days, nearly eight years, in the Faubourg of Nézin, in the house of the sieur Crépine. She had previously resided at the Reclus about four years, in the house of the seignior Marquis d’Allinges. She passed the remainder of her life after her abjuration in this town.

‘(Signed) GAIME, curé of Lemenc.’

The grave is on a rocky height, and without any monument.

The abandoned baseness of Rousseau can only be measured by sounding the depth of his iniquitous conduct towards Mme. de Warens. I have not attempted to accomplish this task entirely; but I will suggest one other source of information in this direction.

At the moment that Rousseau took his departure from the Charmettes, Mme. de Warens was already beginning to feel the iron hand of poverty. The years of prosperity which followed his increasing celebrity were years of increasing misery to his benefactress. While he was associating with all the highest, most illustrious and charming people in France, Mme. de Warens was going down to death, amidst want and suffering of the most terrible description.

In all those years, with few exceptions, all that Rousseau had to give to the one who had snatched him from starvation, were words, words, words—fine words, full of beautiful feeling, full of intense expression, but words that did not furnish medicine for the sick, bread for the hungry, or wine for the dying—words that only served to show the hollowness of the man's nature, and the detestable character of his shallow heart.

He was one of those creatures who unquestionably had the very best idea of himself. In fact, he indicates, in various places, that he considers himself about the best man living. He mistook a hysterical sensibility for depth of sincere feeling. His sensibility was of a character which admitted of the blackest ingratitude, and of the worst crimes to which human nature can descend.

As I desire to keep my remarks strictly within the bounds of the mildest expression and the most entire fairness, I shall not permit myself to indulge in the strong language which his conduct deserves and (some may think) demands. In the long range of historical personages whom the centuries present to us there is perhaps no more repulsive figure than that of Jean Jacques Rousseau as a human being. He is absolutely disgusting. If we were not aware how some beautiful forms take their rise in nature from the most filthy sources, we should be unable to understand how such exquisite fancies, such deliciously coloured portraits, could issue from a being so false-hearted and degraded.

Jean Jacques Rousseau





It is sad to be obliged to associate the delightful pictures this man has painted of his life at the Charmettes with a view of his subsequent conduct, as confessed by himself. Jean Jacques Rousseau lives, not on account of the good which he has done, but because he was endowed with the power of expression. He had within him an egoistic magnetism, fascinating, but deadly as the breath of the upas. If anyone permits himself to be lulled to sleep beneath the branches of his fatal doctrines, he awakens to moral and political death. But if, casting aside the noxious influences of the man, and expurgating from his writings things that injure instead of bettering mankind, one takes simply his portraiture of character and scenery, these may be enjoyed without danger, and stimulate a sense of the beautiful.

Many attempts have been made to define the character of Rousseau's genius. The only valid excuse for the infinitely low parts and vicious influences of the man, is that he was not in the full possession of his faculties, that his judgment was unbalanced, and that he was unable to distinguish between right and wrong, except when he described nature, and drew upon the best parts of his being.

## CHAPTER CVII

THE year 1754 was a momentous one for the characters mentioned in this work. Not only did M. de Bochat die, but also his relative M. de Warens; Gibbon received the Sacrament at Lausanne; and Voltaire began the inquiries about various properties which led to his twenty-four years' residence in Switzerland.

Voltaire, having left Berlin on account of a quarrel with Frederick the Great, was now residing at Colmar, in the house of Mme. de Goll (*née* Susanne Ursule Deyverdun, daughter of the seignior of Hermenches, and first cousin of George Deyverdun). Here he was confirmed in the plan of establishing himself in Switzerland. This desire had been inspired by M. Polier de Bottens, whom he had known in Germany, and warmly seconded by M. de Brenles, another friend of Mme. de Goll.

Voltaire was at one time on the point of fixing himself near Colmar, and negotiated for the Château of Horbourg, belonging to the House of Wurtemberg. The deeds of transfer had been drawn up, and only the signature was wanting, when he was turned from his purpose by a Jesuit of Colmar, Father Ernest, who had entered into a formal engagement with his superiors to expel Voltaire from Alsace.<sup>1</sup>

Among my unpublished manuscripts are a large number of letters written by Voltaire, and others received by him from his distinguished contemporaries, of both sexes, which are related to his Swiss residence. They concern a wide variety of subjects, and amid the specimens which I propose to present, my reader may occasionally find himself somewhat bewildered by the multiplicity of dates, and matters discussed. This correspondence refuses to be systematised, except that the letters combine to give a lively picture of the time, its interests, and personages.<sup>2</sup> Concerning the latter I find it best to interpolate occasional historical sketches.

On January 13 of the year 1754, Voltaire wrote from Colmar to M. Lambert:

'The abridgement of the "Histoire Universelle" printed by Néaulme at the Hague is only a small, crude, and very incomplete portion of an immense work commenced long ago, but to complete which many books, much health, and great leisure will be required. If I have a part of all these, I can give the finishing touches to this work in the course of a year, and I will then with pleasure gratify M. Lambert with it. I pray him to come to an understanding with my publisher, Sphoefling [Schoepflin], of Colmar, for the "Annales de l'Empire." I made a present of it to this publisher, the brother of a professor of history who has reviewed the work with care.<sup>3</sup> I pray M. Lambert to place it on sale. He might gain twenty sous on each copy. Sphoefling counts upon giving it to him for forty sous per volume, and it could be sold for three livres. By this arrangement each would make a reasonable profit. Sphoefling is sending at first three

<sup>1</sup> *Archives Littéraires*, xiv. 364.

<sup>2</sup> The book in which Voltaire put all the seals of his letters was bought in 1845 by the late Lord Vernon. Sir James Lacaita told me that it was bound anew under his direction, and is now preserved at Sudbury Hall.

<sup>3</sup> Jean Daniel Schoepflin (1694-1771) of Strasburg.

hundred copies to M. Lambert's address. Only the first volume is on sale at present: the second is in the press. It is not a book for which one can expect as rapid a sale as the "*Histoire Universelle*," of which three editions, each as detestable as the other, were issued in a single month. The "*Annales de l'Empire*" is only a correct and instructive book, the sale of which will take longer; it is more adapted for Germany than for France.

'An attempt is being made to put the papers for the new edition of the "*Œuvres Mêlées*" in order; it is a long and toilsome task. As soon as this is done they will be sent to M. Lambert.'

Voltaire's reference to the publication of his works leads me to mention a letter (January 25, 1754) in my possession addressed by M. Marc Michel Bousquet, publisher at Lausanne, to Voltaire at Colmar, whom he thanks for having sent two extracts of the abridgement of the '*Histoire Universelle*' published by Jean Néaulme, in order to shield him from loss. He is astonished to hear that Voltaire thinks of issuing a new edition at Geneva through the intermediation of Professor Vernet, as he had hoped to be henceforth the sole publisher of Voltaire, and that he (Voltaire) would come to live in Switzerland, the only country that suited his health and his affairs. He offers to publish an authorised edition of his works.<sup>1</sup>

Shortly afterwards, in writing (February 12, 1754) from Colmar to M. Clavel de Brenles (1717-1771), the able juriconsult, littérateur, and friend of the de Bochats, Voltaire says:

'Mme. Goll and M. Dupont had already acquainted me with the value of your society, and your letter of friendly advice confirms all that they have said of you. It is true, Monsieur, that I have always had in view to end in a free country and in a healthful climate the short and unhappy career to which man is condemned. Lausanne has appeared to me the country made for a solitary being and for an ill one. I had the design of retiring thither two years ago, notwithstanding the bounties with which the King of Prussia overwhelmed me. The rigorous climate of Berlin did not agree with my feeble constitution. The Messieurs

<sup>1</sup> This and the preceding letter are original autographs in the author's unpublished collections.

of the Council of Berne promised me their benevolence by the hand of their chancellor. M. Polier de Bottens has written me several letters of invitation. That which I received from you strongly augments my desire to go to Lausanne. If M. Bousquet would publish an edition of my real works, which I venture to tell you are unknown and which have always been printed in a ridiculous manner, it would be an amusement for me in the solitude which my age, bad health, and tastes prescribe. . . . I have for a long time had the honour to know M. de Montolieu. His society will add a charm to my life in my retreat. Permit me here to assure him of my devotion.'

The family of Baron de Montolieu was originally from Languedoc. The Baron himself was remarkable for his charming manners and varied accomplishments. Six years earlier (1748) Voltaire had said in a letter to M. d'Arnaud, literary agent of the Duke of Wurtemberg as well as of the King of Prussia, 'I envy you the Princes of Wurtemberg. . . . If M. de Montolieu is the same that I saw at Berlin and at Bayreuth, I leave in despair at not having seen him again.' At a later date in the same year he prays d'Arnaud to present 'my profound respect and my tender thanks to the Duke of Wurtemberg, and not to forget M. de Montolieu.'

In the manuscripts which I found in La Grotte there is a letter addressed to Mme. de Bochat from Stuttgart, February 29, 1764, by Mme. de Montolieu, wife of the younger Baron, giving an interesting account of the court of the Duke of Wurtemberg; and mentioning that her husband had gained four prizes out of six (including the first prize) at the royal carrousel, consisting of three diamond rings and two gold snuff-boxes.

The writer of this sprightly letter, first wife of de Montolieu's son, was Mlle. de Sullens, whose mother was an intimate friend of Mme. de Bochat. Her father was seignior of Sullens, bourgeois of Morges, and colonel of a Swiss regiment in the service of Spain. The elder sister of Mme. de Montolieu married Charles d'Albenas, of a noble family of Nîmes, which took refuge in the Pays de Vaud on account of religion. M. d'Albenas was at this time, through his wife, seignior of Sullens, and they were sojourning in France. Mme. de Mon-

tolieu the elder died in 1757,<sup>1</sup> and her daughter-in-law within two decades. In 1786, M. de Montolieu the younger married as his second wife Elizabeth Polier de Bottens, known in the literary world as the Baroness de Montolieu.

On March 11, 1754, M. Simon du Coudray writes to M. de Voltaire at Colmar. He speaks of a promissory note of Dubillon, and says that he will persuade the latter to pay it with good grace. It appears that some gazetteer had said that M. Simon du Coudray had settled more than twenty odd suits. He asks Voltaire to tell him who this was. He would be glad to have the affair of Voltaire with the succession of M. and Mme. d'Estairey settled, but it will be necessary to await an order of Parliament. M. du Coudray can be of use to M. de Voltaire, being on intimate terms with the President, M. Molé. It is not yet known when the Parliament will sit.<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER CVIII

VOLTAIRE keeps up an active correspondence from Colmar concerning his literary work, and his endeavour to find agreeable abodes within the Pays de Vaud and in Genevan territory.

Referring to a letter from him of March 19, 1754, Marc Michel Bousquet, the printer, in a letter of April 9, 1754, assures Voltaire that he will be as free at Lausanne as in England. He gives him his word of honour as to the truth of this, and M. de Brenles offers to do the same. Voltaire might make a visit to Lausanne incognito and see for himself that he does not exaggerate, and he points out the route to take. M. Polier de Bottens has just been invested with the highest ecclesiastical position of the town; Voltaire would have in him a friend of much authority, and he can see in M. Philibert's

<sup>1</sup> Before expiring Mme. de Montolieu handed her husband a paper containing advice, and exhortation to work out his own salvation. Writing to Chancellor de Lachebodie, Baron de Montolieu enclosed this paper, and requested him to have three copies made by M. Déaux—one for his son, the younger Baron, one for M. d'Albenas, his son's brother-in-law, and one for his sister, Madame de Beville.—Unpublished letter (August 22, 1757), found by the author in La Grotte, with a memorandum distinctly showing that this communication was from the elder Baron de Montolieu.

<sup>2</sup> Author's unpublished collections.

edition what may be expected on this point. What Voltaire needs is to have his works printed under his own eyes in a neutral and free country, and by the hands of a printer who looks more to his honour than his self-interest; and Lausanne and he (Bousquet) fulfil these conditions.<sup>1</sup>

Twelve days later (April 21), Mme. de Champbonin writes to Voltaire:

‘A terrible malady called inflammation of the chest placed Gros Chat<sup>2</sup> in the greatest danger; and if at that time I had received the letter which you write to me to-day, I feel to my joy that you would have restored my health on the instant. Alas! what power has not friendship, and the hope of seeing you? I thought that I should not have the strength to reply to you, as I can hardly hold my pen. I shall take the mail-coach to come and seek you at Colmar, and your niece at Paris, and when you are both arrived at the *Hermitage des Petites Femmes*, I shall ask for nothing more than room for my friend, her children, and myself; the rest shall be yours, on condition that we may go every day to receive your benediction and talk evil things about the wolves and the tigers, and that we may say a thousand praises of the rats. But do not give me any more vain hopes; you must make a good resolution, come and demolish the Grange of Gros Chat, and construct a villa in its place. You will have before your eyes a fine garden which I have made, and for a landscape the fields. Until then you will not be too badly lodged in the new apartment which we have arranged.

‘M. du Châtelet is at Cirey. He writes me that this winter has destroyed many things at his château, and that he will be ruined in repairs. He expects his son at the end of the month; they will return together to Lorraine. Could you not arrive at our Hermitage during this time, and realise all the charming things which you deign to write to me? They will place me for ever at your feet, if you keep your word—and to whom should it be kept if not to Friendship?’<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished MS. collections of the author. Later both Bousquet and Grasset fell into disgrace through their conduct towards Voltaire.

<sup>2</sup> The poet called Mme. de Champbonin ‘Mon Gros Chat.’

<sup>3</sup> Dated April 21, 1754. From the author’s unpublished MS. collections. The son of M. du Châtelet alluded to was a Girondin, guillotined in 1794, his

A week later Mme. de Champbonin writes to Voltaire :

‘ M. le Comte Contenot is neither as proud nor as happy as Gros Chat. Your friendship and the hope of seeing you soon has almost entirely restored my health and strength, and I flatter myself I shall have the honour to resemble Samson on your arrival. But while working all these miracles on your old friend, the contrary will happen if you deceive my hopes. Do you suppose a very tender mistress has less desire to see her lover again ? I have not forgotten that it is more than five years since I saw you, and I tremble lest some obstacle should stop you on the road. All the *petites femmes* entreat you, and would like to see the building commenced to which they will go to receive your blessing ; but I am sure that it will not be the flattering letters of a certain Prince which will prevent this project at present. I return thanks to God every day for having made me nothing more than a Gros Chat, and for having learned in your works how to think. It is to you that I owe the first movements of friendship and gratitude, and I shall be still more in your debt if it is true that I shall have the honour to see you the architect of the de Champbonins, as you have been of my sentiments. . . . I have not been able to await your reply to my last letter, because it seemed to me that I had too feebly indicated my longing to see you, but it is quite certain that you cannot doubt it, nor leave quickly enough to arrive at our colony. I wrote to you that you would find a suitable apartment, either upstairs or down ; but tell me promptly at what time you hope to come. We occupy ourselves only with you, and we shall be still more occupied with the desire to please and convince you of the entire attachment of the *petites femmes*.’<sup>1</sup>

The Hermitage of Mme. de Champbonin was in the neighbourhood of the Château of Cirey, not far from Vassy in Champagne. Years before, Voltaire, while residing with his intimate friend Mme. du Châtelet, and superintending the erection of Cirey, wrote at the bottom of a letter of Mme. du son the General (Achille) escaping a like fate by suicide. Their residence was at Auteuil.

<sup>1</sup> From the author's unpublished MS. collections. Mme. de Champbonin was a cousin of Voltaire who at one time thought of marrying his niece (afterwards Mme. Denis) to M. de Champbonin *fils*, who had sometimes acted as his secretary during his residence with Mme. du Châtelet at Cirey. M. de Champbonin was afterwards lieutenant in the regiment of Bauffremont.



Châtelet the following lines to his constant correspondent, Mme. de Champbonin :

' C'est l'architecte d'Emilie  
Qui ce petit mot vous écrit ;  
Je me sers de sa plume, et non de son génie ;  
Mais je vous aime, aimable ami :  
Ce seul mot vaut beaucoup d'esprit.'

Bousquet (April 30, 1754) writes that he ardently wishes to see Voltaire at Lausanne, and will come to meet him if he wishes it. He saw yesterday Major (Crousaz) de Prélaz, who did not think Voltaire would come. M. de Brenles, just made Lieutenant Bailiff in place of his deceased friend M. de Loys de Bochat, would be greatly disappointed in such a case. He sends the compliments of Messieurs de Brenles and de Bottens. He is not sure whether Voltaire has the eight volumes of the 'Memoirs of the Abbé de Montgon,' which he prefers to the 'Esprit des Nations,' published at Geneva. He asks for information concerning a work entitled 'Le Théâtre de M. de Voltaire' published in his name, and of which he knows nothing.<sup>1</sup>

Bousquet again writes (May 14) that he finds nothing decided in Voltaire's letters concerning his project of establishing himself at Lausanne, notwithstanding all the satisfactory things that respectable persons have written to him. M. des Gloires, who is about the same age as Voltaire, has taken a wife and built a house at Lausanne.<sup>2</sup> Mme. de Goll will inform him shortly of the new honour which M. de Brenles has received. The want of books need not prevent Voltaire coming. They exist in the library, in the collections of many private individuals, and in his own, and he can always send abroad for more.<sup>3</sup> (This information is interesting in connection with Gibbon's later experience and resources in the matter of books at Lausanne.)

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS. collections of the author.

<sup>2</sup> M. des Gloires was a Frenchman established at Lausanne, where he kept open house. He had married Mlle. de Chandieu, the younger sister of Mme. de Chabot.

<sup>3</sup> Unpublished MS. collections of the author.



CHAPTER CIX

VOLTAIRE tells M. de Brenles, August 13, 1754: 'I understand that there is quite a pretty property to sell on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. If the price does not exceed 200,000 livres de France, the desire to be your neighbour will determine me. . . . It makes no difference to me if it be at five or six leagues from Lausanne. . . . In fact, if there is an agreeable property to sell in your Canton, I pray you to have the kindness to let me know, but it should be kept secret.' Two months later: 'I have formed an idea that the territory of Lausanne is like that of Attica. . . . I pray you to tell me if a Catholic may possess real estate, and whether he can enjoy the rights of the *bourgeoisie* at Lausanne.'

He sees the Advoyer of Berne, de Steigner (1729-1799), who is informed of his desire to retire to the borders of the beautiful lake, 'like Amadeus at Ripaille.' In December he writes from Prangins,<sup>1</sup> where he was then staying with one of his nieces, that he would go immediately to Lausanne if he were not detained by a gouty rheumatism, for which he intends to take the baths of Aix, in Savoy. Again: 'I fear that you are as ill as I am. Mme. Goll made me anxious about your chest, and nothing will reassure me but a letter from you. . . . I have been told of a house near Lausanne called "La Grotte," where there is a fine garden. It is also reported that M. d'Herwart [son of the late British Minister at Berne], who has a very pretty house near Vevey, might let it. Permit me to ask your opinion upon these arrangements. . . . I do not know if M. des Gloires is at Lausanne, but he appeared to have so much merit that I believe him to be your friend.'

Referring to the death of M. Goll, Voltaire says: 'I have this moment received a letter from poor Mme. Goll. Her experience is very sad in having been obliged to marry a Goll

<sup>1</sup> Louis Guiger, or Giger, a rich banker of St. Gall, purchased the barony of Prangins in 1723, and built a kind of palace whose façade was lighted on the first floor by thirteen windows. King Joseph Bonaparte became proprietor of this château in 1814. It now belongs to Prince Victor Bonaparte.

and to have lost him ;' and he hopes that she will come to reside with him and Mme. Denis.

Still further to de Brenles : 'I am making every effort, ill as I am, to approach you and to enjoy your *real presence*. I had already concluded for Monrion without having seen it, and I flatter myself that M. de Giez<sup>1</sup> will sign the contract with none but me. . . . Mme. Goll no longer writes to me ; I wish she would come and share with us at Monrion the possession of the fields, the vineyards, the pigeons, and the poultry, of which I hope to be the owner.'

He also hopes to see the de Brenles at Monrion in the spring. In another letter : 'I am told there is at Monrion neither garden for summer, nor fireplace nor chimney for winter. . . . Mme. Goll tells me that she does not know yet when she can quit Colmar ; consequently, instead of having a friend with me, I shall find myself reduced to take a house-keeper, for I shall need one to conduct a house which will contain, in spite of my philosophy, eight or nine domestics.'

He complains of the absence of pleasure boats on the Lake of Geneva, which reminds one that the Emperor Joseph II. made the same remark, using the words 'Quel désert aquatique !' What would they say of the animated waters of to-day and the brilliant fleet of steam yachts ?

M. Montpérourx, French Minister at Geneva, thanks Voltaire, January 28, 1755, for his compliments. 'I wish I had a house [here] to offer you ; I should have looked upon it as a favour if you were to accept it ; I cannot be too near to you. I have followed my own tastes in doing my best to induce you to come to St. Jean. In having thus obliged myself I owe you my gratitude. I do not think, Sir, that Mme. de Gallatin considers she has any claims upon you. She may have taken that view so long as those of M. Mallet were not asserted, but I can assure you that she no longer entertains any claim. It is true that there have been many matters for discussion, but everything is terminated in the manner which you would desire.' It is for Voltaire to decide whether he shall write or go in person to present his petition to the Council.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> M. de Giez was Voltaire's banker. He died about ten months later.

<sup>2</sup> Author's unpublished MS. collections.

M. Montpéroux was married in 1760 at the Château of Ferney, and styled 'Baron' in the 'Almanach Royal,' 1761. He was appointed to Geneva in 1750, and fifteen years later died there, being succeeded as resident by P. M. Hennin.<sup>1</sup>

Voltaire informs M. de Brenles, January 31, 1755, that the house (St. Jean, afterwards Les Délices, near Geneva) which he is about to buy is valued at one-third more than it is worth, 'but it is charming and entirely furnished; the gardens are delicious and nothing is wanting. One must know how to pay dear for pleasure and convenience.' He would like Prélaz, but there is only one apartment there, and he has his niece with him.<sup>2</sup>

The registers of the Council of Geneva, February 1, 1755, contain the permission accorded to the 'sieur de Voltaire' to inhabit the territory of the Republic in order to be nearer to his Doctor, Tronchin. This privilege was granted upon the motion of the Councillor François Tronchin, brother of the doctor. The Tronchins served as intermediators between Voltaire and the Genevan authorities. Each time that the author's petulance made him commit some imprudence or folly a Tronchin was always ready to repair or palliate the mischief.

I take this occasion to give some account of this interesting family and its eminent members.

The Tronchins were originally from Provence, where in the fourteenth century they were seigniors of Mazan. In the sixteenth they were among the first to embrace the Reformation, and were obliged to leave their country. One branch migrated to Holland. That of Geneva was founded by the captain of cavalry Remi Tronchin, who having been saved by a friend, a priest, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, entered the service of the Republic and attracted the attention of Henry IV., who

<sup>1</sup> Pierre Michel Hennin (1728-1807), a French diplomatist of distinction, who accompanied the Count de Broglie, Ambassador of France, to Poland, gave proofs of remarkable capacity, gaining the confidence of Louis XV. He assisted at the Congress of Augsburg in 1761, became Minister Resident in Poland, then in Switzerland, and powerfully contributed to appease the troubles which rent Geneva. It was at this epoch that he repaired to Ferney and saw Voltaire, with whom thenceforward he kept up a correspondence which was published by his son under the title *Correspondance inédite de Voltaire avec Hennin*, Paris 1825.

<sup>2</sup> Prélaz was a house and domain of the family of Crousaz, seigniors of Corsier, in a smiling valley, half a league to the north-west of Lausanne.

sought unsuccessfully his military services. His son Théodore was godson of Théodore de Bèze, and from that famous Huguenot inherited not only his library but a large part of the great authority which de Bèze had exercised over the Protestant communion. From that time the Tronchins, both in church and state, have occupied the highest places and performed much useful work.

In the eighteenth century four of the family were especially conspicuous: (1) The Procureur-Général Jean Robert Tronchin (1710–1793), who in the course of his public duties proceeded against certain works of Rousseau and various writings of Voltaire. This intimate friend of Montesquieu increased his celebrity by ‘Lettres de la Campagne,’ to which Jean Jacques replied in his famous ‘Lettres de la Montagne.’ (2) Doctor Théodore Tronchin (1709–1781), for many years the medical attendant and friend of Voltaire, and considered by him ‘the worthy successor of the celebrated de Boerhaave.’ (3) Robert Tronchin (1702–1788), a banker of eminence at Paris and Lyons, who in 1762 succeeded M. d’Epinay in the office of *fermier général*, and fixing his residence at Paris, kept open house and enjoyed large influence at Court. (4) Next to the doctor, François Tronchin, 1704–1798 (invariably called the Councillor, because he had belonged to the Petit Conseil of Geneva for a period of fifteen years), was the most intimately associated with Voltaire. He and the circle of his friends have been most delightfully described by his descendant, M. Henry Tronchin.<sup>1</sup>

François Tronchin went to Paris to complete his education, where he passed several years with his brother Robert. He frequented the theatres, and upon one occasion (1722) he chanced to see in the amphitheatre of the Comédie Française a very thin young man in a black costume, with a long natural perruque, who spoke to an unknown person sitting beside him, who asked how he was. ‘Toujours allant et souffrant,’ was the reply. A moment after he heard that the young man was Voltaire, who lived fifty-six years longer, ‘toujours allant et souffrant.’ In 1734 Tronchin’s tragedy ‘Marie Stuart’ was

<sup>1</sup> *Le Conseiller François Tronchin et ses Amis, Voltaire, Diderot, Grimm, &c.*, par Henri Tronchin. Paris, 1895. From unpublished documents.

played at the Théâtre Français, and afterwards before the court at Fontainebleau. Two years later he married in Paris, but definitely took up his residence at Geneva, in a small country-house situated on the hill-side of St. Jean, on the borders of the Rhône just at the point where the river quits the town. He passed his time in civic duties, literary labours, the search for pictures, and the society of a circle of devoted friends, until 1754, when Voltaire arrived at Geneva, and introduced a more active element into his hitherto peaceable life.

Our Philosopher, who was not a philosopher, had numerous money transactions with François Tronchin. He wrote to him at each instant and on every subject. On his side, the Councillor went daily to see Voltaire, and had the habit of committing to paper, while his impressions were fresh, whatever struck him in Voltaire's conversations. Some of these anecdotes are to be found in the 'Etrennes Nationales.'

Voltaire was now in one of his impossible procrastinating moods, and writes to M. de Brenles, February 9, 1755, to say that he finds the house of M. d'Herwart too large for him, and mentions again Les Délices, which was situated near the Councillor Tronchin's residence and belonged to the Councillor Mallet.

He had in fact simultaneously entered on negotiations concerning properties in several different places, at the risk of leaving his intermediators in embarrassing positions. In December 1754, and January and February 1755, he was bargaining for La Grotte, Prélaz, Monrion near Lausanne, M. d'Herwart's house at Hauteville near Vevey, M. Pictet's house at Nyon, and for the country-seat of Mme. Susanne de Gallatin-Vaudenet at Cologny, in the neighbourhood of Geneva.

Voltaire's hesitations and withdrawals occasioned a coolness with Mme. de Gallatin, though their relations afterwards became of a most friendly nature.<sup>1</sup> She was a woman of strong character and many friends, among them, besides Voltaire, being Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. Mr. Henry Adams, in his admirable 'Life of Albert Gallatin,' tells

<sup>1</sup> In the author's unpublished MS. collections is a letter from Mme. de Gallatin to Voltaire, from Prigny, September 26, 1777, in which she thanks him for his innumerable kindnesses, and promises 'reconnaissance éternelle.' She signs herself 'Gallatin, née Vaudenet.'

us that the Landgrave sent to Mme. Gallatin his portrait, upon which Voltaire wrote for her a copy of verses addressed to the Landgrave, beginning :

‘ J’ai baisé ce portrait charmant,  
Je vous l’avouérai sans mystère.  
Mes filles en ont fait autant,  
Mais c’est un secret qu’il faut taire.’<sup>1</sup>

The family of Gallatin, of Italian origin, figures as early as 1258. A century and a half later they were seigniors of Granges, an estate in Bugey, then in Savoy and now in the Department of the Ain, France, midway between Geneva and Lyons. In 1510 the then Jean de Gallatin, for reasons unknown, quitted his seigniories and his post as secretary to Duke Philibert of Savoy, and settled as a citizen of Geneva. He was appointed by the Pope in 1522 Apostolic Judge, but linking himself with the fortunes of Geneva became a Member of the Council, and joined in the decree of 1535 which abrogated the power of the Pope. ‘After the elevation of Geneva,’ says Mr. Adams, ‘to the rank of a sovereign republic in 1535, the history of the Gallatins is the history of the city.’

Albert Gallatin<sup>1</sup> was the son of Jean de Gallatin, and his mother was Sophie Albertine Rolaz du Rosey.<sup>2</sup> Among the documents which I discovered in La Grotte were many relating to her ancestors and to herself. I found that through the noble house of Manlich she was related to the Deyverduns and their connections, de Crinsoz seigniors of Cottens, de Loÿs, de Crousaz, de Praroman, de Gingins barons de La Sarraz, Molin de Montagny, de Treytorrens of Payerne, du Plessis of Bavois, de Saussure barons of Bercher, de Hennezel seigniors of St. Martin,

<sup>1</sup> She was the grandmother of Albert Gallatin (1761–1849), member of the United States Congress, Senator, Secretary of the Treasury 1801–1813, Commissioner to Ghent, United States Minister to France 1815–1823, and Minister to England 1826–1831. Mr. John Austin Stevens very justly says: ‘By his political life Mr. Gallatin acquired an American reputation; by his management of the finances of the United States he placed himself among the first political economists of the day; but his masterly conduct of the Treaty of Ghent showed him the equal of the best of European statesmen on their own peculiar ground of diplomacy.’

<sup>2</sup> The Château of Rosay or Rosey, mentioned in Chapter LIII., lies ten minutes to the west of Rolle, between that town and the vineyards of the Côte. It came to Noble Guillaume de Rolaz in the seventeenth century, through his marriage with the Noble Madeleine de Steiguer, heiress of de Steiguer, Baron of Rolle, of a governing family of Berne.

de Lavigny seigniors of Berolle, Willermin barons of Mont-  
richer, and de Sturler of Berne.

Voltaire's indecision was finally ended by Robert Tronchin's consenting to loan his name for the purchase of St. Jean (Les Délices) at 87,000 francs. In the course of the negotiations François Tronchin found great difficulty in arranging matters between Voltaire and Mallet, the proprietor, who was so badgered by the Philosopher that he finally threw in a variety of matters, among others a coach on which Voltaire insisted. Robert Tronchin, having bought St. Jean, gave the use to Voltaire by a lease indefinitely renewable, dated February 11, 1755, on the understanding that he should receive back 38,000 francs whenever Voltaire should quit the house; and this amount he did receive five and a half years later.

Voltaire writes, February 9, to M. de Brenles: 'I shall be very much obliged if you will continue M. de Giez in the disposition of the house and garden of Monrion to me, or at least what passes for a garden. . . . The proprietor of Monrion is rather difficult. . . . The bargain for St. Jean has just been concluded. . . . I shall call it Les Délices when I have had the honour to receive you in it. Les Délices will be for the summer, Monrion for the winter, and you for all seasons.'

Les Délices is on the road to Nyon, fifteen minutes from Geneva. I visited it a century and a quarter after Voltaire's occupation (1755-1760). Between Ferney and Les Délices one winds through a series of country lanes, now (September 23, 1879) full of verdure. We enter the 'Chemin Colladon,' and passing later through the village of Petit Sacconay, stop for a moment on the brow of the hill near the Asile des Vieillards, and under a fine avenue of chestnuts recall Voltaire's assertion, when he purchased the place, that he would 'plant chestnut-trees on the terrace, and considerably embellish the house.'

Southward, Geneva is beneath us; its cathedral looms up amidst the crowd of smaller buildings. The lake resembles a river. The Petit and the Grand Salève mountains are on the right, and Mont Blanc is far away to the south.

We now traversed the village of Grand Pré and reached the *octroi* station of Geneva, then ascending the narrow rue des Délices we stopped before iron gates, bearing the sign of a



florist who occupies the Lodge. Entering, we found ourselves within the domain of Les Délices, lately a young ladies' boarding-school.

The house is square, with ten windows on each side, save the rear—I always count the windows of Voltaire's residences, as he was particular to do this himself—whence a long, narrow building connects the range of offices with the mansion. This contains a gallery of paintings which the old woman in charge tells me belonged to Voltaire! In front and rear there is a grove of large chestnuts, and there are remains of a covered walk. The interior remains as in Voltaire's time, except that it has been newly painted, and there is no furniture in the rooms.

The vestibule is about fifteen feet by twelve. On the left is a small *salon* with three windows, and containing an ancient mirror; we then come to the dining-room, whose windows look on the grove, terrace, and grounds. This room like the others is wainscotted, and five panels contain large landscapes painted in oil on canvas. The grand *salon* is lighted by two large windows, and a door opens down to the lawn. Here the carving on the panels is finely executed, but not extensive. There are four mirrors with tables beneath in the style of Louis XV. On the same side is another large room, and behind this another wainscotted in oak, with a range of closets at one end, and a porcelain stove. A stone staircase leads to the ample kitchens, whose floors (cement) are partly underground. On the second floor are ten rooms, many retaining the windows with small panes of Voltaire's day; and above these are several good rooms under the roof, and ample garrets still higher up.

It is difficult to repeople this deserted abode, and realise the statement that Voltaire here began the enjoyment of the fortune he had hitherto administered almost with parsimony, and assumed the style of opulence and hospitality which afterwards distinguished his social relations. Here he constructed a theatre, and one of the first visitors to Les Délices was Lekain, who came to create the rôle of Osman in 'L'Orphelin de la Chine.' Although the Genevan authorities warmly opposed the theatrical idea, Voltaire drew his amateur actors and actresses from the social centre of Calvin's city,



He wrote from Ferney, January 27, 1769, to Lekain the following letter, which has not been published :

‘ I have asked, my dear Friend, the publisher Pankouke to let you have the *Grand* and the *Petit Siècle*. It is said that you prevent the *Petit Siècle* from falling into the mire, and that you are almost the only one who upholds it by your talents. You are not only a very great actor yourself, but you create actors also. Endeavour then to bring good taste back into fashion, as you have revived fine declamation. Tell Mlle. Vestris, I pray you, how much I am interested in her successes.

‘ I have heard some talk about the things of which you write me a few words. I imagine they will progress favourably since you are concerned in the matter. You are not the man to do things by halves ; and when the angels are on one’s side, one is very strong. It is time that comic opera and Nicolet’s monkey were not the only matters to do honour to the nation.

‘ There was formerly a pretty lady who had much wit. She protected the Catilina of Crébillon, and did not wish you to be admitted to the Comédie [Française]. The public is rather more just, but only in the long run ; it is an untamed and a capricious horse which does not go well until it has been a long time led.

‘ I embrace you, my dear Friend ; you are the best horseman in the world. V.’<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Author’s MS. collections. Jean Baptiste Nicolet (1710–1796), a celebrated theatrical manager, possessed a monkey which imitated the actors of the day. Molet, of the Théâtre Français, having fallen ill, Nicolet contrived to teach the animal to ape that eminent comedian, and all Paris trooped to see the curious performance. The Chevalier de Boufflers composed some humorous lines upon the occasion :

Quel est ce gentil animal  
Qui, dans ces jours de carnaval,  
Tourne à Paris toutes les têtes,  
Et pour qui l’on donne des fêtes ?  
Ce ne peut être que Molet  
Ou le singe de Nicolet, &c.

## CHAPTER CX

WHILE Voltaire was pottering about for a residence, the correspondence between him and Allamand began which I found in the hands of Mme. Bergier of Lausanne, in 1879. These unpublished letters have been in the family for a century, it being the representative in the female line of M. Allamand. Voltaire's letters range from January 15, 1755, to April 1, 1772, the first being dated from Prangins, the others from Monrion, Les Délices, and Ferney. They were all sent through the post. Of the twenty-one letters of Voltaire ten retain their seals, in red wax, with the arms—three golden flames on an azure field. Allamand's epistles, eleven in number (of which I publish nine), begin February 17, 1755, ending October 24, 1770, and are dated from Bex and Corsier. While Voltaire's letters are very *spirituelles*, those of Allamand are quite as valuable and interesting for the history of the epoch, showing the relations of Allamand with Voltaire and the occasional wise counsels of the former to the Sage of Monrion. Three or four are polemical or critical concerning various works; the handwriting of Allamand is very small and cramped, and being hasty copies of the originals it is sometimes difficult to decipher them. I owe the right to publish these latter letters to the courtesy of M. Bergier  *fils*, who as long ago as June 1880 sent them to me through M. Piccard, commissary-general at Lausanne.<sup>1</sup>

Allamand was also on terms of intimacy with Rousseau; the latter, indeed, resided with him for a time at Vufflens, but his letters have disappeared.

The Pastor Allamand was one of the best minds of the Pays de Vaud in the last century. Son of a regent of the College of Lausanne, François Louis Allamand was born in that city in 1710, being the elder brother of Jean Allamand, F.R.S. (1713–1787), the famous philosopher and naturalist who became the

<sup>1</sup> Letter of M. Jules Piccard to the author, June 18, 1880. It required the united skill and patience of M. Piccard and M. du Mont, cantonal librarian, to decipher the originals, in French, of M. Allamand's letters.

successor of S'Gravesande at Leyden, and afterwards president of the University in that city.

A few years after the consecration of François Allamand, in 1732, some unfortunate family circumstances caused him to reside abroad some years. He passed nearly eight years in France, Holland, and perhaps in Germany, as governor, man of letters, pastor, and even, it appears, as political agent. It was during his sojourn in France in 1744 that he wrote the '*Lettre sur les Assemblées des Religionnaires en Languedoc*,' of which Gibbon speaks, and which made a great noise among the French protestants. Returning to Vaud in 1749, he was pastor in succession at Ormont-dessus, at Bex, and from the year 1764 at Corsier, near Vevey. After unsuccessfully contending for a chair of theology at Lausanne in 1751 and 1761, and for a professorship of philosophy at Berne in 1752, he was in 1773 appointed to the chair of Greek and of Ethics in the Academy of Lausanne. He was rector of the Academy from 1775 to 1778, and died April 3, 1784. The Academy has perhaps counted few professors so distinguished by intellect, science, and the power of interesting his audience; and one can only regret that he arrived so late at the position of professor, and that he wrote so little.

Besides the *Lettre*, etc., above mentioned, he was the author of two able and witty pamphlets: '*Pensées Antiphilosophiques*' (La Haye, 1751), answering Diderot's '*Pensées Philosophiques*'; and '*L'Anti-Bernier, ou Nouveau Dictionnaire de Théologie*' (1770), a polemic against d'Holbach's '*Théologie Portative, ou Dictionnaire abrégé de la Religion Chrétienne*.' His unpublished manuscripts comprise fourteen volumes of sermons (1748-1773): '*Harmonies et Paraphrase de l'Histoire Evangélique*'; '*Plan d'Etudes*'; and five volumes of fragments.

Allamand ably turned against the Encyclopædists the arms they thought they alone had the right or the address to use. After having read his writings, one can understand that Voltaire should hold his judgment in the highest honour. It is well known that when the Patriarch of Monrion and Ferney had given a pamphlet to the public he invariably asked, 'Do you know what Allamand says of it?'

The two letters of Allamand to Gibbon, published in the latter's *Miscellaneous Works*, contain a remarkable criticism upon the 'sensualism' of Locke's philosophy. Dugald Stewart, in his 'General View,' eulogises him highly, and translates one of Allamand's letters in his second volume.

Professor Vuilleumier wrote to me October 6, 1879: 'As to the judgment which Gibbon passed upon Allamand, it must be said that if on one side he exalted him beyond measure in calling him "a genius that might have enlightened or deluded the world," on the other he wronged him by treating him as a sceptic, preaching to his flock things he did not believe. Without doubt the orthodoxy of Allamand was not irreproachable; and his turn of mind, his dialectic virtuosity, drew him on too often to the dangerous play of sustaining in a discussion both the *pro* and the *con* of the question. But nothing in his printed works, or in his manuscripts in the Cantonal Library, can justify the grave charge of his admirer.'

The series of letters from M. Allamand, which are now printed for the first time, is a valuable example of the ideas of a class of men in the Church in the last century, whose minds were so influenced by superior human intellectuality as to lead them to give forth uncertain sounds on various principles involved in Christianity. Allamand being brought into relations with Voltaire, was led at times to utterances quite at variance with his published writings; so much so, that here and there we are led to ask, Was this man a Christian or a sceptic? Yet though so entirely under the spell, he nevertheless felt impelled by his conscience now and then to urge upon Voltaire the desirability of examining the Gospel for its value and usefulness, and not for the sake of finding fault.

Voltaire's genius was more brilliant than profound. His self-esteem alone was sublime. As a fighter against tyranny, either under religious, judicial or political forms, he was an element of good, and this portion of his work will remain. The ideas of justice which he formulated have borne ample fruit. His fight against that perverted portion of what is called religion which is the creation of man and not of God, was a wholesome fight. It was one which compelled the leaders of religion of every sect to moderate their passions,

and to endeavour to imitate, at least faintly, the teachings of Our Lord.

One feature in Voltaire's character 'covers a multitude of sins.' When his anger or prejudices were not aroused and his sympathies were appealed to, his charity was unlimited. His correspondence abounds with evidence of this fact, and the letters I give also illustrate it. I have examined hundreds of unpublished communications addressed to him during his long life, containing appeals from every quarter of the globe and from persons of every possible condition. In many of these cases the requests were more than met, and it is sad to reflect that one who possessed such a persuasive and fascinating intellect and such frequent generous impulses, should have devoted himself to the futile attempt of pulling up Christianity by the roots. His efforts produced incalculable misery and destroyed the faith of thousands; but the reaction has set in, and even in his own country among the mass of the people there is a revival of religious thought and aspiration.

The longer one lives and the more one's experience increases, the smaller appear the men whom humanity has called great, and the more overwhelmingly immense appear the universe, its Ruler, and His manifestation in the form of the Son of Man, who has given to the world a perfect plan of redemption and a hope of eternal happiness. What are the dry husks which such men as Voltaire have to offer to their deluded followers? Voltaire shrivels into nothingness beside the meek and lowly figure of Our Saviour!

M. Allamand, who was at this time pastor of Bex, and afterwards the correspondent and friend of Gibbon, writes to Voltaire, February 17, 1755:

'I feared, what has come to pass, that those gentlemen of Geneva would take possession of you. Even though St. Jean had not been for sale, the efforts of those gentlemen would have placed it at your disposal. I know their zeal in such a matter. We are too cold, either from want of warmth or from want of that self-sufficiency which Geneva possesses. In fact, it is very true, Sir, that that town is more furnished with comforts (*étouffée*) than all ours together; there is more money and all of that which attracts; and although its Academy is

only like that of Lausanne, a manufactory of ministers, there is more culture of all kinds and a greater choice among their men of letters. Our country, however, thinks that it has the advantage in the fact that its good society is better because its politeness is imported, but I fear that this is pure prejudice, and a prejudice which turns against itself. Finally, the Genevese have done well. Who would not have done as much in their place? I envy them, but I do not complain of them, for if I did my complaints would be unjust.

‘And after all, who knows if the purchase of Monrion will not take place? In that case, we shall have you from time to time, and this will always be more than we deserve. I have here a friend, who is also the friend of M. Panchaud,<sup>1</sup> and who will write to him to-morrow asking him to set a reasonable price on this property, in order that those of your friends who know the place may not have reason to disgust you with it; and suggesting that his name shall figure with yours in the deed of sale, and that it will also survive at Monrion in your Memoirs. Thorough merchant though he be, this will touch him, or else I shall notify him that I will cause him to be written against for a month in the “*Journal Helvétique*.”

‘Apropos, Sir, of this Journal, Geneva and Neuchâtel at least support it. The Pays de Vaud does nothing for it as far as I know, except that the marginal notes are from the editor, who compiles it at Berne. I have read in one of these notes that you have badly chosen your time to judge as to the beauty of our country, but that until the spring and autumn which will show you our country as it really is, a great poet like you will understand how to cover the snow and the ice with flowers. This made me laugh, but in fact the note is right, since you have discovered the beauties of St. Jean so long before its fête-day, which would have been the proper time to see it.

‘You will take this as a little teasing, and it is true that a fit of spitefulness has come over me, and that I have need of the friendly words of a letter from you to appease it. Surely, Sir, I would avail myself of your most gracious invitation if

<sup>1</sup> Panchaud is mentioned in George Deyverdun's Diary, and became Voltaire's banker.

it were possible, even at the risk of weakening a too favourable prejudice which I should always have the consolation of having created. How many less sweet pleasures vanish still more rapidly! At this moment the cold weather and the distance would not have prevented me from knocking at your door, if I were not confined by constant duties to my parish until after Easter. I have ten services each week, and no assistant. How can I appear to you anything more than I really am, a poor village curé?

‘ But when you see me face to face you will find that that is all that I am, for nature and fortune were unwilling to do better for me, except that the first took the precaution to regulate my ambition by my talents; that of being loved by you, which greatly surpasses them, does not fail to enter and abide in my heart; but either your kindness is much flattered in your works, or you will not disdain the simplicity of a character which is not good through stupidity, for it seems to me that with more mind it would be still better. Moreover, Sir, I ought to have some little credit in advance with you, by whom my brother had the honour to be known and loved at Leyden, where he is now professor in the place of his master, the late M. S’Gravesande. He made, in fact, some efforts to draw me to that country, and to place in my hands the education of the young Prince Stadtholder; but I have had experience of these little courts. They resemble our lakes, which are not the less tempestuous because they are not oceans. I do not want any more such experiences.

‘ Lately he begged me to accept the chair of M. Le Clerc, which the Arminians would have given me. I still refused, because, heretic for heretic, I love quite as much the bread of Calvin as that of another, and my peasants will not be embarrassed if their liberty springs from indifference or from spontaneity, provided that I declare them to be predestined to salvation when they keep the Ten Commandments. Necessarily, my brother holds himself aloof from me on account of these refusals, and I have not heard a word from him for the last two months. Finally, in order that he may not make further propositions to me, I intend to send him a copy of your letter. Shall I quit

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my country when the illustrious Voltaire arrives in it, who does not disdain my respect for him?

‘But I am talking too much of myself. Your goodness ennobles me in my own eyes, and, being praised by you, with what else can I be filled but ideas of myself? I shall be charmed, Sir, if the pleasure of your new purchase shall favourably influence your health; for the health of great men may fail as well as that of others. The satisfaction of Mme. Denis must be also a pleasure to you. How I would love our hills, our lakes, even Geneva, if they should augment the satisfaction of a lady of Paris, who cannot belong to you without having the right to make the rules of taste, and if she does not regret coming among us!

‘You are thinking of Vevey! Oh, Sir, you will not buy a house there! It would make me too happy, for I am only six leagues from that place.

‘You have here a very Epistolania. What is to be done? Why should I send you blank paper? But I pray you, with clasped hands, to accept my excuses, and never make any to me. If you only knew how much a page of writing dictated and signed by you is worth to me, you would understand that to receive one frequently is absolutely essential for the existence of perfect contentment between your soul and mine.

‘I have the honour to be, more than anyone in the world, your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘ALLAMAND, Pastor at Bex.’<sup>1</sup>

Allamand once more to Voltaire from Bex, March 17, 1755:

‘I am charmed that you have secured Monrion, only I wish that it was a purchase concluded rather than a simple lease. But this is unjust, and I acknowledge it. You do wisely in sounding the ground before engaging yourself. As soon as you are there I will ask of you, Sir, the permission to go thither and present my respects to you; and whenever that permission shall be given I will go as often as I am able to get away from here. But have no fear. My chain is very short, it binds me

<sup>1</sup> This and the succeeding letters of Allamand in this chapter are from the unpublished collections of Mme. Bergier of Lausanne, in the hands of M. Bergier *filis*.



instead of discretion. It would accommodate me greatly to have a charge somewhat nearer. With time the thing will become possible: but let us make the best of it. You might create one at Monrion, which is between two pretty hamlets, where there is none. I will preach to you like Barbette. You shall eat as many omelets during Lent as will please you, and if I find that the Communion bread is neither fish nor flesh, we will regale ourselves, both of us, in your house.

‘In the meanwhile, Bex is not so frightful as you may think. It is true that a good part of my flock is quartered among the rocks, whither only they, the chamois, and myself, could climb; but the principal village is in the plain at the foot of a beautiful mountain covered with a vineyard whose wine, as you may imagine, is delicious to drink. Six hundred paces away in front of me I have another mountain, which is not less than 8,000 feet in height, and from whence thirty families come each Sunday to demand of me the road to Heaven. I point it out to them in a church of the earliest Gothic—the only one, with a single exception, of such antiquity in the country; but I think the pastoral house is older. To my right flows the Rhône, along the base of another chain of mountains, which you can see whenever you please. Placed at the height of 2,000 feet above the sea, they are possibly on a level with the Peak of Teneriffe. Taking this into consideration, and remembering that I have a flock who at times struggle body to body with the bears, if Bex were written Bey, as your secretary will have it, and if it were not so far away from you, why should I not say *Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amœnis*? As for my functions, I have no cause for complaint. Every man has his folly. Ours is to think that a minister can create in his parish what the sun creates in his dominions—light and heat. The comparison is flattering, but they are nearly all the fees of our livings; and, after all, is it not true that light and heat are needed for the moral world as well as for the other? And who would undertake to give them to the peasants if God had forgotten to make the brains which devote their vanity to it? What I need is, I confess, an hour’s conversation every day. By dint of shining for others I myself am becoming extinguished; and, for the want of someone from whom I might rekindle my fire, I feel too well that in a

little time I shall be an encrusted sun. What can one do? It is this feeling which causes me anxiety. Perhaps it will disappear with the rest.

'I have known Mme. de Bentinck by reputation for a very long time. She was not in Holland when I passed through there, and I would be charmed to make her acquaintance in this country. She was in correspondence for a house near Vevey, but I hear that she now decides for Lausanne. I am very happy on your account. This lady is said to be very amiable: and this accursed sex which lost us the terrestrial paradise recreates it wherever it wishes, and with it the tree and serpent it took away.

'The Genevese say they are about to publish a beautiful edition of your works, and also one of those of M. de Montesquieu. I have not yet found time to read carefully "L'Esprit des Lois." I have only gone through it cursorily, and venture to whisper in your ear the question, Does this book merit all its reputation? I have read in sheets and at one sitting the first edition of "Le Siècle de Louis XIV."—a book which is to other books what the century of Louis XIV. is to other centuries. I have just received the Frankfort edition, with its impertinent notes, and your supplement. Those who have sent out this fire-ship against you must be really ashamed of it. I wish I had known it in time. I would have had it sunk to the bottom by a student in philosophy. As for you, Sir, you have done this desperate reptile too much honour, and it is almost with vexation that I recall on this occasion the beautiful lines from the preface of "Catalina":

*Et l'aigle, tout couvert de ce sang odieux,  
Le rejette en fureur, et plane au haut des cieux.*

'One little word, if you please, about your health. You have made a tour to Lausanne, where you lodged at the feet of the bells, but I will wager that your slightest word made more sound than they. I shall be enchanted if you were contented with this town, which is an imperial and equestrian city.'

He indulges in the following amusing discourse from Bex, June 20, 1755, to Voltaire at Les Délices:

'Pascal said that a good Christian ought to be ill. If this

is so, behold me, Sir, in a state of grace like yourself; I have a proof of my state in a strong inflammation which has seized me by the two ears, the teeth, and the throat, without counting the fever which does not believe a man ill in due form unless it takes part in his malady. And what adds to the merit is, that I got this in doing my duty, which is to visit in April and May the different quarters of my parish. There are spots, as you know, which are above the middle region, and there, instead of the soft rain which refreshes the earth, I found snow and bitter cold. A voyage to Lausanne in the midst of the heat of the torrid zone following this, made the evil worse, and for the last three weeks I have not appeared in the pulpit, and that is sufficient to say of a minister for whom it is scarcely less essential to preach than to live. Consequently I can no longer rest, and if I am not dead the day after to-morrow I shall preach on the repose of the Sabbath. While recommending it I shall be violating it; but priests are always privileged, and they sometimes extend it to the whole Decalogue. In the meantime and to renounce at a single blow every treatment, I return to-day to my life and pleasures in writing to you; but as I am perhaps doing this in an access of fever, I do not hold myself responsible for what may happen. Do not look too closely, if you please. It seems to me, nevertheless, that I am not dreaming, and I even find my brain more free with you, as if the illness had lessened the distance which I see between you and me when I am ill. At present it is as if we were of the same species and of the same academy. I acknowledge that the thing would be clearer if, observing for example the same stars, we were in correspondence on the subject, so that I might thus regain that equality in the sky which is wanting to me on earth. But poor people do what they can, and not having a telescope, I have this in common with you, the usage of a syringe. Mine is of pewter, and yours perhaps of silver if the remedies operate better. O those good times in the Age of Iron! But do not underrate that Age of Gold when syringes were not needed—I was about to add, nor doctors, if the amiable merit of the illustrious M. Tronchin had not come to the front. My *Æsculapius*, for I also have one, holds the same position with regard to yours as I do to you,

and nothing is more just ; in spite of this I shall not die any the sooner ; and here is a point (as a general rule, certain) that I should like to understand, namely, Although the Faculty has so often changed its system and its practice, it appears that there never has been more or less death in the world. Another thing to know : Is a patient of our calibre subject to the same series of painful and anxious sentiments in the same malady as a patient of ordinary composition ? If it is so, this comparison is not far from rendering to us, in fact, a part of that equality which the difference of talents removes from us. If not, it would happen that the great man and the fool would remain as such on the stool, as elsewhere, and it would be a fresh loss for the preachers from whom all commonplaces escape one after the other. But I am not at the end of my questions. In my quality of preacher I expose and announce many remedies for the soul ; M. Tronchin gives his to the body, and it is not doubtful that he has succeeded better with himself and his patients ; but I am anxious to be told why, in this century where the body and the soul are one, it is as rare as in the preceding that a remedy for the one should be also a remedy for the other. If the root of evil, like that of sickness, is in the blood, as I have just said, after having laughed at the Ancients who did not understand any other kind of wit, whence comes it that what acts upon this common source does not affect the two branches at the same time, and that ass's milk, for example, while cooling a woman's blood, does not render her character more uniform and more docile ? At our first interview, Sir, you must edify me upon these questions and many more, for it is not simply by making verses that you are the Magnus Apollo of the eighteenth century.

‘ I should perhaps have already slept at my uncle's if it had not been for my indisposition, for if it had been more manageable I should have been greatly tempted to go from Lausanne to Les Délices. The flattering expressions of your last letter would have authorised me to do so, and I shall avail myself of the permission some day ; but it is without hope of finding Mme. de Bentinck near you ; I am told that she prefers Neuchâtel to this country. My imagination, which you laugh at, will not be less at her service there than elsewhere, but

imagination is not wanting in that little town, which it is said is our Gascony.

‘I have also been told that in spite of workmen, sickness, and remedies, you have on the loom something very obliging for Switzerland. It is quite natural that it should be awaited with impatience, and my anxiety is great to see how you will treat the subject so as to praise us, after having so well succeeded in depicting us. It is not that the thirteen Cantons are not very commendable, and that a heart like yours does not find opportunities everywhere for commendation without committing yourself; but if your muses regard this nation through the same laughing perspective as is visible from St. Jean, they risk flattering it, just as they would do it an injustice if only looked upon at the rocks of Uri and the *culottes* of Schwytz. We must let you do as you please, you will always come off with glory to yourself; if we are as successful, what a fête after six thousand years of humiliation! The occasion would be worthy of a colossal fête in your honour from the highest mountains, and capable of lasting as long as your works. As for my sentiments, there will be an end to them when I am ended, but until then I shall be, with the strongest passion and with all the extent that you will do me the honour to suffer,’ &c.

Allamand at Bex, to Voltaire at Tournay, August 20, 1759:

‘I saw, Sir, with transport those three demi-wings on your seal. Some one who came from Nyon has said that you were very ill, and that even worse news was on foot. This “worse,” at least, was not true on Thursday, since on that day you yourself wrote. May God be blessed! It is not that I believe you to be in dread of “the great Perhaps,” but you will find it at the age of Messieurs de Fontenelle and St. Aulaire, just as at present, and it will always be too soon for this poor corner of a *tourbillon*, where Voltaires do not come in pairs. This is, however, the second alarm which you have given me during the last three years. I forgave you the first, which was rather a serious one; but three years after, in 1759, when one has played *Edipe* in 1718, it gives a terrible extra hold to gossip and fear. Your letter has given me too much pleasure not to thank you for it in the first place. Still, since the joys

of this world are never other than lesser sorrows, you are not as well as you ought to be. But, sadness aside, and if it is true that you have been at one time or another so near the gate, might I venture to ask you news of the other side, for I do not doubt that you would look as far ahead as you possibly could.

Or ça donc sur la sombre rive,  
 Dites, monsieur, qu'avez-vous vu ?  
 Qui, de là, vous a dit : ' Qui vive ? '  
 Et vous, qu'avez-vous répondu ?  
 Du noir chenil contre qui jappe  
 Plus âprement le triple chien ?  
 Est-ce contre Pélage, ou Luther, ou Socin  
 Au guichet de la basse trappe  
 Qui répond ? le Suisse du Pape  
 Ou la servante de Calvin ?  
 A qui fait-on plus sèche mine  
 Dans l'inférieure Inquisition ?  
 Est-ce à l'hérésie mutine,  
 A la folle superstition,  
 A l'hypocrite dévotion,  
 Ou bien au vice qui domine,  
 Par la cave, ou par la cuisine,  
 Ou par le vase anti-Giton ?  
 Et dans les plaines Elysées  
 De nos saintes billesvesées  
 Comment parlent les bienheureux ?  
 Sur quels talons danse l'Eglise,  
 Est-elle en robe, ou en chemise,  
 Par quel bout s'y cassent les œufs ?  
 Plutôt du héros de la Sprée,  
 De Leipsig, de Zorndorff, de Prague et de Breslau,  
 Et de la Marche rassurée  
 Que disent Charles douze et Berenclau ?

I would like just as much to know the opinion of Luxembourg and of Villars, but one asks what one can and not what one wishes. There would also be a little question to put as to what Arminius said, who had not received much news from the banks of the Visurgis since the blow that he struck now almost eighteen hundred years ago ; but I do not like these battles at all, which do nothing but kill people and make sugar dear. A bundle of celery has passed between the legs of the little ensign whom I had taken the liberty to recommend to you, and he has had the prudence not to put his foot upon it.

' As for wit, I wish I had enough of it to give you a good opinion of the use I shall make of it in my corner. Alas ! Sir, I employed it by dispensing with any better, instead of having only sufficient to imagine it. Still, I have a great

deal more than I ever dared to pretend. The honour of being flattered by the same hand that wrote the "Henriade" and "Brutus," I would not give that for all the literary knighthoods of Germany. When I was fifteen years of age, the late M. de Crousaz, our great man of that time, found that I had good sense, and you find that I have wit when I am fifty. Provided that the wit has not made my good sense disappear in smoke, it is as unique for a minister of Bex as it is for a great seignior to hold to the three forms of slavery, without wearing either the robe of one or the chain of the other two. Unfortunately, good sense and wit do not make geniuses in Switzerland, nor anywhere else I believe, when it is spread over too many things, and this is what has happened to me. But do not suspect me, if you please, of trying to shine in my letters to you. When I apply myself to the task I am animated by a sentiment of joy; you will explain it as you please, if it deserves an explanation, but this gaiety is all my little Apollo, and *Injusta virescunt gramina*. If it is wit so much the better. Should not a rockery be arranged in a grotto? Of precious stones I have hardly any except those I take from you; but it is true that, having myself alone to please, I try to decorate my jewel-case only with those of the first water. Everywhere else imitation stones would suit me; here I should have no use for them.

'I see, moreover, Sir, that it is your apparel which is, to your mind, only an ass's skin, and that you laugh at the figure I shall cut in it; but each situation has its sequence of ideas, and reason is to be found everywhere. I wish you could have heard me on St. James's Day explain the *Sta sol* of Joshua (without spoiling the sphere), and make our peasants weep over the miseries of Germany without cursing the authors of them. Believe me, Sir, these public lessons of reason and humanity, which have not been taken into consideration since Jesus Christ, ought to be of some value, and I am persuaded that without us other preachers, everything would still be wild in this country. That would please M. J. J. Rousseau, but neither you nor me. That man finds in culture of mind every evil which it is capable of curing, and which it only brings to the light for the same purpose as tilth brings the tares to the



surface of the soil, in order that they may be burned by the sun in the zenith of its power.

Ergo age, terras  
Fortes invertant tauri, glebasque jacentes  
Pulverulenta coquat maturis solibus aestas;  
Officiant lætis ne frugibus herbæ.

It remains to be seen whether our word, which is certainly that of God when it is worthy of Him and useful to man, is really a good means of cultivation. Why not? Dung and ashes are used for it with success.

Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola, neve  
Effætos cinerem immundum jactare per agros.

But it is better than that, and it is only necessary to knead truth in such a manner as to make it pass through all the holes of the screw-plate.

‘I admire the Bible from a point of view which you did not suspect; it is like matter in which God has placed, for the use and practice of each century, everything which the culture of that century and that place may be able to draw from it, from wooden spoons to a bronze horse. Thus, the wise men have been able to make systems, as the King and Graham make watches, or as one harnesses the fleas at Nuremberg; but they would not be able to make the Bible, just as we do not make wood or metals.’

Allamand writes from Bex, January 5, 1764, to Voltaire at Tournay :

‘Oh, Sir, how fine, good, and excellent a thing is your “Treatise on Toleration.”<sup>1</sup> I have just read it, thanks to some one who well knows what I need, who sent it to me on Monday under the seal of secrecy, and to whom I had to return it on the following Monday—as you see, allowing me only one Sunday. I read it, however, almost in the pulpit. It reawakened all my sentiments for you. Were they then dormant? No, but it is such a long time since this poor and ill-favoured curé of Bex had received anything from that golden pen which should no longer write anything except for religion and humanity, because religion and humanity alone merit such a pen of which they have so great need.

<sup>1</sup> *Traité sur la Tolérance, à l'occasion de la mort de Jean Calas, 1763.*



‘I did not fail to learn, Sir, what you have done for the Calas,<sup>1</sup> and your efforts in their favour caused me all the more to shed tears of delight because this frightful history made me shudder with consternation. You do not, however, mention a single word of what you have done for this family whose *rôle* has become, through you, the foremost *rôle* of the day. This silence is the first indication by which I recognised you, for your name was not mentioned ; and, dazzled by the circumstances, I did not pay attention to the style or orthography of the book. I am told that you do not wish the matter to be referred to yet, for the reason that was sent to you from Languedoc on February 20. I will, therefore, not speak of it, if I can remain silent.

‘But tell me, Sir, on the supposition that the Supreme Council does not give entire justice, will not an appeal be made formally to all the sovereign tribunals of Europe, even to the Divan ? Will they not be called upon to pronounce a decision, in their super-judicial capacity, of their own accord, and make a solemn protest against this horror of the eighteenth century ? You will do as you please ; but this “Treatise on Toleration”—I do not say, unique of its kind or in this particular case, but unique because there is only one M. de Voltaire in the world—this Treatise will remove the stains of the infamy for ever from our age, and will for ever make intolerance—*monstrum horrendum [informe], ingens, cui lumen ademptum*—the execrable ridicule of the anti-Christian world.

‘I must add that there is a good deal of maliciousness in it, and here and there a few injustices which could hardly escape me, who am accustomed to read our Scriptures in the original, and who live by my profession—well or ill-interpreted. But I pardon everything to the sacred fire of humanity which devours you. Nor do I think that a big Swiss would have dogmatised

<sup>1</sup> Among the letters to Mme. de Bochat upon the death of her husband was one from the wife of M. de Végobre—celebrated for his defence of Calas and his enlistment of Voltaire in behalf of the victims. The forty-three unpublished autograph letters of Voltaire to Végobre on this subject, and the seventy-three unpublished autograph letters of Voltaire to Bacon, belong to the author, forming a separate collection. Jean Calas, merchant, of Toulouse, was accused of having strangled his son in 1761, from his aversion to a design which the young man had formed of abjuring the Protestant religion and turning Catholic. He was broken alive on the wheel, March 9, 1762. This tragic event aroused so much feeling and enlisted to such a degree the most powerful voices and pens, that it became a salient point in the history of the last century.

the matter more weightily. He would have distinguished private religion instituted to conduct every one to Paradise, from state religion instituted to be the bond of conscience. He would have said that no one had anything to do with the first, because it is my affair and of no one else whether I go to Paradise perpendicularly, diagonally, or in a cycloidal manner; just as it is my affair, and not that of the Inquisition, whether I eat white bread or black bread; because the high-roads ought to be free for him who pays his taxes and seeks to slander no one, and because the high-road to Paradise ought to be under the same jurisdiction as that of Paradise itself. As for state religion, it is doubtless the affair of the state with which it terminates, because that which is necessary to strengthen its bond ought not to depend on each individual's caprice. My Swiss would also have submitted that the Credo of public religion is easy to form, for it ought to contain only the articles of faith necessary to serve for a foundation to and motives of civil virtues in the cases where civil law has not sufficient authority. Finally, he would perhaps have added that the Gospel has only private religion in view; and that Jesus Christ and His Apostles, who nowhere infer the existence of Christian Powers, thus allow the State full liberty to take from the Gospel all that is necessary to the State and to abandon the rest to the faithful. From all this he would have concluded that the rule for toleration is, to dismiss to private religion (the religion of the faithful) everything which is indifferent to public religion (the religion of the citizen).

' But how annoying and how cold all this cavilling is in comparison with the least of the twenty-five chapters [of the "Treatise on Toleration"]! Pray, Sir, send them to me before they are burnt, for they must certainly come to that, *Parve, nec invideo, sine me liber ibis in ignem*; unless the flames of the Palace are pure enough to respect the book. Let me have it from you, and it shall be—like the collection of your works which I already owe to your friendship—the secret and continual charm of my solitude; so that I may say: The illustrious author has given me this precious pledge of his benevolence. I should have a fine opportunity to formulate for you my warmest wishes for the year which is arrived, or new, but make them yourself and I will sign.

‘I only wish you were as good a Christian as you deserve to be. Believe me, Sir, there is a Christianity which merits your study. Do not be angry; I call him, as others do, a good Christian who is such according to my own manner, and true Christianity that which I myself find in the New Testament. What a fine haul I should then make, if you would bite a little at the hook with two or three of your friends, and the Savoyan Vicar!

‘You see what it is to live at Bex. One must at least dream of something. You will agree, however, that if my dream is a fool’s dream, it is that of a fool who is a good Christian; and that, in offering you a key to the Kingdom of Heaven, I make you a handsomer New Year’s offering than you yourself, with your hundred thousand livres income, could make me.

‘I do not know how to finish with the ordinary formula; it is such a wretched one to say how much I esteem you; and I would not like you to reproach me that I have the honour to be, with infamous deceit—I who am with so much respect and truth a hundred times beyond this, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant.’

Allamand at Corsier above Vevey, to Voltaire at Ferney, July 5, 1768:

‘I have just read and re-read the “Reasonable Counsels to M. Bergier,”<sup>1</sup> “The Jesuits expelled from China,”<sup>2</sup> and the “Profession of Theism.”<sup>3</sup> In all these there is nothing new except the treatment of the subjects, but this treatment combined with a favourable current of opinion at this moment, makes me feel very uneasy about my little cure of Corsier, which I have taken so much pains to render agreeable. You see, Sir, it is useless for Theism to say that it does not attack our livings; if it attains its ends it is clear that we shall only be incumbents *in partibus infidelium*. Now the Church can well be purer beneath the Cross, but the fact of being purer is not everything—item, one must live. If a start is once made to melt down our bells, it will not be intended to stop on the road, as was done

<sup>1</sup> *Conseils Raisonnables à M. Bergier, pour la Défense du Christianisme*, by Voltaire (1768).

<sup>2</sup> *Relation du Bannissement des Jésuites de la Chine (l’Empereur de la Chine et frère Rigolet)*, by Voltaire (1768).

<sup>3</sup> *Profession de Foi des Théistes*, by Voltaire (1768)

nearly 250 years ago. Appetite will come to some, or has already come to them, and will return to others; they will make a clean sweep with you, and a modest midnight meal with us of what remains. It is not, however, that you do not know the cruel writer [Voltaire] who plays his cards so as to turn us into the street. I have a great mind to capitulate to him under your mediation. Besides, here I am twelve years older than when you rose above our horizon, and I have always at heart that I have not yet replied to your obliging invitations.

‘I am therefore resolved not to die, if I see the month of August go by, without repairing this omission; it is understood that I shall not at all put you out, and that we shall be able to hold a private council together.

‘I have the honour to be, with the respect and the attachment which you know, etc.’

Allamand at Corsier above Vevey, to Voltaire at Ferney, July 19, 1768:

‘I thoroughly believe, Sir, that it is one of the views of our George Withers<sup>1</sup> to decry convents and monks; and if that were all it is clear that instead of sounding the alarm there would be nothing else to do but lend a hand to so thorough a Huguenot work. But Aaron and the Lamb, Brother Rigolet, the Collection of M. de Montgeron,<sup>2</sup> the ruined Pig-Merchant, etc.<sup>3</sup>—are not these at least more than are required if it is only a question of blowing up in their turn the swine of St. Anthony? Do not, however, believe, Sir, that I bristle up a great deal against other ends which I imagine besides this one. In the main, the profession of Theism formally recognises a rewarding God, so that it is already in accordance with Hebrews xi. 6; and that reassures me about St. Louis’ wicked old woman who wished to burn Paradise and drown Hell.<sup>4</sup> We can very well do without Hell, but let us keep Paradise, even if it is only to laugh at, some day of our present follies, both devout and profane.

<sup>1</sup> George Wither, 1588–1667, one of the best of the old English poets.

<sup>2</sup> Louis Basile Carré de Montgeron, 1686–1754, a French magistrate; author of *La Vérité des Miracles opérés par l’Intercession du Diacre Paris* (1737).

<sup>3</sup> These are subjects dealt with in the three works of Voltaire mentioned in the preceding letter.

<sup>4</sup> That men might love God for Himself.—*Vision of Ino, Bishop of Chartres*

Besides, when I put my hand upon the conscience, and consider all the folds and creases of the cassock, I do not doubt that its enemies have no good intentions in granting them quarter on no point. The cloister is not the only place in which abuse and wickedness exist; they will be found everywhere and of every feather. I would pardon even voluntarily carrying humour and raillery perhaps a little too far, for whose duty is it to reduce his neighbour to his proper level? I merely ask our opponents, after having made sufficiently merry at our expense, to return to fixed principles, take the matter as seriously as it deserves, and not to make so great haste to destroy everything that we shall be in peril of living in the open air for a time.

‘For instance, I see very few articles in the “Treatise on Toleration” and in the “Reasonable Counsels” to which I am not ready to subscribe; but two lines among others of the “Counsels” pleased me very much and seem to me of very good augury, taken in connection with the author’s intentions; they are lines 15 and 16 on page 20. My secret is there. There is doubtless another manner of establishing Christianity; I felt it for a great number of years by so many sure signs, that I refuted, more than thirty years ago, Ditton,<sup>1</sup> the argument of Sherlock,<sup>2</sup> and the preface of his translator, without having ceased for a moment being a Christian after my own manner. The question would be to see if the author of the “Counsels” and I have met in any other manner of looking upon the subject, or, in two words, if there would be a means to decide upon and execute a plan of universal religion capable of securing the happiness of the human race, the eternal glory of philosophy, without forgetting that of Jesus Christ whose bread we have eaten for seventeen hundred years and who had assuredly seized the good idea; for it is not His fault if, after Him, His word has been made flesh.

‘On the particular point of toleration, I call to witness these words of the “Treatise”: *Ah, if we wish to imitate Jesus Christ,*

<sup>1</sup> Humphrey Ditton (1675–1715), a mathematician of considerable eminence; also author of *A Discourse Concerning the Resurrection of Jesus Christ* (1712).

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Sherlock, D.D. (1678–1761), a celebrated divine; author of many theological works, among them the work mentioned in the text—*Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ* (1729).

*let us be martyrs and not executioners!* Pray tell me, Sir, has any one ever written, ever said, ever thought of anything more natural, more noble, and more true? Is there anything more sublime in Bossuet? I would have given sixteen quarto volumes of the sermons which I have written and preached in exchange for this single line. But since I was not predestined to do so, I am of opinion at least that a pyramid should be erected in the centre of the Christian world, and that this line should be engraved upon it in all the tongues of the Pentecost.

‘I am much dismayed, Sir, to see by your letter that you are ill. It caused me great fear as to my visit, and I am afraid that it is not worth an apothecary’s mistake. But perhaps it is impossible for the human body to be in good health when it possesses a mind which must set fire to the house every day. Why do we not keep at your bedside the author of the “*Treatise*” and the “*Counsels*”? He is not ill, or else his malady is worth more than the health of others. I would like to know some good prayer to cure you, even if it were necessary to leave a votive offering in the chapel of the château of Ferney.’

‘You see that I persist in my project since you are quite willing to accept it. I feel as I ought the value of an entire letter in your own hand; but formerly you signed Vale, and it was I who had “the honour to be.” At present I dare no longer use this formula, but I am not with less respect, etc.’

Allamand at Corsier above Vevey, to Voltaire at Ferney, August 19, 1768:

‘Here I am re-established in my parsonage, my head filled with Ferney and my heart with its illustrious and amiable master. Weighed down with the welcome that I received from you, I hasten, Sir, to repeat to you my very humble thanks.

Conservez-moi de grâce votre amitié  
(L’amitié d’un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux).<sup>2</sup>

‘I confess that Lord Bolingbroke<sup>3</sup> made me feel very un-

<sup>1</sup> The building remains, with its inscription, ‘*Deo erexit Voltaire*,’ but in 1879 I found it used as a wine-vault and hay-loft.

<sup>2</sup> ‘Pray preserve me your friendship, for the friendship of a great man is a favour of the gods.’

<sup>3</sup> Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751), whose works were edited, after his death, by David Mallet (1700?–1765). Mallet is mentioned several times in Gibbon’s *Memoirs* as a friend of his father. Gibbon was rather scandalised than reclaimed by his philosophy.

comfortable. I shall require at least three or four perusals to recover from it, and who knows if I shall succeed? Between ourselves, however, I comprehend that he would be more dangerous if he were less passionate, and this passion, which I detest in Christians, always astonishes me in the enemies of Christianity. For mercy's sake, why and to what purpose do they lose their temper and use insolent language? Allowance might perhaps be made for us who have our profession and our livings to defend; but why are the writings of wise men imbued with so much hatred? They say that our anger excites theirs; I understand the remark but am not edified; what is the use of being a philosopher if one does not keep a better mastery over one's self than a theologian? (It is also apparent that this nobleman speaks of various matters of which he is ignorant until he begins to write about them, and this makes him blunder from time to time as to the facts.) Well, we shall see what M. Bergier will say. As for me, I am awaiting impatiently the packet which you had the kindness to promise me, and I am thoroughly resolved to read and re-read, with composure and with pen in hand, every document of the argument in proper order. What will happen? I do not know, but you can count upon the greatest discretion on my part.

'I have spoken to you of a miscreant who calumniated Jesus Christ and his mother. He has made *amende honorable* in the church of his parish; after which he was whipped in the public square and taken to the other side of the lake to live as he may, provided he does not return again into Switzerland. It is true that he was a worthless fellow, but will the matter appear in a better light by leaving a woman and four children in the direst poverty and covered with shame, while he himself is obliged to get himself hanged at the first gibbet? (I have always admired that tacit consent among the Powers of Europe for the exchange of their respective scoundrels. I have often seen you remove stones from your garden walks, but you did not throw them into your neighbour's garden.) Jesus Christ said that whosoever blasphemed against Him might be pardoned, but the ecclesiastic de Harlay<sup>1</sup> was not whipped for his reply (which you know) to

<sup>1</sup> François de Harlay, Sire de Champvallon (1625-1695), a French prelate of questionable morality.



the girl who accused herself of being *enceinte* by the operation of the Holy Ghost; but Berne feared the spread of the contagion, which, as you see, has already reached the people. MM. Bolingbroke and Fréret<sup>1</sup> might well have those strokes of the lash on their conscience.

‘I entertain, Sir, the tenderest wishes for your welfare, your repose, and your health; but I am impressed with the deepest compassion for the patient who lies under your jurisdiction. Would that it pleased Jesus Christ to send by some one the good news to you: Rise up and walk! It seems that the lofty soul of the avenger of Calas and the benefactor of so many others would be well worth the working of a unique miracle which would conquer him immediately; but the ways of God are not our ways, and although the holy thorn astonished nature and consoled the Church, the P. R. was not saved from destruction.

‘I have the honour to be, with an inviolable respect and an immortal attachment, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant.’

Allamand at Corsier above Vevey, to Voltaire at Ferney, December 9, 1768:

‘The villainous old coach must have carried my A B C<sup>2</sup> on to Berne, for I received it only ten days after it was despatched to me: and, Sir, my eyes are heavy and red from having spent a night in taking my lesson from it, but I am well repaid by the unspeakable pleasure it has given me, for which I hasten to return you a thousand thanks—with the exception, however, of that which concerns too nearly our daily bread. I did not tire in admiring that abundance, that charm, and that masculine vigour of a pen whose point must have been worn out by so many labours. I was almost saying that it is the Phoenix which rises again from its ashes, but you are far from your ashes, and it is not a question of being precious when one has only had a taste of life. How many new and trenchant things there are! I think I see, especially in Conversations III., VII.,

<sup>1</sup> Allamand did not know he was unjust to Nicolas Fréret (1688–1749); it is now proved that the latter by his immensely learned works deprived irreligion and incredulity of some of their strongest arguments.

<sup>2</sup> *L' A, B, C, ou Dialogues entre A, B, C, traduit de l'Anglais de M. Huet*, by Voltaire (1768).



IX., X., XI., XIV., certain pieces which can compare favourably with the most immortal of your prose works. It is the A B C of all Moral Sciences, just as the Elements of Newton were the A B C of Physical Science, I believe, eighty years ago. Ah, Sir! why does not so fine a genius in its decline occupy itself with making the best advantage of the Gospel, which in the main is in its proper place, rather than find fault with it? Glory and success would be insured on one side, and after all, that which has been done up to the present on the other side is laden (so it appears to me) with much peril and little hope. Pray pardon this effusion on account of my extreme attachment for you, and the desire which urges me to prove that so fine and so great a part of the earth has not lost fifteen hundred years in being Christian.

‘There are various traits in these Conversations, even in the most advanced, to which you would see me agree without difficulty; I am not at all frightened, for instance, at the eternity of the world such as you expound it. The eternity of matter has always appeared to me certain. I am assured that the Scriptures contradict neither the one nor the other, and my friends saw a long time ago a paraphrase of the first chapter of Genesis which appeared to them simple and natural, and from which it would result that Moses had in view the creation of nothing, but simply a kind of clearance of the surface of this earth. On a number of facts, dogmas and maxims, you would find our writers of the Old and New Testament more tractable than you might think, and above all much more tractable than we other theologians. We are therefore nearer changing wine into water than water into wine. In the end, I imagine that you would not judge the Bible to be unworthy of giving to the human race that which it needs as to religion. Provided Phidias has a block of marble, what matters it if it is only one block—he will manage to carve out of it his Minerva. The question is not whether the block is without a scratch, but whether we have one more entire.

‘I have, Sir, in fact, a great mind to furbish up all my knowledge upon these XVI. Conversations, and avenge myself upon your raillery by writing you an epistle and a half on each; but you have better things to do than read so much nonsense, and

feast days and catechumens are approaching when I shall want quite a different A B C.

‘ We have heard that the Czarina<sup>1</sup> had been put in prison ; then the news was contradicted. I do not like women who give their husbands too severe colics, but I would pardon her a good deal if she succeeded in opening all the harems of Constantinople, sending Mustapha<sup>2</sup> back to Nicæa [Izneek], and reanimating the Peloponnesus, even if it were necessary to send Jean Jacques [Rousseau] to revivify Sparta and the Jesuits to re-establish Athens. We shall see when all is finished in Poland if it would not have been better to soften the lot of the Dissidents by degrees, instead of giving the alarm at one blow to the nation, by wishing to carry everything away at the first bound by force. This system of “by degrees” is of service to the man who has no courage to sell ; the proverb says that prudence is the virtue of cowards ; but it is better to be a coward than it is to be dead, especially if there is not another life.

‘ I have the honour to be, with my eternal respect, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant.’

## CHAPTER CXI

IN my collections is the subjoined fragment of a letter of Voltaire on the Dogma of the Immortality of the Soul, partly written in his own hand, and annotated as belonging to the end of 1765. It appears never to have been completed, and does not bear the name of the person to whom it was to have been sent. Formerly among the papers of M. Decroix, who published Voltaire’s works known as the edition of Kehl, it passed into the hands of M. Jacques Charavay, and then to M. le Baron Feuillet de Conches, in whose possession it remained for more than thirty years.

All my inquiries have led to a belief that this fragment has never been published. One or two phrases resemble others in

<sup>1</sup> Catherine II. of Russia (1729–1796), supposed by some to have been an accomplice to the murder (by poison and strangulation) of her husband, Peter III., 1762.

<sup>2</sup> Mustapha III., Sultan of the Ottoman Empire (1717–1774).



'A quotation from Virgil cannot be better placed than in a letter to the illustrious Voltaire. I should fear nevertheless to dishonour the two poets, the one of the age of Augustus and the other of Louis XVI., if it befell me to say, *Pollio amat nostram, quamvis sit rustica, musam*. I have a difficulty in explaining myself in prose, and must therefore follow the advice that Boileau gave to Chapelain, and simply tell you that the absence of the Elector, and some small matters, have prevented me from replying earlier to your obliging letter. You speak there of some changes you wish to make in the third act of your "Orphelin de la Chine." The Elector was surprised by this. "This *nonnumque poematur in annum*," said this Prince to me, "does not concern Voltaire. He will grant us a respite of seven years." I hope that you will bring hither the proposed changes yourself in the spring, and that I shall have the honour to renew by word of mouth the sentiments of very respectful esteem with which I have," etc.<sup>1</sup>

A few days before the date of Seedorf's letter, Voltaire sends the third volume of the 'Histoire Générale' to M. de Brenles, and prays him to give a bound copy to M. de Polier de Bottens, and to keep the other as a manuscript and a sketch which his friendship gives him. He returns a translation of some poetry of M. Haller that M. de Polier had been good enough to lend him. His ill-health induced him to buy the pretty house and beautiful garden of Les Délices in order to be near Dr. Tronchin,

<sup>1</sup> Author's unpublished MS. collections. Seedorf evidently refers to the last verses in Boileau's ninth satire:

Il a tort, dira l'un; pourquoi faut-il qu'il nomme ?  
Attaquer Chapelain ! Ah ! c'est un si bon homme !  
Balzac en fait l'éloge en cent endroits divers.  
Il est vrai, s'il m'eût cru, qu'il n'eût point fait de vers.  
Il se tue à rimer. Que n'écrit-il en prose ?  
Voilà ce que l'on dit. Et que dis-je autre chose ?

Jean Chapelain (1595-1674) passed all his time in versifying. He had the rare ability to acquire a reputation as poet and wit before publishing any important work. Having addressed an ode to Richelieu, he gained the good graces of that minister, who obtained for him a pension of a thousand écus, and made him a member of the French Academy, whose statutes he drew up. Like Voltaire, he wrote a poem entitled 'La Pucelle,' which was the *bête noire* of Boileau. Although Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux (1636-1711), the 'législateur du Parnasse,' ridiculed Chapelain, he pointed Molière out to Louis XIV. as the greatest writer of his reign, and also relieved Racine from the discouragement in which he had been plunged by the small success of 'Athalie,' telling him, 'C'est votre chef-d'œuvre ; je m'y connais, le public y reviendra.'

and he has taken Monrion merely for the sake of being close to M. de Brenles. 'Monrion shall be the abode of simplicity, philosophy, and friendship. . . . If Mme. Goll could have left Colmar sufficiently early, I would have taken the domain, and she would have found there the useful and the agreeable, but I shall content myself with the house and its dependencies [Monrion].'

On February 28, Voltaire to M. Polier de Bottens: 'I congratulate myself, Sir, upon being your neighbour at last, and I ask a thousand pardons of you, as well as of M. de Brenles, for not calling on you both to thank you for having made me Lausannois. . . . Might I ask you, Sir, to honour me by presenting my respects to Mlle. de Bressonaz, and tell her how much I interest myself in everything that concerns her? I made an effort, on leaving, to climb up to the château of your bailiff; from thence I was obliged to go to Prélaz to attempt to conclude a bargain for Mme. de Bentinck.<sup>1</sup> She is worthy to be your diocesan, and I assure you that she will give you the preference over the celebrated Saurin,<sup>2</sup> of the Hague.'

It was to Mlle. de Cerjat de Bressonaz, youngest daughter of M. Sigismond de Cerjat, seignior of Bressonaz, that George Deyverdun in his most playful manner addressed the following verses, entitled 'A Little Question,' which I found in La Grotte :

Madeleine la pénitente  
Disait toujours la vérité ;  
Elle était bonne, complaisante,  
Et vivait dans la sainteté.

Madeleine la pécheresse  
S'amusait aux dépens des sots,  
Traitait la bonté de faiblesse  
Et mentait souvent à propos.

Quand vous méritez la taloche,  
Quand vous niez d'avoir en poche  
Des vers dont je suis fort jaloux,  
Laquelle des deux êtes-vous ?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Charlotte Sophia, born Countess d'Aldenburg in 1715, married in 1733 William Bentinck, second son of William III.'s friend, and chief of the Dutch branch of the Dukes of Portland, who was made a Knight of the Holy Roman Empire on the occasion of this marriage. She was a woman of much wit, but of a singular character, and, after her separation from her husband, passed her life in travelling.

<sup>2</sup> Elie Saurin, died in 1703, uncle of the author of *Spartacus*.

<sup>3</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier.

The subjoined letter of the Countess de Bentinck (who is alluded to in Allamand's correspondence) is dated from Hamburg, December 12, 1768, and addressed to Voltaire, who styled her '*Signora errante ed amabile*' in his correspondence with Algarotti:

'You have filled me with gratitude and joy, Sir, in rendering to me the honour of your remembrance, so necessary to the consolation of my old days. Everyone admires you, but few hearts pardon the violence that is done to their vanity when they are forced to admiration. Do you sometimes remember that for nearly forty years I have devoted to you all the sentiments that equity, taste, and esteem can bring together, and that at no moment has my heart varied for an instant towards you? You see, however, Sir, that in spite of this act of simple justice, which is, perhaps, unique, I do not abuse your kindness nor bombard you with homages and importunities. Too satisfied, too happy, to obtain at rare intervals the least sign of your precious benevolence, I am not in truth sufficiently an enemy to myself and to humanity to deprive you of that leisure which you employ only in enlightening us and in rendering us better and happier.

'Alas! Sir, must I die by the side of my dreary Arctic Pole without thanking you once again by word of mouth for all the good that you alone have done to my thinking being, by tearing it away from a thousand foolish and inimical projects and leading it continually in the direction of good sense and justice? I am bitterly disappointed, I must own, at perceiving no likelihood, no possibility, of the accomplishment of the only comfort which I still longed for. Pity me, Sir, but I entreat you not to forget me. I will not speak further of myself on this condition.

'We have here at present a phenomenon from your country. It is a young French nobleman who combines the elegance of his nation with the solidity of mature age, and refinement of mind with the most genuine and the most touching kindness. It is the Marquis de Noailles, a Minister of far too high a rank for our town of Hamburg. He has the most amiable wife in the world; she is worthy of him by her charms and her character. The only things wanting to this interesting couple are better

health and a more brilliant scene of action. I enjoy, as far as my decrepitude will permit me, this sweet society which I am greatly surprised at meeting in this degree of latitude. You are known by heart in this house, and M. and Mme. de Noailles have both shone in rendering in a superior manner the treasures which we owe to you.

‘If these particular tributes do not suffice you, Sir, we are soon expecting a King who pays you, it is said, others quite as decided. This is our young Danish monarch, who has had the glory of obtaining the favour of France and of the greatest King of the world. Everything which happens to him bears an air of enchantment. Is it not very curious that a King of Denmark should render to the French theatre the first actress of the world, whose natural and self-taught wit has been able to satisfy the best and the most enlightened judges? All honest people, Sir, flatter themselves that this journey, which was so much condemned beforehand, will be the happiness of master and subjects; and that it is the most august Mentor, the most cherished of Kings, who has himself taught our young sovereign to rule, to love his peoples, and to take delight in making himself adored. All that is wanting in this happy occurrence, Sir, and to the glory of the two monarchs is owing to the singular fact that this event has been extolled only by talents of a poor order up to the present; and everyone joins in asking of you eight or ten verses which will put in a better form that which is to be said, and will finish by awakening the noble emulation of the young King and his passion for veritable glory, which you alone perhaps are capable of engraving by a few ineffaceable words on his heart, moved by so many objects which have appeared to make an impression upon him. It is even asserted, Sir, that he has expressed the most extreme desire to see you, and that he wished to go to seek you, but that endeavours are being made to prevent him. Sovereigns are not fortunate enough to be surrounded by courtiers, and *less still by ministers*, who have the good intention to accommodate themselves to the sight of the truth which you would show them.

‘If you would honour me merely with a quatrain for this Prince, who will return here from Altona on the 6th of January and will remain with us seven or eight days, you would enable

us to give him a finer fête than all those that the gratitude of the people of Hamburg is preparing for him. If I am too indiscreet in my pretensions, punish me by your silence; but the desire to ripen virtue in a royal heart, by the voice of the organ which alone has appeared to me susceptible of making it speak justly, must serve as an excuse for my rash proposition.

‘Here, Sir, is a long letter for you. I send you by my correspondent at Schaffhausen a little Essay on the talents which an illustrious family has cultivated in your various works;—I refer to the young Princes of Saxony, who have derived from you alone their first intellectual lessons. Ah! Sir, how delightful it is for me to see all the earth agree in confessing that they owe you so much. Do not forget the person in the world who is the most imbued with this truth. Adieu.

‘C. S. COMTESSE DE BENTINCK,

‘née D’ALDENBURG.’<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER CXIII

M. JENNER writes to Voltaire from Berne (March 20, 1755) that the Marquis de Paulmy (French Minister to Switzerland 1748–1751), who protects him, has never given him greater pleasure than in affording him the hope of seeing Voltaire at Berne. Having a large house with a little wife, he will be very much flattered if Voltaire will lodge there.<sup>2</sup>

Voltaire, congratulating M. de Brenles on the birth of a son,<sup>3</sup> says, ‘You are the Cicero of Lausanne,’ and he counts on soon going to embrace him at Monrion, and to pay his court to Mme. de Brenles.

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter in the author’s unpublished collections. As this letter is about to go to press the author has read with interest M. Philippe Godet’s important article in *La Revue de Paris*, September 15, 1896, and the accompanying letters from Voltaire to the Countess de Bentinck. The above inedited epistle was perhaps in reply to Voltaire’s on page 321 of *La Revue*.

<sup>2</sup> Author’s unpublished MS. collections.

<sup>3</sup> M. Morier wrote from Vevey, July 19, 1757, to M. de Brenles at Ussières, complimenting him upon the happy accouchement of Mme. de Brenles of a fine boy. He proposes a fishing party next month up the Rhône with Messrs. Couvren and Soliers, and he requests Mme. de Brenles to continue her correspondence with Mme. Allamand.—Unpublished Collections of M. Ernest Chavannes.



On April 16, 1755, from Les Délices, he condoles with M. de Brenles in the following original manner upon the death of his new-born :

‘I partake of your sorrow, Sir, after having shared your joy, but happy are they who like you can repair their loss immediately. I should not be in the same position ; far from producing other individuals I have the greatest difficulty in preserving myself. In truth, I begin to fear that I shall not have strength enough to go as far as Monrion. Be well assured, Sir, that my poor health does not diminish in the slightest degree the tender interest which I take in everything that concerns you. I think that Mme. de Brenles and you have been greatly afflicted, but you have two great consolations—philosophy and strength. As for me, I have only philosophy ; that indeed is necessary to support the continual suffering which deprives me of the happiness of seeing you. My niece interests herself in you as much as I do. She sends her most sincere compliments to you as well as to Mme. de Brenles. We hear that you have a new bailiff, that is, you have a new friend.’

Prince Louis Eugène de Wurtemberg, in Paris, recommends to Voltaire a young actor named Fierville, who was attached to the court of the Margravine of Bayreuth. ‘He is a very good actor, and has taken especial pains with the principal rôles of your tragedies. He has studied you with great care, and asked me for this letter to you, which I gave him with much pleasure. I am plunged into the most profound grief. Lately d’Hancarville<sup>1</sup> by his evil conduct has shown himself unworthy of the opinion I had conceived of him—I say evil conduct, not to say worse—and to-day I have lost a friend who was yours also, a man whose knowledge was most extensive, whose genius was as elevated as his soul was simple. M. de Lironcourt is dead. I have always regarded him as a marvellous machine ; all nature was included within his brain. O you who are tender-hearted, judge of my affliction ! He died the moment after having rendered to me the greatest services. He leaves a numerous and sorrow-stricken family, without property, and its misfortune would be frightful if it were not supported by the

<sup>1</sup> A philosopher, who had just stolen Prince Louis Eugène’s plate.

most noble, the most generous, the most amiable of men. When I tell you that this protector is the Duke de Nivernais, you will have no cause for compassion.' He completes his letter with the words: 'Je vous aime du fond de mon cœur.'<sup>1</sup>

On June 23 following, Voltaire writes to the Comte d'Argental:

'I have with me at this moment the son of Fierville. He has in him the stuff to make an excellent comedian, and if he did not mumble each word, he would play very well. He has a good figure, intelligence, sentiment, above all he has voice, and a prodigious love for this wretched profession, so disdained and so difficult.'<sup>2</sup>

The month of March of this year (1755) included three events related to my theme: His Excellency Louis de Blonay, Viceroy of Sardinia, died; a few days later Frederick de la Pottrie, grandson of Burgomaster de Seigneux and of Jean Jacques de la Pottrie, passed away; and Voltaire produced his 'Épître sur le Lac de Genève' (see *ante*, Chapter XIV.), in which, by the way, he designates his niece Mme. Denis as 'l'Amitié.'

May 9 (1755), Voltaire in his characteristic style suggests to Thieriot a visit:

'We are not far from Geneva; you would see more of Montpérourx, the Resident, whom you know; you would find plenty of books to amuse you, a very beautiful country in which to walk; we would go together to Monrion; we would stop en route at Prangins; you would see a very beautiful and singular country; and if your old friend happened to die, you would charge yourself with his literary heritage and would compose for him an honest epitaph; but I do not count upon this consolation. Paris has many charms, the road is very long, and you are probably not unemployed. . . . Mme. la Duchesse d'Aiguillon has ordered from me four verses for M. de Montesquieu, just as one orders little cakes; but my oven is not hot, and I am rather a subject for epitaphs than a maker of them.'

Voltaire condoles with M. Polier de Bottens, June 4, 1755, on the loss of a brother:

<sup>1</sup> The original letter is in the author's possession, but Beuchot gives a copy.

<sup>2</sup> Fierville père first made his appearance at the Comédie-Française, May 18, 1783.

‘There are many ways of being unhappy, my dear Sir. The most beautiful is in being, like you, unhappy through the generosity of your heart, and through suffering only for others. The most cruel is to suffer through one’s self, to become each day more useless to society, and to see one’s soul perish in detail through the ruin of the body. Such is my state, Sir, and this is what has prevented me from coming to Monrion. If your brother resembled you it is a great loss, and I assure you that I feel it very keenly.’ The world has need of men like you.

‘This little bagatelle [he refers to the “*Epître sur le Lac de Genève*”] of which you speak to me was printed from some sufficiently bad copies, and no great harm has been done. A certain Grasset, who at present is at Lausanne, was on the point of playing me a still more cruel turn. M. de Brenles must have informed you of it, and I am sure in this case that you have preached virtue to this Grasset. It is said that he has need of your lessons. I wish I were already at Monrion, and could embrace you; but I cannot undertake this journey for which I long until after the visit of the Marquis de Paulmy. It is not because my republican soul desires to pay court to one of the Secretaries of State, but I am attached to M. de Paulmy. He had the goodness, as soon as he heard of my residence in Switzerland, to send me letters of recommendation to the advoyers of Berne.’

Voltaire also mentions, in another portion of this letter, M. Elie Bertrand, of Yverdon, the intimate friend of M. de Bottens (a very learned man and author of several works, among them ‘*Le Thévenon*’), who was born at Orbe in 1712, and resided for a time at Boudri, where Marat was born in 1744, the year in which Bertrand became preacher at Berne.

June 6, Voltaire writes to M. de Brenles: ‘The saddest effect of the loss of health, my dear and amiable philosopher, is not the taking every day of cassia, and manna diluted with oil, by the orders of M. Tronchin; it is in not seeing one’s friends, it is in not writing to them. . . . Our friend Dupont has

<sup>1</sup> Voltaire probably was not greatly impressed, as M. Polier de Bottens had twenty-four brothers and sisters; only two of his brothers were established at Lausanne—the Councillor and the Colonel Polier. The deceased gentleman was a captain of infantry, and son-in-law of Count de Zastrow. A branch of the family still exists, resident at Hamburg.

informed me that he will come to see us in September; it is at Monrion that we must assemble.' He again refers to Grasset.

A few days later he is awaiting M. de Brenles' prose, and sends him some verses (the 'Epître'), and acknowledges the 'Eloge Historique de M. Charles Guillaume Loÿs de Bochat,' which M. de Brenles has sent. 'M. de Bochat is very happy; there is a pleasure in being dead when one's tomb is covered with your flowers. I have read, Sir, with extreme pleasure this *Eloge*, which is your own also.' He also mentions the Banneret Freudenreich (1692-1773), of whom he speaks in warm terms of praise. (This family still exists; one of the descendants married a daughter of Madame de Sévery.) He says that the storm raised by the publication of 'La Pucelle,' and his difficulties with Grasset, combined with bad health, have retarded his journey to Monrion. Mme. Goll, who is at Colmar, is in a very dangerous condition.

Three months later he tells M. de Brenles that the illness of M. de Giez prevented him, a month ago, from going to Monrion. He will thank Mme. de Brenles at Lausanne for her verses. In the same month he speaks of the death of M. de Giez, who 'died in my poor Monrion.' He begs M. Polier de Bottens to take possession of Monrion in the summer, for it belongs to him by a better right than to himself. 'I only acquired it on your and M. de Brenles' account. It is you who the first invited me to come to the borders of your lake.'

To M. de Brenles, December 6: 'I am ready to leave; I have sent more of my baggage to the Hermitage of Monrion, and as soon as my horse and I are purged I shall certainly take a decisive step . . . . There is [at Lausanne] a Doctor Tissot who dissects his patients very well. That is a consolation.'

Voltaire writes to the Comte d'Argental that he goes from Alp to Alp to pass a part of the winter 'in a little Hermitage called Monrion, at the foot of Lausanne, sheltered from the cruel north wind.'

His first letter from Monrion is addressed to Mme. de Fontaine, his niece, December 16, 1755.

## CHAPTER CXIV

THE next letters may be better appreciated if I first refer to a development in 1755 of the Typographical Society of Lausanne, founded by Loÿs de Bochat and his relative Loÿs de Cheseaux, F.R.S. (1718–1751, the astronomer and philosopher, also lieutenant bailiff), and several others. In the beginning the superintendent of this important printing establishment was Marc Michel Bousquet, four of whose letters to Voltaire have already been quoted. This association sought by its editions, published at Geneva and Lausanne, to replace the old publications of Holland, and to surpass the French editions by their exceeding cheapness. The moment appeared well chosen. The Holland book trade, so flourishing in the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, had fallen off towards 1730. It was only the shadow of an industry previously illustrated by the Elzévir.

After de Loÿs de Bochat's death the association had as its representative the bookseller Grasset, already mentioned in connection with his quarrels with Voltaire on the subject of the latter's poem, 'La Pucelle.' Grasset, says Gaullieur, had both energy and skill in management; he multiplied in foreign countries the relations of the establishment which he directed, and sold its products in Italy, Spain, Portugal, even in America. In 1755, as the result of a contract made with this society's shareholders (known as Bousquet et Compagnie), Grasset passed nearly two years in Spain, stopping in each large city to place books.<sup>1</sup> Grasset quitted the society in 1761, and opened for himself a printing establishment and bookseller's shop at Lausanne.

In approaching a curious episode in the life of Voltaire in Switzerland, which was associated with Grasset and several other characters in this book, I had at first thought of presenting

<sup>1</sup> Gaullieur, *Etudes sur l'Histoire Littéraire de la Suisse Française*. Genève, 1856. The Grasset-Bousquet contract was signed by Burgomaster Polier de St. Germain, Professor d'Arnay (author of an essay on the private life of the Romans), Sigismond d'Arnay, Marc Michel Bousquet, and Clavel de Brenles for Mme. du Teil.

various matters concerning the philosopher which would serve as a useful preface to what follows. In fact, I had thus arranged my materials, but on closer examination began to feel this might do an injustice to Voltaire, and I risked prejudicing the minds of my readers in this manner. I accordingly determined, first, to give the documents I found in La Grotte, and to begin by quoting an unpublished letter of Mme. de Bochat, at Lausanne, to Mme. de Brenles, at Ussières, dated August 9, 1755, which affords the best informed local account of the event and its consequences. After speaking of not finding the Eulogium upon her husband in its entirety in the 'Journal Helvétique,' she says:

'The poem on "La Pucelle d'Orléans," the announcement of which I have found in a number of the "Mercure Suisse" of 1736 as a work upon which he [Voltaire] was then occupied, has finished by making a great deal of noise at Geneva. Copies of it have been distributed at Lausanne. It is said that Maubert<sup>1</sup> at Geneva at present possesses a complete copy, which is the same that Grasset wished to have printed. This bookseller had on this occasion a very lively scene with M. de Voltaire, who had insisted upon the manuscript in question being shown to him, or at least an extract. Grasset brought him seventeen lines which he had copied with his own hand, and he demanded that they should be returned to him—not that he refused to allow a copy to be made, but wishing to have his handwriting back again. Voltaire broke his word; this was followed by violence on the part of the master of the house and his servants. Grasset escaped, but was prevented by mischance from laying his complaint before the magistrate; Voltaire anticipated him and made his own complaint; the Resident of France intervened and had Grasset put in prison, who was released the next day with satisfactory words. That is the summary of a long narration of the bookseller which I have seen.

'It is since known that, upon the requirement of the poet, the seventeen lines of the extract were burnt by the hand of

<sup>1</sup> J. H. Maubert, *soi-disant* Chevalier de Gouvest, born at Rouen in 1721, was an unfrocked Capucin, who had become an officer of artillery, and was now a literary hack. Voltaire, against whom he had written, imputes to him the falsification in the editions of *La Pucelle* which appeared at Frankfort in 1755-1756. He died at Altona, November 21, 1767.

the executioner. It is said that the piece is of such a character that, if its author were in France, and convicted of being its writer, he would be condemned to the stake. It is very humiliating to him to have placed himself in such a position. It would be impossible to conduct one's self worse than he does; he ought to disavow this piece with constancy, not make any attempt to secure it; and, above all, not say that he formerly worked on this subject. The result of this vile affair is that Voltaire has fallen into the greatest contempt at Geneva, and he is reduced (it is said) to receive worthless people at his table so as not to be alone. What a sad ending to a life which might have been rendered glorious if he had employed his time upon worthy subjects! Those who have seen this piece agree in saying that it contains everything that blasphemy and obscenity can present of the most odious and most revolting nature.

'I salute very cordially M. de Brenles, and am ever,' etc.<sup>1</sup>

This curious letter, which is from the unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes, is supplemented by a graphic account in the handwriting of Grasset himself, which I found in that wonderful repository, La Grotte, and which is the 'long narration' referred to by Mme. de Bochat, doubtless derived from her sister-in-law, Mme. du Teil, one of those interested in the Typographical Society of Lausanne, which Grasset represented.

This unpublished paper is far more complete than that given by Gaullieur,<sup>2</sup> which is said to be from the manuscript memoirs in the hands of Grasset's family.

On the point of starting for Spain, as above, M. Grasset received various friendly and obliging letters from Voltaire, in which the latter expressed an urgent wish to see him on the subject of 'La Pucelle'—sufficiently characterised in the letter I have just presented, which he was under the impression Grasset desired to publish. The latter gives the following lively description of his experiences:

'I arrived [at Geneva] on Sunday evening, and on Monday the Sienr de Voltaire sent me several messages, and finally, on Wednesday, his secretary came and told my wife that a carriage would be sent for me if I wished. She replied that I would

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes.

<sup>2</sup> Gaullieur, *Etudes sur l'Histoire Littéraire de la Suisse Française*, p. 215.



not fail to go the next day, Thursday, with pleasure. In fact, I went about noon, and was received heartily. The first compliments over, I was offered refreshments, and the opening questions were on the subject of "*La Pucelle*." I answered him quite simply that I had never had it in my possession, and I confirmed by word of mouth everything I had written him; that I would never print this book nor favour the printing of it; that I heard it said that it was full of blasphemies, and that therefore I declined having anything to do with it, especially as by following this line of conduct I found a favourable opportunity of obliging so celebrated a man. He replied by saying several pleasant things about me, and made me many offers of service. At length I was taking my leave of him, when he said: "*M. Grasset, you must not render me merely a half service, you can render me a whole one. A demoiselle named de Drail has offered me a copy of this manuscript; she lives in your neighbourhood; I pray you to make inquiries about it.*"<sup>1</sup> I replied very simply that, belonging to a society which paid me, I could not occupy myself with other matters not relating to its interests without failing in my duty to it; and that at that moment I had a letter to answer. He renewed his entreaties, taking upon himself to write to you if I exacted it, to excuse me to you. He persisted in such a manner that I could not leave until I had promised to inform myself of the matter in question, and agreed to return and dine with him the next day. I kept my word. On my return to town I went to this demoiselle, who mentioned a person living in the direction of Rive, who, in fact, had this manuscript, and who came to me in the morning at eight. This person showed me this piece of infamy; I read the fourteenth stanza. Imagine all the most malignant things that the perversity of an Atheist can conceive, all that the most libertine impurity can invent, you will have but a very feeble idea of the reality. I asked the price; 50 louis I was told. I asked for a dozen lines; they were granted—seventeen even. I asked this person also if, in case M. de Voltaire wished to buy this piece, they would be unwilling to sell it. No, was the answer; provided that 50 louis were given it was of no consequence by whom it was purchased; this copy came from a copy which M. de

<sup>1</sup> The underlining throughout is by Grasset.



Voltaire had sold for 100 louis to the Prince Royal of Prussia, and having given it to an unfaithful secretary to draft, the latter had made a copy for himself, and had sold it to the present possessor for 100 ducats. I read again the seventeen lines which had been handed to me—in accordance with the request of M. de Voltaire, who had charged me to do so—in order to establish for a certainty the existence of this piece. The orthography was very bad, and one word had been left out which spoilt the rhythm of a verse. I recopied with my own hand from the original as correctly as I could. I came home and made a second copy which I intended for you, without any other wish than that you might convince yourself of the impiety of this piece.

‘I went to M. de Voltaire, having my sword at my side as on the first occasion. I told him that I had only too well succeeded, that I had seventeen lines in my pocket, but that as they were in my own handwriting I required his word of honour that he would return them to me; he might have copies taken, after which he would throw into the fire the original written by me. He made the promise and gave me his word of honour as I exacted, but I little knew the man with whom I had to deal. He read, and his eyes showed the emotion of his mind. Vexed and beside himself with passion, he asked me several questions; I told him that I was sorry that this perusal caused him so much anxiety. He appeared to calm himself, and invited me most pressingly to dine with him. I replied that I had dined, and even taken coffee; that my stay at Geneva being short my affairs called me there. Renewed entreaties on his part to remain at least until dessert. I promised to do so, and took a few turns in his garden, and in a *salon* where a theatre for playing comedies was being constructed. M. de Voltaire sent for me to come into his apartment, where I found the said Sieur at table with his niece and M. Cathala, a dealer in linen. He placed me at the upper end of the table, drank my health; I responded. He spoke much of this work which was attributed to him.

‘The trio took great trouble to reassure him on the point that the verses were bad, and that, therefore, the public would not allow itself to be deceived. He appeared to accept with

pleasure the flattery ; but his niece having said, "*It is true, my angel, my heart, my dear uncle, that thou workedst formerly upon a work entitled 'La Pucelle'*"—(and mixing the thou and the you)—"*and that you presented it to three lords who were your friends and who are very safe persons.*" The keen features of M. de Voltaire became inflamed, his eyes appeared to start from their sockets, and the poet who has sung the immortal "*Henriade*" pronounced this oracle : "*Be silent ; you do not know what you are saying ; be silent, I tell you !*" He rose from the table saying that I would give him pleasure by coming to dine with him the next day, and especially by bringing to him a few more verses. I promised to come, with the fixed intention that it should be our last interview, and I asked him for the paper I had handed to him. He told me that he could not return it, as he had no one to make a copy of it. M. Cathala offered to do so, but the offer was declined. I then saw that I had only to make a pretence of going, and I said very naïvely that since he had not kept his word of honour to return to me my paper, I did not consider myself bound to serve him any longer, and that I was his very humble servant.

'I turned my back upon him and took the road to town, when M. Cathala ran some way after me along the road, calling, "*M. Grasset, M. Grasset, M. Grasset, come back ! There is a misunderstanding between M. de Voltaire and you ; he is quite willing to return you your paper—he merely thought that you did not wish him to make a copy of it.*"

'I returned with the said gentleman to the apartment of M. de Voltaire, who persisted in keeping the paper. Approaching me he took me by the collar and said, "*Give me back this manuscript ; thou hast it ; it is thou who art the author, it is thou who hast composed it !*"

'I preserved my composure, and mingling indignation with pity I removed without trouble his hand from where he had placed it, at the same time that I put my arm around him to prevent his tottering body from falling. He struck the floor with his foot, and presently a dozen domestic servants hurried in, blocking up the doorway. Seeing them armed with clubs I put aside all reserve, and tearing myself away by force from M. Cathala and Mme. Denis, I unsheathed my sword, and, spring-

ing to one side, secured a way to the door of the *salon* giving on to the garden. I addressed him thus: "*Knave, I spare thy life; I might perhaps do a better action by purging the earth of such a monster as thou art; thou hast little understanding of the liberty of which thou hast just sung.*" But reflecting that my retreat might be cut off I retreated, still holding my sword in my hand.

'While my adversaries were preparing to attack me I kept back the most venturesome, and said to them that as I did not ask for quarter I should grant none, and placed myself against an orange-tree. They retired, and I made good my retreat; there was no need of a waggon to carry off the dead or wounded.

'From thence I went to M. le Président at his country seat, which was quite close; I missed him by a few instants. I related to his wife and daughters the events which had just occurred. I was still labouring under emotion. The ladies received me very kindly, and advised me to go to M. le Président the same evening, and tell him what had happened, and that, besides, I was in no danger, as it was I who had cause of complaint.

'Upon arriving at the Pont de Cornevin I met several merchants who made me turn back, and brought me to their club *aux Pâquis*. In the evening I returned into town with these gentlemen who supped with me at home; and after supper I went to M. le Président, who was supping at M. Tronchin's. I waited until 10 o'clock, but as they were still at table I put off my visit till the morning. I did not know that M. de Voltaire had been bold enough to come immediately to town, and that in company with my dear foster-brother and old companion he went to M. le Président and the four Syndics, and had set out his case in the blackest colours, saying that I had gone to M. de Voltaire and threatened to kill him if he did not buy the manuscript, etc.

'I returned very tranquilly with my wife, while my friends were searching for me on all sides to aid me in escaping. My good star so arranged it that not one met me. The steps of my house were crowded with tipstiffs, and on my appearance one who guarded the street-door asked me if I were not the

Sieur Grasset. I replied in the affirmative; seizing me, he called his comrades, each of whom laid hold of me somewhere or other. I asked to be taken before M. le Président, but in vain; I was taken to the Grand'Garde, the doors were closed, the sentinels are doubled, and I am kept in sight. M. l'Auditeur Grenus having been informed comes and asks me for my papers, my keys. I reiterate my demand to be taken before M. le Président. He declares that, as I have been arrested at the request of the Syndics and of M. le Président, he pities me, and conducts me for the first time in my life to prison. My money is taken from me, as well as my watch, my seal, and generally everything which is taken from the greatest criminals. I am placed in a cell, and am forbidden to speak to any one.

'It was midnight on Friday that I was left alone, abandoned to the most gloomy reflections. I saw no one, I was not heard; finally, on Saturday at 5 o'clock in the evening, I was told that M. le Lieutenant and the Secretary of Justice were below to hear me; I went to them, and here is word for word what they said:

' "Sir, the Magnificent Council was assembled until 3 o'clock on your account, and your papers, having been examined, do you much honour. I am delighted that the Council has charged me with the care of liberating you, which I do with pleasure. Continue to perfect your talents and always tell the truth; there is nothing to oppose your establishing yourself here after you have modestly petitioned to that purpose, and if you conduct yourself in the same manner. All your papers are returned to you, and the secret of their contents is preserved. The copy of the seventeen lines you gave M. de Voltaire yesterday has been retained, and you are blamed for having kept it. Your conduct in this affair has been satisfactory, but for very good reasons you are forbidden to wear your sword during the stay you make here, it being contrary to custom. In order to diminish the cost of your imprisonment the entry in the gaol-book will be erased, you will leave like a soldier, and you will not pay any of the expenses connected with the Auditors. Adieu, Monsieur! you are free, and I am extremely sorry for the annoyance which may have been caused to you."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> No date. Original unpublished document in the author's possession.

It will be noticed that this narration alludes very fully to the presence and action of M. Cathala, which M. Desnoiresterres takes pains to point out is not mentioned in the statement by Gaullieur.<sup>1</sup>

The latter tells us: 'The house of Bousquet obtained declarations which placed its employé honourably out of the question in this obscure affair. . . . Grasset is not the only person that Voltaire has charged in his correspondence with imaginary misdeeds.'

I recognise on the part of Gaullieur a generous desire to present a favourable view of Grasset's conduct, which is the more natural, as it is evident that he was in relations with the latter's family, and examined his papers after his death. It should be added, however, that Gaullieur is considered an impartial critic.

There is another very emphatic unpublished document greatly to Grasset's credit, which should be added to his record, being a letter from M. de Rodon, junior,<sup>2</sup> at Geneva, to M. de Brenles, at Ussières, August 15, 1755, in which he says:

'I have learned from M. Grasset, whom I have known for some time, that you were connected in a manner with the business of the bookselling establishment known under the name of Marc Michel Bousquet and Company at Lausanne, and that, in conjunction with the persons forming this society, you have signed (for a certain person whose power of attorney you possess<sup>3</sup>) an agreement which he had communicated to me as a friend, to the effect that this society had taken him into its service, and had in consequence caused him to undertake the journey to Spain and other places. In order to merit this act of confidence which you have manifested towards him, he ought to neglect nothing dependent upon him to recognise this benefit, and render himself worthy of it by his attachment to the service of this society; but it would be very unfortunate for him if while he is doing his best to that end, others worked during

<sup>1</sup> Desnoiresterres, *Voltaire aux Délices*, p. 114. ♦

<sup>2</sup> M. de Rodon, junior, of the well-known family of French origin, to which belonged the celebrated David Derodon, who acquired such a great reputation as a dialectician that a professor, finding himself one day greatly embarrassed before an adversary whom he did not know, addressed him with these significant words: 'Es diabolus aut Derodon.'

<sup>3</sup> Mme. du Teil.

his absence to sap the foundations of his undertaking by disparaging him in your mind and in that of many other persons.

‘The affair which happened to him here with M. Voltaire, who I know is in correspondence with you, Sir, has given rise to many reports to his disadvantage, which have no other foundations than those put forward by his enemies. Thus it is that truth once obscured with difficulty pierces the cloud with which a crafty imputation has enveloped it.

‘I name here no one; I will content myself simply with telling you, Sir, that having learned that there was a rumour at Lausanne of M. Grasset having been banished from Geneva upon leaving prison, I have thought myself obliged to say, Sir, that the matter is absolutely false, and that Grasset came out of prison as soon as it was possible to throw full light on the cause which had conducted him there. He was therefore discharged as innocent. In consequence, his name has been stricken off the gaol-book and the register of prisoners, and when he left this town for the places of his destination *en route* for Spain, he had a passport of this town delivered in good and due form, signed by a Councillor of State, and sent out from our *chancellerie* bearing its arms and seal. This, Sir, is a document which should suffice to confound those who wish to ruin him by spreading abroad the rumour of his banishment. As to the other insinuations with regard to his service in the house of M. Cramer, a personal interview with you would be necessary to explain to you the facts. It will therefore suffice me for the present to tell you that he is completely covered by the receipt in good form which these gentlemen have given him after the settlement of their accounts with him. I have seen all these documents myself, together with all the correspondence which he has had since leaving these gentlemen. By this means I have also seen the correspondence he has had with the said Voltaire concerning a certain manuscript which has brought this thing upon him. He even said to me on this occasion that he had left with you one of the letters which M. Voltaire had written to him. As it may be of use to him with others which he already has before him from this gentleman and his secretary, if you would have the kindness to send it to him at his wife’s

address, you would oblige me greatly. I venture to persuade myself that however intimate your relations with M. Voltaire may be, the reputation of probity which attaches to you everywhere will not permit that an innocent person should be oppressed, or the means of shielding himself from the injustices to which he is exposed removed from him. I may tell you, Sir, that I know M. Voltaire, and have had occasion to see him several times and give him a number of letters, manuscripts, and other similar things which M. le Duc d'Uzès, premier peer of France, sent to me for him; but I promise myself that at the first opportunity I have of seeing him again I shall tell him that he has been fortunate in having to deal with a peaceable man, and that with any other person he would not have come off so happily.

'Neither science nor credit makes law. This principle well established, it might be extended almost indefinitely; but I have troubled you sufficiently with this matter, which I thought it my duty to place before you in the light of day, believing that you might be prejudiced, as others have been, as to the truth of this affair. I am delighted, moreover, that this opportunity has presented itself, enabling me to assure you of the sentiments of respectful and perfect consideration and the sincere devotion with which I have the honour to be,' etc.<sup>1</sup>

In considering the documents we have just read in connection with the facts, we find that Grasset's statement that he

<sup>1</sup> August 15, 1755. Unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes. M. de Rodon, junior, at the same time recalled himself to M. de Brenles in these words: 'You will be surprised to receive a letter from a person of whom a certain lapse of time and your distance from this town have caused you to lose sight. I am taking the liberty of writing to you in order to renew our acquaintance. Remember, if you please, Sir, that Golden Age which the young despise, and a part of which we passed together in our youth in pleasures and recreation; remember your studies here [Geneva] and the advantage and the honour I had to dispute with you the prize for construing Terence in the second class—the only prize of its kind in that class—which you carried off over me, who was then one of your competitors. The end of our version was '*dum adhuc recens est*,' which I translated by these words, 'While it is quite recent,' omitting the word '*adhuc*,' *still*, and so missing the prize. I will avow here what I have never told you—the advantage you gained over me then roused my anger and jealousy against you, which I could not vanquish. I could not help feeling, in spite of myself, the value of your talents, and I have, perhaps, anticipated as soon as anyone else the great reputation which you have acquired. I have long since pardoned you, Sir, all these little chagrins, which were increased by my vanity and self-esteem (from that time vanquished); and there only remains to-day the impression of your merit and of the superiority of your talents. With these thoughts, permit me, Sir, the liberty of writing to you to testify all my admiration and respect for you.'



had been invited by Voltaire to come to him is borne out by the letter addressed to him by Voltaire's secretary, Colini. It is also certain that Grasset, upon his arrival in Geneva, went to the First Syndic, and, relating to him the circumstances, asked his counsel; and that the magistrate advised him to go, and to endeavour to ascertain whether Voltaire was the author of 'La Pucelle'—for the authorities felt sure of the fact without having any actual proof.

Making allowances for certain exaggerations Grasset's statement of what took place may be accepted. But it is necessary, in controlling his narration, to point out the important fact that he omitted to give the following passage from the discourse of the Lieutenant of Justice to him in prison:

'It has been decided to pass lightly over the examination of your papers, although you must feel that they ought to have been your ruin. I can even tell you that if I were not lieutenant you would perhaps be hanged in less than three weeks, on the plea of a certain Cramer; you understand me very well.'

This allusion means that Grasset had been in the employ of the Brothers Cramer, and had been convicted of theft.<sup>1</sup> In spite of this serious situation he was treated with singular favour, for his name was not mentioned in the deliberations of the Council, and although two copies of the verses were found in his possession, he was released the day after his arrest. Why? Probably on account of the secret mission to obtain avowals from Voltaire with which he had been entrusted by the First Syndic.

The statement concerning Grasset in Beuchot's preface to 'La Pucelle' is founded entirely on the letters of Voltaire to d'Argental, Darget, de Brenles, and Polier de Bottens, and in several essential points is in contradiction with the unpublished documents which I have here given.

Grasset addressed a letter to Haller, which is given in that interesting work, 'La Vie Intime de Voltaire,' by MM. Lucien Perey and Gaston Maugras. It corresponds, as far as it goes, with that found in La Grotte, but does not contain many of the most important passages. The learned authors, in a note, also fall into the error of confounding Mlle. du Thil, former *femme de*

<sup>1</sup> *Registres du Conseil*, p. 443; *Archives de Genève*, 1755.



*chambre* of Mme. du Châtelet, with Mme. du Teil, of Lausanne, sister of Loÿs de Bochat.

Voltaire had other causes of complaint against Grasset at a later moment. I shall present in another chapter the unpublished letter of February 11, 1759, from Voltaire to Professor Rosset de Rochefort at Lausanne, in which he complains that Grasset has falsely attributed to him certain writings. Two days later Voltaire wrote to Haller to place him on his guard against Grasset, and enclosing the following certificate :

‘ We, the undersigned, declare that the person named François Grasset, having robbed us during the space of eighteen years, or thereabouts, while he served us in the capacity of clerk ; the Magnificent Council required from us in 1756 a declaration of what had passed ; that we complied with this order, and gave it to M. l’Auditeur de Normandie, accompanying it with documents which might prove his roguery ; wherefore the Magnificent Council issued against him a warrant of arrest. Geneva, February 11, 1759. Signed, The Brothers Cramer.’

In passing, we may note that the foster-brother named in Grasset’s letter as going with Voltaire to the Syndic was one of the brothers, Gabriel Cramer.

The great Haller replied in a letter declining to intervene in the dispute between Voltaire and Grasset ; and on February 16 Voltaire wrote to Rosset de Rochefort a second unpublished letter, which will also appear later, complaining of Grasset’s conduct.

Professor Rosset de Rochefort afterwards interested himself, and begged Mme. d’Aubonne (who is mentioned in Chapter CXVIII.) to use her good offices with Voltaire on Grasset’s behalf, in which she was successful, and rendered the subjoined unpublished account to the Professor, Geneva, August 10, 1763 :

‘ Sir,—I shall always be delighted to execute the commissions you give me. It was only necessary to interest yourself in the bookseller Grasset to make me neglect nothing on the subject. I had the honour of speaking about him, as you wished, to M. de Voltaire, and I was enchanted with the extremely kind manner with which he listened to my request. He assured me that he would beg M. Freudenreich, his friend, to write to the Reigning Advoyer to ask permission for Grasset

to be allowed the exercise of his trade at Lausanne. Thus, dear sir, I hope that this affair will meet with no difficulties.' <sup>1</sup>

Finally, Grasset wrote from Geneva, February 15, 1764, to Professor de Rochefort, to thank him for his protection. He says that he has decided to establish himself at Geneva if their Excellencies, 'relieved of all prejudice against me,' will permit it. He will occupy himself in publishing translations of good English books, and does not propose to multiply bad books. He signs the letter 'François Grasset, bookseller, chez Messieurs les frères Martin, booksellers, at Geneva.' <sup>2</sup>

Twenty-two years after the difficulty with Voltaire concerning 'La Pucelle,' and eight months before the philosopher's death, Grasset wrote the subjoined letter to him, dated Lausanne, September 19, 1777:

'Sir,—There was a time when you generously had the goodness to favour me with some of your immortal works; unfortunately I have been deprived of it for a good many years. No one knows better than you, Sir, that when comedians perceive that their receipts are diminishing, they immediately announce the performance of one of your pieces. I am very nearly in the same position, and I notice too perceptibly that the orders for books which I used to receive from abroad are diminishing also. Almost all the letters of my correspondents contain these words: *Have you any new things of M. de Voltaire?* I reply, having no better answer, that when one has composed fifty volumes, as you have, Sir, which are destined to enlighten mankind, one reposes for a time on his laurels; but they are not satisfied with this reason.

'You have always acted, Sir, for the general welfare of humanity. I have pressing need, even more than others, to take a slight share in this distribution. I have been assured that you have a new theatrical piece in your portfolio; might I not venture to beseech you to confide the printing of it to me, or of anything that will please you?

<sup>1</sup> MS. Collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, found by the author in La Grotte. Mme. d'Aulbonne or d'Aubonne, née Louise Honorée Françoise de Saussure de Bercher, married subsequently M. de Corcelles.

<sup>2</sup> Unpublished MS. Collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, found by the author in La Grotte.

‘I am, with the most sincere admiration and very distinguished and respectful consideration, Sir, your very humble and very obedient and faithful servant,

‘F. GRASSET,

‘Bookseller and printer at Lausanne.’<sup>1</sup>

Had I not discovered the correspondence between Voltaire, Rosset de Rochefort, and Mme. d'Aubonne, this letter would have made Grasset appear in a still more unfavourable light; for, without any intervening information between his statement in 1755 and this letter of 1777, it would seem incredible that the man who declared Voltaire to be a knave should later declare him to have ‘always acted for the general welfare of humanity.’

Having set before the reader the documentary evidence in the case of Voltaire *versus* Grasset, it is desirable to inquire what was really the character of ‘La Pucelle,’ a poem commenced by Voltaire at least as early as 1726, during his intimacy with Mme. du Châtelet, whose *femme de chambre*, as we have seen, stole a copy. It is said that the idea originated in a discussion at the table of the Marshal de Richelieu, and from that time Voltaire at intervals lavished all the resources of his genius on this filthy undertaking, in which he vilified the greatest heroine of his race. La Harpe has justly said, ‘There is not a really honest man who does not blush in pronouncing the name of this work.’ Some of the admirers of Voltaire have defended that author on the ground that its impious and libertine language was intended, by contrasting the honeyed pleasures of a voluptuous life with one given up to intrigues, ambition, greed, or hypocrisy, to advance the truths of purity and freedom from vice of all kinds. It must be confessed that the argument neither explains nor excuses such a vile performance. Voltaire’s anxiety concerning its publication did not arise from any sense of shame at its language and sentiments, but from fear that it might draw upon him the most severe penalties because powerful personages were therein insulted.

MM. Perey and Maugras, in speaking of the incident previously related, say, ‘His fright was extreme. He saw himself already seized and carried a second time to the Bastille.’ The Councillor Tronchin relates that he was so alarmed as to need

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter in the author’s unpublished collections.

his soothing aid. 'After I had represented to him the absurdity of his fear that France would commit the imprudence to seize an old man on foreign territory in order to imprison him in the Bastille, I was compelled to express my astonishment that a head organised like this should be deranged to such a point as I saw it. Covering his eyes with his closed hands and bursting into tears, 'Yes, indeed, my friend, I am mad!' was his only reply.'

In order to avoid the consequences of his attacks upon various influential personages in 'La Pucelle,' Voltaire sent Colini to Paris with orders to employ night and day a great number of copyists in preparing manuscripts of the poem to be scattered broadcast among the public. These manuscripts differed from each other, and were all charged by Voltaire with infamies and detestable verses, the latter being so arranged as to permit him to disown the entire work with indignation.

No matter what additions may have been made to the lines shown to Voltaire by Grasset, the poem itself, as eventually published with Voltaire's authorisation, is worthy of the condemnation which Mme. de Bochat was told it deserved.

I have accorded a full measure of praise to the good side of Voltaire's character, but it would be unfair not to mention his various subterfuges, his irreligious works appearing under the names of fictitious persons or of men no longer living, and disowning them even upon oath when attributed to him, although he had no hesitation in confessing that he had always in view the entire destruction of the Christian religion.

Dr. Tronchin, writing to Rousseau, who was then on terms of friendship with Voltaire, has left on record perhaps the most truthful criticism of the poet:

'I have received, my respectable friend, your letters with the eagerness which precedes and which follows all that comes from you, and with the pleasure which accompanies everything that is good. I wish I could reply to you in the same manner concerning our friend [Voltaire]; but what can we expect from a man who is only always in contradiction with himself, and whose heart has always been the dupe of his mind? His moral state has been from his earliest infancy so scarcely natural and so deformed, that his actual being is entirely artificial and resembles nothing. Of all

<sup>1</sup> Gaullieur, *Etrennes Nationales*, 1855.

contemporary men, the one he knows the least about is himself. All the relations between him and other men, and between other men and him, are peculiar to him. He has wished for greater happiness than he could pretend to. The excess of his pretensions has indeed insensibly conducted him to that injustice which the laws do not condemn, but which reason disapproves. He has not carried away his neighbour's wheat, he has not taken his ox or his cow, but he has plundered in other ways, in order to give himself a reputation and superiority which the wise man despises, because they are always too dear. Perhaps he has not been sufficiently delicate in the choice of means. The praises and the cajoleries of his admirers have completed what his immoderate pretensions had begun, and thinking that he is the master, he has become the slave of his admirers. His happiness depends on them. This false foundation has left immense empty spaces. He has become accustomed to praise; and to what does not one become accustomed? If habit has made it lose its imaginary worth, it is because of vanity in estimation of himself. It counts for nothing that which it has appropriated, and for too much that which has been refused to it; from which it follows finally, that the insults of La Beaumelle give more pain than the acclamations of the crowd have ever given pleasure. What is the result? The fear of death (for one trembles before it) does not prevent complaints as to life, and not knowing to whom to complain, one complains of Providence when one should be only discontented with one's self.<sup>1</sup>

This striking analysis embodies in a great measure the final judgment of M. Desnoiresterres, who was perhaps the most intimate friend that Voltaire has had in this century, and through whose hands have passed the greatest amount of original material. He told me that he considered it an impartial portrait, though perhaps slightly exaggerated, and this idea he has repeated in his printed work.<sup>2</sup>

Laurent Angliviel de la Beaumelle—whose attacks Tronchin

<sup>1</sup> November 1, 1756.—*Jean-Jacques Rousseau, ses Amis et ses Ennemis*, par M. G. Streckaisen-Moulton, i. p. 322. Paris, 1865.

<sup>2</sup> 'Si ce portrait manque de bienveillance, il est impartial, un peu grossi comme ce que l'on regarde à la loupe.'—Desnoiresterres, *Voltaire aux Délices*, p. 83.

considered Voltaire felt more acutely than all the praises he received—was born at Valleraugue, France, in 1726, and died at Paris in 1773.<sup>1</sup> The anonymous letters which Voltaire received at this time were sincerely believed by him to be from La Beaumelle, although his enemies accused him of fabricating them himself.

This is Voltaire's reply of June 25, 1767, to the petitions of Madame de la Beaumelle, *née* Lavaysse :

‘The lady who writes to me is the daughter of a man whom I esteem, and the wife of a man who has insulted me. I do not know whether her husband has been sent to the Bastille or to Bicêtre, but I know that he deserves a more terrible punishment for having insulted Louis XIV., the Duke Regent d'Orléans, and all the Ministers.

‘These are not literary follies, but crimes. They are, it is true, the crimes of a madman, but they are none the less punishable. The anonymous letter which I received is in the office of the Ministers, and I have kept an exact copy. Everything I have written on this subject is true, is proved, and will be upheld by me.

<sup>1</sup> He belonged to a Protestant family, but was educated in the Catholic School of Charity at Alais. Repairing to Geneva in 1745 he returned to the Calvinistic faith, and held for a year (1749–1750) the chair of French literature at Copenhagen, from whence he proceeded to Berlin and endeavoured to become intimate with Voltaire—whom, however, he had already attacked in a book entitled *Mes Pensées*. Being repulsed by the philosopher, at the instigation of Maupertuis, he commenced against Voltaire a war which knew no truce. He published at Paris, 1752, his *Notes upon the Siècle de Louis XIV.*, in which he not only criticised the author, but imprudently attacked the Duc d'Orléans and the Royal Family, as well as the ministers and the most respectable men of the kingdom. Voltaire replied, exposing his griefs and the obligations of the other to him, and stating by whom La Beaumelle had been excited against him. Shut up for nearly a year in the Bastille, La Beaumelle won his release by an Ode upon the confinement of the Dauphine, but was nevertheless exiled fifty leagues from Paris. He immediately recommenced his virulent criticisms of Voltaire, and also printed a *Memoir to be used in a History of Madame de Maintenon*, in which he treated that celebrated woman with indignity, and also the person of the Grand Monarch. Having been accused of stealing from Racine's house certain letters of this lady upon which he had founded this work, he was again thrown into the Bastille, and at the end of the year exiled from Paris. He now engaged actively in the defence of Calas, contributing to the release of that unfortunate man's daughters, and finally marrying the sister of Lavaysse, one of the accused in this case. Strange to say, his successful intervention in this suit did not bring about a reconciliation with Voltaire, who had so courageously and vigorously defended these victims. In 1770 La Beaumelle was allowed to return to Paris, received the post of librarian to the King, and obtained a pension. He died a few months later in the house of his friend, La Condamine.

‘When one is guilty of such atrocities, there is only one thing to do—repent. Insolence is a bad resource for a man laden with opprobrium. The passions of unbridled youth are dearly paid for long afterwards. If the daughter of a worthy man who has had the misfortune to marry so guilty a man wishes to spare him the horrors attached to such evil conduct, she ought to begin by making him blush with shame, and finish by making him an honest man. It is only at this price that I can forget infamous actions.’<sup>1</sup>

La Beaumelle, who was at Mazères, in Foix, wrote July 13 to the Lieutenant-General of Police, M. de Sartines, that Voltaire had written to Mme. de la Beaumelle and her father letters, each word of which was a disgrace.

## CHAPTER CXV

THE ready pen of Mme. de Loÿs de Bochat had many other things to do in her letter to M. de Brenles<sup>2</sup> of June 24, 1755 (see Chapter XIV.), besides criticising Voltaire’s ‘Epître.’ She had sent to the poet on the 15th a copy of de Brenles’ eulogy on her husband. It had not arrived on the 18th, but she is convinced it is now in the hands of Voltaire, who is said to be at Monrion. ‘I have been obliged,’ she continues, ‘to close my cellars, there being no buyers, although I am in great want of money. I should be much obliged to have your advice, Sir, on the following. What I have in England in the public funds was placed there in the names of my late husband and my own, because the laws of the kingdom do not permit a married woman to have any money placed under her name alone. As there has been a good deal of expense incurred in transferring the same to my name, I wish to know if it is the estate or myself alone who must support it. I have not yet spoken of

<sup>1</sup> Original letter in the author’s unpublished collections.

<sup>2</sup> Then at his château of Ussières, three leagues from Lausanne, on the Berne road, near Moudon.



this to Mme. du Teil, who I feel sure would not wish to decide this any more than I do. With your natural equity, do me the favour to tell me what to do.<sup>1</sup> . . .

‘Do not abandon yourself so entirely with Mme. de Brenles to the pleasures of your sweet retreat that you will forget the friends you have here, in the number of whom I pray both of you to count me as among the most attached. In your absence I bear all the weight of the communications of M. de Watteville. He overwhelms me with his translations two or three times a week. You will see, Sir, by the date of my letter, that it was written four days ago, because I counted upon the arrival of the messenger that you announced to me some time since.

‘I have received a letter from M. Vernet. This is what he says about the Eulogy in speaking of the “illustrious” deceased: “It appears to me worthy of him and admirably well turned. I do not know from whose pen it comes, but assuredly it is impossible to desire anything better, and I am very happy to welcome this piece, for it is more prominent and will be more widely known than an epitaph; it accords every possible honour to the deceased while only speaking the truth.” I saw the Professor and his wife last evening on their way to the baths of Valais. He confirmed all that he had said in his letter, and went still further, adding that he had never seen a piece of this kind which had given him so much pleasure. You may be sure, Sir, that I rendered justice to the author by naming him.’<sup>2</sup>

The appearance of Voltaire and Vernet side by side in this letter strikes one as very odd, when we remember that it was Vernet (Professor Jacob Vernet, 1698–1789) who, courageously defending religion against the attacks of Voltaire, was falsely accused by him of having edited the impious pamphlet entitled ‘Dialogues Chrétiens.’ I cannot, however, go as far as M. de Montet in saying that he did not solicit the editorship of Voltaire’s ‘Histoire Universelle,’ and for the following reasons.

Vernet, who is mentioned several times in George Deyverdun’s Journal, was a friend and correspondent of Professor Rosset de Rochefort. In a letter dated Geneva, April 2, 1754, he condoles with the latter on the loss of his worthy father, an

<sup>1</sup> These funds later became the property of George Deyverdun.

<sup>2</sup> Unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes.



excellent pastor. At this time Vernet was on good terms with Voltaire, and in this epistle he says :

‘ We have nothing new here in a literary way except a quarto edition in Italian of the “ *Historia Civile del Regno di Napoli*,” by Giannone, wherein I have placed a sufficiently curious account of the life and works of the author ; the Essay of M. de Voltaire on the “ *Histoire Universelle*,” in which I have corrected (with his approbation) various faults of the edition of Holland, until the author himself corrects and augments this work, and for which I also wrote the preface. They are about to publish in octavo “ *Principes du Droit Naturel*,” by M. Duslinche, translated into Latin by one of our regents, a man of wit and a good Latinist ; I have added some pages concerning the life of the author. My “ *Instruction Chrétienne*,” which is being printed at La Neuveville, would have already appeared, had it not been for the delay of the printer.’ <sup>1</sup>

In an unpublished letter, as late as February 11, 1759, which I shall have occasion to cite later, to Professor de Rosset de Rochefort, Voltaire says, ‘ The supposed quarrel with M. Vernet, professor of theology, is another insult to this professor, with whom I have never quarrelled, and whom I esteem and love.’ <sup>2</sup>

M. Vernet fills an important place in the writings and correspondence of Voltaire, but after their disagreement he became the subject of Voltaire’s ‘ *La Lettre Curieuse*,’ written in 1756, and of his ‘ *Eloge de l’Hypocrisie*,’ of the same year, where the distinguished man is thus addressed :

‘ Mais toi, pauvre homme, excrément de collège,  
Dis-moi quel bien, quel rang, quel privilège  
Il te revient de ton maintien cagot.’

Mme. de Loÿs de Bochat (July 5, 1755) asks Mme. de Brenles if Dr. Tissot had made known to M. de Brenles his marriage. ‘ Perhaps the absorption of his time caused by an epidemic which reigns at Lausanne may have prevented him. This malady manifests itself by a stiff neck, violent pains in the head, fever, and with some, delirium. A son of M. [Polier] de

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

St. Germain is actually at the point of death.'<sup>1</sup> She also writes from Lausanne, August 9, 1755, to Mme. de Brenles at Ussières :

'I have been compelled by unfortunate circumstances to put off so long answering your letter. Two days before its reception, Mlle. de Vufflens was in a very dangerous condition; after suffering three weeks from the malady, which appears to be that which is prevalent and by which so many young persons and servants have been attacked, unfavourable symptoms presented themselves, and we feared to lose her.'

Mme. Mageran, *née* de Buren, writing from Berne (July 10), informs Mme. de Bochat that she has received through M. le Bailli de Buren the Eulogy of M. de Bochat, whose death she sincerely mourns. Mme. J. Mallet writes from Geneva (July 13) to Mme. de Loÿs at Vidy, and asks, like Mme. de Loÿs de Bochat, with interest and curiosity, if Dr. Tissot's marriage is a success.

Dr. Tissot (1728-1797) here alluded to, 'the celebrated physician of Lausanne,' as Voltaire calls him, whose learning and diagnoses eventually drew to Lausanne a multitude of eminent persons from all countries, must be accorded special attention in any historic study of Vaud. He sprang from an ancient Italian family which removed to Vaud in 1400, in the person of Etienne Tissot, from whom the Doctor was eleventh in descent. Born at Grancy (Vaud), he studied at Geneva and Montpellier, and came to Lausanne in 1749 with the degree of doctor of medicine. In the year 1755 he published a treatise entitled 'Inoculation Justified,' which at once brought him into public notice and laid the foundations of his great reputation. This work (afterwards cited by Mirabeau, who attributed it to La Condamine, in a letter persuading a friend to have his daughter vaccinated) originated a friendship between Tissot and the famous physician and philosopher, Jean Georges Zimmermann of Zurich (1728-1795). The latter, having studied at Göttingen under Haller, practised medicine for a time at Berne, then at Brugg, and published in 1756 his work 'On Solitude,' which had a prodigious success in Germany, England, and France. He was the author of other works, and through the friendship

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes.

THE FAMOUS D<sup>r</sup> TISSOT  
(GIBSON'S PHYSICIAN) AND A WAUDOIS PEASANT

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of Tissot (who had declined the post) was in 1768 appointed physician to George III. of England, at his electoral court of Hanover. He experienced every kind of domestic sorrow, and intellectual labours were his only resource. It is worth remembering in connection with Tissot's kindly offices, which greatly lessened the hypochondria of Zimmermann, that the former gained his doctorate by a thesis, 'De Mania, de Melancholia et Phrenitudo.' Tissot also wrote a life of Zimmermann.

Zimmermann attended Frederick during his last illness at Berlin, and published 'Select Views of the Life, Reign and Character of Frederick the Great.' The French Revolution deeply affected him, and he addressed to the Emperor Leopold II. a memoir recommending a league of all the absolute monarchies against the revolutionists.

I found in La Grotte a letter in Latin, dated Zurich, February 20, 1754, from Zimmermann to Professor Rosset de Rochefort. Speaking of his desire to have one of his works translated, namely, 'A Dissertation on the Causes of Incredulity,' he says that M. Ruchat, the historian, had promised to translate his 'Meditations on the Holy Communion.' He also mentions a translation of six of his 'Dissertations on Theological Simplicity,' by the son of M. Rocques, pastor of Basle. He says that the publication of the 'Musée Zuricois' had been retarded after the twenty-eighth number, and the second part of his own works had also been stopped, because it had been difficult to find purchasers.<sup>1</sup>

Next to this was a bundle of unpublished letters from M. Pictet (1699-1788), pastor of Geneva;<sup>2</sup> from M. François de Roches (1701-1769), professor of theology there (surnamed the Demosthenes of that city on account of his eloquence, and who had combated Mlle. Marie Huber's book, 'La Religion Essentielle à l'Homme'), and from many others of distinction.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> The following is an entry on the public registers of Geneva: 'The Council and the Venerable Company have good cause to regret the loss of respectable Jean François Pictet, one of our most worthy pastors, who served the Church during fifty-two years with zeal and with the most happy results.'

<sup>3</sup> Marie Huber was the daughter of Jean Jacques Huber and Anne Catherine Calandrini, and was born at Geneva 1695, dying at Lyons 1753. Brought up at Lyons, where the Protestants were distinguished for their honourableness and culture, she became an eminent religious writer at the mature age of

To return to Tissot. He married, as we have seen, in this year (1755) a daughter of Professor d'Apples de Charrière, who, having been deceived in her affections by her first husband, obtained a divorce. She was endowed with great sensibility of mind, and possessed a happy character and an agreeable temper. Her misfortunes not less than her personal qualities touched the heart of Dr. Tissot, and determined him in his choice, in which considerations of fortune had no part, for she only brought him a dowry of four thousand livres, and a trousseau valued at not more than three hundred.

Tissot was an omnivorous reader. In his father-in-law's house the doctor found a large collection of books; de Loÿs de Bochat placed at his disposition the treasures of his library. D'Arnay, Clavel de Brenles, and Alexandre César Chavannes were his closest friends.

When Voltaire arrived at Lausanne, Tissot, as we have seen, was in daily attendance, as Tronchin was at Geneva. M. Charles Eynard, in his 'Life of Tissot,' says: 'Although admiring the genius of Voltaire, Tissot was shocked by his littlenesses and the injustice of his temper. The *naïveté* with which this apostle of liberty asked for rigorous measures against his adversaries, from whom he demanded to be continually protected, and above all the tenacity he displayed in overwhelming the bookseller Grasset, whose sole crime was in having made money out of his sophisms and his blasphemies, finished the enlightenment of M. Tissot as to Voltaire's tolerance and philosophy.'

Tissot first came into notice at the time when he was associated with his future father-in-law, Dr. d'Apples, as physician to the poor of the town. It was while working among these

thirty-six, attracting the attention of Voltaire by her polemical works. She was endowed with a beauty not often allied to theological pursuits, and her piety and good works won the esteem even of the Catholic clergy. As I have already remarked in vol. i. pp. 363-4, Mademoiselle Marie Huber's idea was to simplify Christianity by freeing it from the dogmas and mysteries incomprehensible to the human intellect, reducing it to a small number of cardinal truths. She was essentially an enemy of Calvinist rigour. Seeking to reconcile infidels with religion, her theories tend rather towards Deism. She denies in one of her publications the dogma of eternal punishment, replacing it by purgatory. She also translated the most agreeable and useful parts of the *Spectator* into French. (Colonel Huber-Saladin's unpublished MS. on the Huber family.)

classes that he became acquainted with their miserable condition and the little ability displayed in matters of public health.

'The genius and experience of M. Tissot,' of which Gibbon speaks with admiration, soon found vent in his 'Advice to the Public Concerning Their Health,' published in 1761, a manual of popular medicine which obtained an immense vogue and placed him in the rank of universal celebrities. There were numberless editions of this work, in French, German, Dutch, Flemish, English, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Hungarian, Spanish, Russian, Polish, Portuguese, and Greek.

Tissot added to his fame by his work on 'Inoculation,' a copy of which he offered to Voltaire, who replied, 'This work is a service rendered to the human race;' and then, enlarging upon his own wretched state of health, signed himself 'The Invalid Voltaire.' Tissot, ignorant that Voltaire had made this epithet an ordinary accompaniment of his name, thought that he was in danger, and besieged his colleague Tronchin of Geneva with questions as to this malady. Tronchin, with his usual brusque, good sense replied: 'As to M. de Voltaire, an always irritated bile, and nerves ever in a state of irritation, have been, are, and will be the eternal cause of his sufferings.'

In this connection Charles Eynard, Tissot's biographer, mentions a curious fact. In 1756 the Duke of Orleans wished to have his children inoculated. When he consulted Louis XV. the King curtly replied, 'You are the master of your own children.' And this paralysed the hands of all the Parisian inoculators. The Duke's choice then fell upon the Genevan Tronchin, who received for the operation ten thousand *écus*, without counting gold boxes and jewels. He was, in fact, for some weeks the man most in fashion in France. The women wore only *bonnets à l'inoculation*, and their morning gowns were called *tronchines*, because this *Æsculapius* had recommended matutinal exercise.

But Tissot's renown soon outstripped even these remarkable demonstrations. He was rewarded in his own country by the highest honours in its gifts, the *bourgeoisie* of Lausanne, admission to the Economical Society of Berne, and a gold medal

conferred upon him by the Board of Health. Patients flocked from all sides to consult him. The King of Poland offered him the first medical post in his kingdom, but he preferred to remain at Lausanne, where Their Excellencies of Berne created in his favour a chair of medicine.

In 1768 the Duke de Choiseul had intended to place him at the head of a great hospital which he desired to see founded at Paris, but the minister's fall prevented this. Tissot was consulted at the same time by the Senate of Venice upon the advantages and the dangers of inoculation, as well as upon the means of introducing it into the Venetian States. In consequence of his counsels the Republic in 1775 offered him a professorship at the University of Padua.

Having been the companion and adviser of the Emperor Joseph II. during his sojourn at Lausanne in 1777, he received through him four years later the Chair of Medicine at Pavia, where he created such enthusiasm among his students that upon his departure they erected a monument in his honour. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, member of the Royal Society of Medicine of Paris, of the Medical Physical Academy of Basle, and of many other learned bodies.

The two unpublished letters of Tissot subjoined were addressed to the Abbé André Morellet (1727–1819), who succeeded to the chair of the Abbé Millot in the French Academy in 1785. Morellet possessed an admirable acquaintance with languages, and a talent for analysis and derivation of words. He was accordingly soon placed at the head of the editors of the Academy's great dictionary. In 1764 he had translated Gatti's '*Réflexions sur les Préjugés qui s'opposent au Progrès de l'Inoculation en France*,' which originated his acquaintance with Tissot, who wrote to him from Lausanne, October 5, 1784 :

'Your politeness, Sir, and the kindness with which you have offered me your good offices, are the cause of my addressing myself to you with the most entire confidence, to ask you the favour to read attentively the subjoined memoir, of which I also send a copy to M. de Neville, directeur général de la librairie; and then to ask you what I should do. I would with difficulty decide upon a law-suit, but I do not wish to lose the



considerable sums advanced to M. D——, whose proceeding has not only absolutely prevented the publication of the volume printed, but is the cause also of my not yet publishing, and perhaps never publishing, the succeeding volumes, which are those treating of special maladies, and to which the first four serve as an introduction.<sup>1</sup>

‘I suppose M. de Beaumont is at his country-seat. If he is at Paris, might I venture to ask you to be kind enough, in offering my homage, to communicate to him from me this memoir?’

‘You have made me hope that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, and of having you in this country for some time. I much desire that nothing will cause you to forget this plan, and that it will not meet with any obstacles from your occupations; for it would be one of the most genuine pleasures that I can have.’

‘I have the honour to be, with infinitely distinguished consideration, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘TISSOT, M.D.’<sup>2</sup>

Tissot writes again to the Abbé Morellet from Lausanne, March 8, 1785:

‘I was very sorry, Sir, to hear by the letter which you have done me the honour to write to me under date of November 30, that mine had arrived at a moment when, having just returned from a long journey, you must have been overwhelmed with business; and I present you my excuses for this importunity. I at first intended to wait several months before fatiguing you again with this wretched affair, but during that time I occupied myself with very great pleasure on the last choice of the French Academy. It has placed you in the post to which the voice of the public called you; and who ought to have more right to enter this illustrious body than the man who for so many years has developed for the defence of the innocent everything that language can have of energy, eloquence, and grace? If the guardianship of our language ought to be confided to one order of citizens alone, it should doubtless be to that of the

<sup>1</sup> *Traité des nerfs et de leurs maladies.* Lausanne, 1782.

<sup>2</sup> Original autograph letter in the author's unpublished collections.

advocates. Your first work in your new state would undoubtedly be your reception discourse; grant me beforehand the pleasure of reading it.

‘I return you a thousand thanks for the warmth with which you express your desire to be useful to me in my affair with M. D——. I earnestly beg you to have the kindness to speak about it to M. de Villedenil. Discretion prevents me from having the honour of writing to him in person. All that you tell me and that I have heard about his honesty, his erudition, and his politeness, assures me that he will be willing to render me the promptest justice, or at least to undertake with you the means of procuring it for me. I send you a new copy of the memoir, and have the honour to reiterate to you the assurances of the infinitely distinguished consideration with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant.’

Tissot had the habit of methodically arranging what he considered to be his important letters, and of tossing the others into waste baskets, the contents of which were deposited in the attics of his country house at Monrion, where years afterwards they were examined, and among them was found one of the earliest known letters of Napoleon I., upon the exterior of which the great physician had written, *Lettre non répondue, peu intéressante*. Such an unknown quantity was Napoleon at that time!

Here is a translation of his letter, which unfortunately can give no idea of the orthography, which one feels must have then been Corsican :

‘Ajaccio (Corsica), April 1, 1787.

‘Sir,—You have passed your days in instructing humanity, and your reputation has reached as far as the mountains of Corsica, where a doctor is seldom heard of. It is true that the brief but glorious eulogy which you have made on their beloved general is quite sufficient to arouse among them a sentiment of gratitude, and I am charmed to find myself in a position to give utterance to it in the name of our compatriots.

‘Without having the honour to be known to you, and having no other letter of introduction than the esteem which I have conceived for your works, I venture to ask the favour of

your advice about one of my uncles who suffers from gout. It will be an unfortunate beginning for my consultation when you know that the invalid in question is seventy years of age ; but, Sir, remember that one may live to a hundred or more, and my uncle by his constitution ought to be one among the small number of these privileged persons. He is of medium height, has not passed his life in riotous living either with women or at the table, his habits are not too sedentary nor the contrary, he has never been agitated by any of those violent passions which derange the animal economy, and has hardly ever been ill during all his life. I will not say, like Fontenelle, that he had the two great qualities necessary to live long—a good body and a bad heart ; but I think that, having had a leaning towards egotism, he found himself pleasantly situated, and has had no occasion to develop all its force. A gouty old Genoese foretold, when he was still young, that he would be afflicted with this ailment, a prophecy which he founded on the fact that my uncle has extremely small hands and feet and a large head. I believe that you will consider the accomplishment of this prophecy as only the effect of chance.

‘ His gout, in fact, came upon him at the age of thirty-two years. The feet and the hands were always the seat of the evil ; sometimes a period of fourteen years elapsed before the pain returned ; ten years ago the duration of the attack was two months, and on one occasion it lasted nine months. It will be two years ago next June that the gout affected his feet ; since that time he has always kept to his bed ; from the feet the gout communicated itself to the knees ; the knees have become considerably swollen, and since then all use of the knee has been forbidden. Sharp pains in the knees and feet were the result ; the head felt the effects also, and he passed the first two months of his stay in bed in continual crises of pain ; by degrees, and without the application of any remedy, the swelling of the knees diminished, the feet were cured, and the invalid had no other infirmity than an inflexibility of the knees occasioned by the settling of the gout in the hams—that is to say, in the sinews and arterie of motion. If he tries to move the knees, acute pains oblige him to cease all movement. He sleeps without any kind of movement, his bed is never

made up, the mattresses are unsewn, and the wool and the feathers are shaken. He eats well, digests well, talks, reads, sleeps, and his days glide by, but without movement, without the power to enjoy the charms of the sun; he implores the help of your science, if not to cure him, at least to fix in some other part this troublesome complaint.

‘Humanity, Sir, makes me hope that you will deign to reply to a consultation so badly explained. For the last month I myself have been tormented with a tertian fever, and I doubt if you can read this scrawl. I finish, Sir, in expressing to you the profound esteem which the perusal of your works has inspired in me, and the sincere gratitude which I hope to owe you.

‘I am, Sir, with the most profound respect, your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘BUONAPARTE,

‘Artillery Officer in the Regiment of La Fère.

‘A Monsieur Tissot, Docteur en médecin, de la Société Royale de Londres, de l’Académie Médico-physique de Basse, de la Société Economique de Berne, à Lausanne, en Suisse.’

The seal on this letter is extremely well preserved, and bears the arms of the family of Buonaparte surmounted by the coronet of a count. Napoleon’s letter demanded counsel concerning the case of his grand-uncle, the Archdeacon of Ajaccio, a man beloved and consulted by all the inhabitants of his canton. The allusion to Paoli is taken from Dr. Tissot’s treatise on the health of men of letters, and it would seem natural that such a compliment should have secured some attention from the great physician.

## CHAPTER CXVI

VOLTAIRE wrote to M. de Brenles (October 24, 1755) deploring the death of the banker Giez at Monrion, and in consequence of his grief he is incapable of replying to the flattering verses of Mme. de Brenles.

To M. Bertrand (November 30) he gives the news which first arrived concerning the great earthquake at Lisbon (November 1), and repeats the information in a letter to M. Palissot (December 1) :

‘The disaster of Lisbon and Portugal is only too well known at Geneva. Several families of merchants are interested therein. Not a house actually remains in Lisbon; all is engulfed or in flames. Twenty towns have perished; Cadiz for some moments was submerged by the sea. The little town of Conil, a few leagues from Cadiz, was destroyed from one end to the other. It is the *Last Judgment* for that country; only the *Trumpet* was wanting.’

December 2, he tells M. Polier de Bottens that Mme. Denis has returned enchanted with him, and penetrated with the kindness of his heart. ‘She speaks only of you and of our dear friend, M. de Brenles. There is neither an illness nor a prescription of Dr. Tronchin which holds good, and I must go to Monrion to place myself in the hands of Dr. Tissot, even if I am to be dissected like my poor friend Giez. I consider that I am writing to M. de Brenles when I write to you. . . . Would you believe that they think at Geneva there must have been an earthquake in France as well as in Portugal, because the post has failed to arrive to-day? God preserve us; the Alps are a good protection against the shocks. They are in every sense the asylum of repose. The Protestants saved at Lisbon, and the Inquisition engulfed, are not the effect of the prayers of St. Dominique.’

Ten years later, Philippe Deyverdun, a younger brother of George, writing from Lisbon to his aunt, Mme. de Bochat, remarks upon the sad change still visible in that once beautiful city, owing to the great earthquake in 1755.

Strange rumours had reached Switzerland of the destruction of Philadelphia, and Voltaire writes to the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, February 10 : ' We are told that the English are in a bad way in America, and the French on the sea. The savages allied to France have laid waste with fire and sword Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania—at least, this is what an Iroquois Jesuit writes to a Lorrain Jesuit. The English revenge themselves by seizing all the French vessels they meet with.'

Two days later he announces to M. Pictet, Professor of Law at Geneva : ' I begin to doubt the destruction of Philadelphia. Although I have this news from King Stanislas, I do not doubt that the Minister of France will send, as you say, help to America in detached vessels.'

These contradictory statements bring before one the atmosphere of the time and the uncertainties of each succeeding moment. There were wars and rumours of wars in the Old World and in the New.

Voltaire had previously written from Monrion (February 6, 1756) to M. de Labat, Baron de Grandcourt, at Geneva : ' You are a very amiable man to deign to enter into the little annoyances of others. Since you are so benevolent, my dear Baron, do everything for the best ; pay all the marshals. I wish you would give advice to those of France. I think they will be slightly embarrassed on the sea-coasts, and will have trouble to render justice on the high seas. God is usually with great fleets, as He is with great battalions. The India Company may find itself in difficulties on account of all this quarrel. I have long been wishing to make a journey to Geneva, and to pay a visit to M. de Prangins (M. Louis Guiger), but I do not know whether he is at Geneva or in his château. Preserve your friendship for me. Mme. Denis and I present our very humble obediences to all your family. Do not forget me, I pray you, with your neighbouring Æsculapius.' <sup>1</sup>

From Les Délices on Easter Sunday, 1756, to M. Lambert :

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter in the author's unpublished collections. M. de Labat is mentioned in Voltaire's letter to M. Vernes, from Monrion, January 29, 1756, and in the *Guerre Civile de Genève*. He was a French refugee, who, by dint of honest industry, had amassed a fortune of two millions of francs. He died in 1776.

‘ In re-reading your last letter, I saw that you asked me to send you the new edition of my “ *Petit-Carême*,”<sup>1</sup> by the post, and that you wished to republish it immediately for the use of devout souls. I obey therefore your good intention, my old friend. If it is not desirable to make use of the preface of the Geneva editors, it would be necessary to have one that is conceived in the same taste, and which will show how much these two poems have been shortened and disfigured. It is assuredly very unfortunate that they were printed without my latest wishes being known, but so it is. I also am making war on the English after my own fashion. I hope M. le Maréchal de Richelieu will prove to them in his own fashion that there is evil for them in this world. I salute you.—V.’<sup>2</sup>

Voltaire to M. de Brenles, June 9: ‘ I interest myself more in you, my dear friend, and in the increase of your family, than in all the news of the Iroquois and of Port Mahon. I pray you to give me the latest information about yourself; is it a girl or a boy? How is Mme. de Brenles? . . . If by your kind offices or by those of M. Polier de Bottens I could have an intelligent domestic who even knew how to use a pen, I should be infinitely obliged to you.’

He mentions to M. Polier de Bottens, June 15, that he has heard of the death of Colonel Constant. This Colonel Constant was Philippe Germain, second son of Lieutenant-General Samuel de Constant de Rebecque (by his wife Rose de Saussure), and uncle of the famous Benjamin Constant.

In answer to Voltaire’s of June 9, M. de Brenles writes: ‘ I hasten to acquaint you with my joy, my dear philosopher. Mme. de Brenles presented me yesterday with a son. Up to the present everything goes on well for the mother and the child; but the first began so well and ended so sadly. Such is the fate of our poor human race; our greatest pleasures are always mingled with some trouble. I ask your philosophical blessing for this child; he could not make his entry into the world under more favourable auspices. I have found for you a servant, whom I recommend; he comes from Lutry, one league

<sup>1</sup> *Petit-Carême*, ou *Sermons* was the name Voltaire gave his two poems, *Loi Naturelle* and *Le Désastre de Lisbonne*.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter in the author’s unpublished collections.

from Lausanne, and belongs to very honest people. He understands the service very well; his last master, who is dead, was a wealthy financier of Paris, with whom he remained five years. He has excellent certificates from the different masters he has served. He would not fix the amount of the wages he expects; he proposes a trial of a few months, after which, if he pleases you, you can come to terms with him. Writing is not his strong point, but he is very ambitious, and flatters himself that at the end of a few months he will satisfy you on this point as on the others. All the information I have received is favourable to his trustworthiness, his mildness, and his discretion. He is thirty years of age. If you have any news about Mahon, I should be obliged if you would let me know. It is inconceivable how many fables have been written at Geneva. . . . Is it true that Colini has left you? I am sorry for it. It seems to me that this young man had merit, and that he suited you.'<sup>1</sup>

Voltaire again to M. de Brenles, June 27: 'The best of worlds possible, my dear friend, is very sad for those who lose their children, and for those who see their sickly substance fade away. I belong to this latter category, and although suffering I sympathise tenderly with you in your losses. I do not know if Mme. de Brenles is as good a nurse as she is an honest woman, or if she has enough milk to nourish a Swiss. I advise her to try a robust peasant woman for her next infant. I have had at my *Petites Délices* your friend M. Polier de Bottens, but he only slept here one night. I hope to see you again occasionally at my ease at the end of the autumn. You will find me even more ailing than you have ever seen me, but always very resigned. People who love exciting news hope that two empresses will shortly kiss the King of Prussia. These are two queens of Saba who do not pretend to consult Solomon. Lovers of liberty are not sorry for the little example which Sweden has just given to despots. I am sorry for it on account of his noble majesty Ulric, whose very respectful servant I was. Long live the sweetness of retreat! The more I indulge in it the more content I am with it. But I ought to share this retreat with you. Mme. Denis sends you a thousand compli-

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes.



ments. I salute you with all my heart, and am yours for life.—V.’<sup>1</sup>

M. Bernouilli,<sup>2</sup> in a letter from Basle, July 11, to M. de Brenles at Lausanne, speaks of M. Jacot, an eloquent preacher, governor of M. Bourcard, junior. ‘The councillor Bourcard will be pleased if you will give immediately to his son<sup>3</sup> the best dancing-master to be found at Lausanne, not only for half an hour, but for a whole hour each day, taking the only precaution of choosing the most convenient hour. The arrangement you have made for his studies appears to me of the best. We owe you every obligation imaginable for the time you have been good enough to grant to him yourself. His principal object should be the study of French, not merely to speak it correctly, but also to be able to write in its idiom with taste. If you find that M. Jacot is equal to the task of accomplishing this object, it will be all the better; but in truth I doubt if, at his present age and without having perhaps yet written much himself, he is capable of forming the style of a young man. We will make the trial while you are at your country seat, and if on your return you find that my fears are founded and do not wish to take this matter on yourself, I will pray you to place the youth under the care of the master you shall judge the most capable, for no expense is to be spared.

‘I share most sincerely, my dear friend, in the loss you have just sustained of your new-born, after the first had already been taken. . . . I did not know that M. le Marquis de Gentil<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From *Les Délices* to Ussières. Unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes.

<sup>2</sup> The distinguished Daniel Bernouilli (1700–1782), professor at Basle, belonging to a remarkable family, which furnished James Bernouilli (1654–1705), whose discoveries in mathematics have immortalised his name; James Bernouilli, junior (1759–1789), professor of mathematics at St. Petersburg; John Bernouilli (1744–1807), astronomer royal at Berlin; and John (1667–1748), professor of mathematics at Gröningen. The letter is signed ‘Bernouilly.’

<sup>3</sup> ‘Je suis parti de Lausanne la veille de Pâques pour venir voir un M. Bourcard de Basle, fort de mes amis; il est ici auprès du Comte de Cagliostro, pour profiter de ses remèdes. Vous aurez entendu parler peut-être de cet homme extraordinaire à tous égards. Comme j’ai été assez malade tout l’hiver, je profite aussi de ses remèdes; mais comme le tems du séjour du Comte ici n’est rien moins que sûr, le mieux sera que vous m’écriviez à M. D. chez M. Bourcard du Kirshgarten, à Basle.’—Letter of Deyverdun to Gibbon, from Strasburg, le 10 Juin 1783. Jacot, ‘excellent preacher,’ in D.’s Journal.

<sup>4</sup> The Marquis de Gentil married the daughter of Lieutenant-General Samuel de Constant de Rebecque.

was at Lausanne; has he taken up his residence there? I pray you to recommend me to the attention of his remembrances and his friendship (while assuring him of my homage), which flatter me infinitely. . . . As he undoubtedly frequents a great deal the house of M. de Chavannes, he will permit me to recommend to him somewhat young M. Bourcard. Does he know that M. de Maupertuis is at present in France, and that he has been readmitted into the Academy of Sciences in his quality of "veteran"? *A propos* of M. de Maupertuis, what is M. de Voltaire doing? I know that you see him a great deal; does he remember me? When at Colmar he had his compliments sent to me, and I pray you to return them for me. Have you any relations with M. Tissot, the doctor? We have here a young doctor of great promise who has just introduced inoculation among us, and who would much wish to correspond with him; could not this be arranged through you?'<sup>1</sup>

M. de Barnewall writes to Voltaire, August 3, 1756:

'You will no doubt be surprised, Sir, that a man who has not the advantage of being known to you should take the liberty to write to you. I had for a long time searched for the means which might procure me the pleasure of your correspondence. This ambition is too noble that I should not take the credit of it, even with regard to yourself. Born with a taste for literature and a certain talent for poetry, I have cultivated the little genius that I have by the perusal of the best authors of my country and of yours, among whom I owe much to your works. I had determined to give a translation of your fine tragedy of *Alzire*; the noble and grand sentiments which shine all through this piece had caused me to choose it above all the others, which, although of equal merit, appeared to me less suitable for the English theatre. I have just been interrupted in my work by one of my friends, who informs me that it has been translated already. I have written to London to know the truth of the matter, but as they have been unable to enlighten me, I have taken the liberty of addressing myself to you, for you doubtless know better than any one if it has been translated or not. I blessed the opportunity which furnished me a pretext for asking you to enter into correspond-

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes.

ence with me, of which in truth you alone will bear the expense; but you are so rich, Sir, that you will be able easily to meet it. Will you therefore have the kindness to tell me if any one has anticipated me in the translation of *Alzire*? I am aware that several of your tragedies have already decorated the English stage, and the theatres of London and Dublin have re-echoed with as much applause when those pieces appeared as those of Paris. Two years ago I saw one of the theatres of Dublin torn to pieces in an instant by the furious spectators, because an imprudent actor had refused to repeat for the third time a scene of *Zaïre*. *Gengiscan* [Gengis Khan] has just been translated into our language, and if I am not mistaken it has already been played. But as for *Alzire*, I have never heard it said that it had been translated. This long letter, which will appear to you so badly written, will perhaps make you fear to receive another; but I pray you to remember, Sir, that when one writes for the first time to a man like you, one cannot write with all that familiarity which alone can give charm to letters.

‘I have the honour to be, with a very profound respect, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant, etc.

‘Turin, this 3rd day of August, 1756.

‘P.S.—Will you have the kindness to address me at the Auberge d’Angleterre, at Turin.’<sup>1</sup>

M. F. Wesselowsky writes from Geneva to Voltaire, February 15, 1757: ‘I am well aware how little a eulogy from a private person, however just it may be, can make an impression upon a taste as delicate as yours, especially after the praises which the whole of enlightened Europe has heaped upon you; but when I have the honour to inform you that there is no country in which your merit, your talents, and your rare genius are better recognised, more honoured and admired, than in Russia, my native land, I flatter myself that this new intelligence will not be indifferent to you. I will add further that, in the number of all your admirers, there is one person of the court, among the most distinguished by his virtues, his knowledge, and his high rank, who is the most penetrated

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter in the author’s unpublished collections. Aaron Hill’s translation of *Alzire* was published in Dublin in 1736.

with your talents. This is M. le Comte Jean Schouwalof, Chamberlain and Lieutenant-General of Her Majesty the Empress of the Russias, Knight of the Order of the White Eagle, and of several others. This lord, zealous for the honour of his native land and for the glory of Peter the Great, is like me persuaded that a more signal service could not be rendered to Russia than by engaging you, Sir, to write the history of the reign of this great monarch. What work is more worthy of you and what pen more worthy of this hero to transmit his glory to posterity? This lord, who does not flatter himself in being able to induce you to visit his country to begin such a work, hopes that in your retreat here you will have no reluctance to undertake this history, which cannot fail to add fresh lustre to your brilliant reputation, and which will be the more easy to execute since this lord can send you all the necessary memoirs and materials. There is, moreover, a collection of gold medals illustrative of the principal events of the reign of Peter the Great, which might aid you in this work, and which he has charged me to offer to you, Sir, as a mark of friendship and of the esteem in which he holds you. In sending them to you he would be flattered by your acceptance of them.

‘I will not attempt to express to you, Sir, the satisfaction I feel at having acquitted myself of a commission so flattering for me; nothing can equal it, except the hope that I have been able to succeed in my negotiation. Would you do me the favour to acquaint me with your intention, and to accept the assurances of the sentiments of the highest esteem with which I have the honour to be,’ etc.

Five days later he again addresses Voltaire: ‘I have this moment received the letter which you have done me the honour to write to me in reply to mine. As it coincides with my wishes as well as those of M. le Comte Schouwalof, you may imagine, Sir, that I shall not lose an instant in sending your letter to him, and that he will be as charmed with this good news as I am with the success of my negotiations. I congratulate myself upon it with all my heart.

‘It would be impossible to think more judiciously or more justly than what you have done me the honour to say concerning

the general plan of the work in question. I have the honour to be, Sir,' etc.<sup>1</sup>

M. de Steigner writes from Vienna to M. de Brenles at Lausanne, June 19, 1757: 'To pass through Lausanne without seeing you is the fate of Tantalus; it is a very evident proof of the subjection in which we are held by women, to whose caprices we are often obliged to sacrifice our pleasures. If I had not been under the rule of three females I would have had the advantage of spending several days with you. I assure you that I regret Vevey beyond all expressions.

' " Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
Angulus ridet."

' A society, useful, easy, unvarnished, unostentatious, and untroubled, is doubtless what is suitable to the reasonable man. The idea of such a life brought together the first human beings. Agitation, vices, disorders, the lack of pleasure in so many places called capitals, make one regret the country, and lend probability to the humiliating system of the citizen of Geneva.

' Speaking about disorder, M. Crousâ has been punished severely. Is example, therefore, so necessary with you? I preach here the great principles of misunderstood interests. Each one believes he has already thought or said all about it, but I greatly fear that here the interest of several will have the same effect as in France—the interest of one alone. General matters occupy us a great deal. We see with astonishment the perturbation of Europe. There is always alarm when it is not in history that one contemplates such movements. Ah, Thucydides! your little war of the Peloponnesus, written with so

<sup>1</sup> This correspondence of Russians with Voltaire, now first published, is among the manuscripts in the author's possession. The M. Wetslof (or Wesselowsky) mentioned was a favourite of the Empress Elizabeth. Another autograph letter is from the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, M. Théodore Beckteïeff, September 3, 1757, to Voltaire, in which he conveys a letter from 'M. le Chambellan de Schuwalow,' and offers to take charge of the reply. M. Beckteïeff's chief, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, was the Count de Bestucheff-Riumin (1686-1760). The author also possesses Voltaire's autograph letter to M. Boris de Soltikof, in which he asks for the correct manner of writing the names of certain Russian sects, bearing on the back M. de Soltikof's reply. Both are published in Beuchot under the date of June 1759, with the exception of the following lines in M. de Soltikof's reply: 'With your permission I will come to-morrow to taste the soup *chez vous*. I shall see at the same time what it is. All these *drôles* [referring to the sects] are really stupid, as fanatics are everywhere.' M. Boris de Soltikof was a nephew of the Field Marshal of the same name.

much art and so much emphasis, is not to be compared with what is going on to-day.'<sup>1</sup>

Golowkin opens to us the correspondence of Mlle. de Chabot, who writes to Mme. de Brenles in 1757: 'Our King, our dear King of Prussia (Monsieur, it is you whom I address, for you have a wife with an iron heart), has been defeated, thoroughly beaten; he is even thought to be among the prisoners. . . . That is not all, for in this connection M. de Cottens [Noble Crinsoz, Seignior of Cottens] becomes a prophet, a true prophet like Jeremiah, Malachi, etc. During all the successes of the King of Prussia he must have said: "He may try his best, but he must and will be overthrown." What do you think of it? My catechism has in consequence been altered, and I am asked every morning, "*Crois-tu en Cottens?*"'

Shortly after she writes: 'M. de Voltaire is here. He has received a very obliging letter from the King of Prussia, but written in a very lugubrious tone.' She mentions Mme. [de Saussure] de St. Cierge, who rides a horse *en amazons*, and whose mother no longer cries, '*Manon, prenez garde!*' 'Mme. du Lignon dances *allemandes* without being thought extraordinary.'

In the same year she writes to M. de Brenles: 'M. de Voltaire has left. He related the other day in company that meeting Mlle. Lisette Polier, he said to her, "Is it you, mademoiselle, who have made fun of us?" "No, sir, it was my aunts." You understand that he added to that a very profound bow. The story is good, but there is not a word of truth in it.'

## CHAPTER CXVII

GIBBON says: 'The highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne was the uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country house at the end of a suburb;

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes. (MS.)

dresses and scenes were provided at the expense of the actors, and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of *Zaïre*, *Alzire*, *Zulime*, and his sentimental comedy of the *Enfant Prodigue* were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years, *Lusignan*, *Alvaréz*, *Benassar*, *Euphemon*. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage, and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry rather than the feelings of nature. My ardour, which soon became conspicuous, seldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleasure fortified my taste for the French theatre, and that taste has perhaps abated my idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakespeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman. The wit and philosophy of Voltaire, his table and theatre, refined, in a visible degree, the manners of Lausanne; and, however addicted to study, I enjoyed my share of the amusements of society. After the representation of Monrepos I sometimes supped with the actors.'

And in his Journal: 'January 23, 1758. I saw *Alzire* acted by the society at Monrepos. Voltaire acted *Alvaréz*; *d'Hermenches*, *Zamore*; *de St. Cierge*, *Gusman*; *M. de Gentil*, *Monteze*; and *Mme. Denys*, *Alzire*.'<sup>1</sup>

In order to facilitate the representations of Voltaire's plays at Monrepos a communication was opened through the house wall and an adjoining hay loft; the actors were thus in full view of the spectators, who were within the château. During a representation of *Zaïre*, at which the celebrated Haller was present, when *Lusignan* said to *Châtillon*:

'En quels lieux sommes-nous? aidez mes faibles yeux!'

a caustic Lausannois cried out:

'Seigneur! c'est le grenier du maître de ces lieux.'

The following unpublished letters in my possession, written to

<sup>1</sup> Monrepos was the property of Philip Frederick, Marquis de Gentil de Langalerie, who married the daughter of General Samuel de Constant de Rebecque, and died at Monrepos in 1773. He was likewise Seigneur of Allaman in Vaud. The genealogy of his family, beginning in 1554, is in the possession of the grand-nephew of his wife, the Baron Victor de Constant de Rebecque, of Hauterive.



Voltaire by the Marquise de Gentil de Langalerie, *née* de Constant de Rebecque (sometimes styled the Marquise de Monrepos, after the name of her husband's estate), illustrate the intimacy between her family and 'the philosopher,' besides giving glimpses of various historical characters. Writing from Carlsruhe, October 22, 1765, she says:

'I have returned from a court, Sir, of which you are the idol; all who compose it render you homage, cherish you, regret you, think Switzerland too happy to possess you. What satisfaction did I not feel at proving to them, by my admiration and my attachment, that we knew how to appreciate the happiness we enjoy too rarely! I spent a month very agreeably at Lunéville. The good King vegetates, and by his impatience abridges still more the few days he has to live. The court is numerous, but, like the Jesuits, they each have a foot in the stirrup, ready to disperse at his death. Madame la Marquise de Boufflers is still there, safely anchored with all her family; she is charming and kind, and employs her credit only in doing good. Her son, the Chevalier, makes the prettiest verses, rides horses to death, and is greatly loved by all, having Ferney always for the object of his travels. They are all very good to my youngest son; their kindnesses, with which I am much touched, cannot be enumerated. I have arranged his little establishment at the Academy, where he is very comfortable through the help and the friendships which he has received. I have the best evidence of it and the best hopes. I have succeeded, not without trouble, in procuring my eldest son's discharge from the Würtemberg service; he is going to enter the Swiss Guards in France. They are now both in that service, but as Swiss. I would have liked to see them there as Frenchmen.

'I have returned again for some time to Carlsruhe, where their Highnesses [the Margrave and the Margravine of Baden-Durlach] recall with delight the days you granted them of your company. They have charged me to remember them to you with all the sentiments with which you have inspired them, and to mention the joy they would experience in seeing again that incomparable and adorable Monsieur de Voltaire.

'With them we lead a philosophical life which has many



attractions. Each of them might be held up as an example, both as private individuals and as royalties. The comparison with the neighbouring duchies is certainly in their favour; and the comparison between the life of sovereigns and that of republicans is in favour of the latter, which shows that, although agreeably situated, once my mind is at rest with regard to my children, Monrepos and the happiness of making court to you at Ferney will limit my desires and my ambition.

‘Will Mme. d’Enis [Denis] accept my most tender obediences, and do not forget me to Mme. Dupuis and the persons who have the pleasure to live under your auspices. I have the honour to offer you, not the incense due to you, but the consideration and the attachment for you, Sir, with which our hearts are filled.

‘DE GENTIL-LANGALERIE.

‘Madame la Marquise des Harmoise has charged me with so many messages, Sir, that I can only mention the sentiments of attachment which she preserves for you, and which she begs you to return to her.’

She writes again to Voltaire from Monrepos, March 22, 1768 :

‘Our country is about to lose its most resplendent figure, Sir! We are confounded and stunned by the news. We did not deserve the happiness of possessing you, but we felt the value of it, and we shall be painfully aware of the distance which separates us. I sympathised so much with Mme. d’Enis [Denis] at leaving a respected and cherished uncle who was worthy of being loved. At present I weep for ourselves. You carry away with you, Sir, all our regrets; our hearts and our best wishes will follow you everywhere. But is it quite true that you are selling Ferney?—that Ferney created by you—that Ferney whence so many sublime and charming productions have issued, where you have aided those whose sentiments of admiration conducted them there to render you homage, to pass so many happy moments, where you made yourself adored by your beneficence! Yes, M. l’Abbé de St. Pierre made this epigram on you, and you proved the justice of it every day.

‘I am beside myself with despair because I am not rich enough to purchase your estate; with what pleasure would I

not place there all my belongings! What price does it not possess in my eyes from having been inhabited by you!

'I shall recall with gratitude and delight all my life the agreeable times I have spent there. Preserve your kind recollections of us, Sir; we should be too unfortunate if we did not belong to you in this manner, as you belong to us in our hearts. It is even by daring to count upon this that I have the honour to inform you that our children have just been granted native rights in Poland; I have received the news through the son of the Palatine of Russia. It is of no value until something else can be added to it; we must await the course of time and events. I would have preferred to see them re-enter into possession of their patrimony in France. We must take what comes to us, and hope on. The Marquis and his sons present their respects to you, Sir, and the former's wife her devotion and her most inviolable attachment.'

On September 21, 1879, I walked from Lausanne to Monrepos, then the property of M. Perdonnet. Passing the house of M. Emile de Crousaz, grandson of Mme. de Montolieu, and Villamont, the seat of Count de Pückler-Muskau (who married a de Constant, and is a relative of the traveller Prince de Pückler-Muskau of the last century), I reached Monrepos. A handsome lodge and fine gates guard the grounds, and a stately avenue conducts one to the modern house, whose twenty-seven windows would have disturbed Voltaire's happiness.

M. Perdonnet received me with great politeness and gave me the following information. His father purchased the place in 1818 from a relative, M. Hollard. The old house was still standing, and one of its rooms (the present dining-room) and portion of the walls are included in the present mansion. The former dwelling was much smaller and more simple than the present, and the grounds more limited. M. Perdonnet's father bought the two estates lying south on the other side of the route.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> M. Perdonnet the elder (born at Vevey 1758, died at Lausanne 1850) was well known in the Canton of Vaud for the patriotism he displayed in the Revolution of 1798, for his liberality to the city of Lausanne, and for his longevity, as he died in his ninety-third year. When Napoleon was at Vevey, a magnificent collation had been prepared for him by the town, but he entered the house of M. Perdonnet, asked for some bread and cheese, and departed with his staff, leaving the municipality to discuss their grand feast alone.

There is no trace of a house at Monrepos on the map of 1722. The land was then divided into small parcels among various proprietors, and laid out in vineyards and fields. Monrepos began its existence with the Marquis de Gentil de Langallerie, and became historical through Voltaire.

On the map of 1806 the old house in which Voltaire played appears, but the entrance avenue at that time was where the private gate now opens in the wall opposite Beau Site. In 1824, the embellishments of M. Perdonnet *père* were already completed and the object of general admiration; on the map of that year the old avenue had given way to that which now leads to the house, reconstructed in 1818.

The point where the first Napoleon examined the country before advancing is to the left of the rear of Monrepos, and is marked on the maps of 1806 and 1824. It was in the last century the property of M. Constant d'Hermenches. The Queen of Spain and her son, the late King, spent some time here. M. Perdonnet, the elder, built a little tower here in commemoration of Napoleon's presence, and in competition with M. Haldimand, who at the same time erected one on his property at Ouchy, still a prominent object near the water's edge. Each tried to produce a tower more venerable than the other.

The properties of Beau Site and L'Avant-Poste, purchased by M. Perdonnet *père* in 1818, figure on the map of 1806 as Les Toises. Beau Site appears on that of 1824, with Les Toises and Le Singe in the rear, and L'Avant-Poste is not mentioned. Rosière also adjoins Beau Site.<sup>1</sup>

The latter, built by M. Perdonnet *père*, was the residence of King Jerome Bonaparte, and here his wife, the daughter of the King of Würtemberg, died. The late Prince Jerome and his sister, the gracious and accomplished Princess Mathilde, passed several years at Beau Site, and M. Perdonnet the younger was a playmate of the Prince. When they resided at Monrepos, the late Emperor Napoleon frequently came to visit his fair cousin.

<sup>1</sup> John Philip Kemble (1757-1823), the brother of Mrs. Siddons, lived and died at Beau Site. His 'Hamlet' in 1788 caused him from that time to be considered the greatest tragedian of the age. I examined with interest his *cabinet de travail*, on the left in entering the antechamber. M. George de Seigneux cut an excellent silhouette of Kemble, in the author's possession.

In 1824 L'Avant-Poste was already an old building. Tradition says that it was one of the first places in which the Reformation was preached.

It will always be associated in my mind with those two great works, the Simplon and the St. Gothard routes, and with the historical breakfast given, October 12, 1879, by the distinguished ex-President of the Swiss Confederation, Colonel Paul Cérésole, in honour of M. Gambetta, who escorted Mme. Cérésole. Among the Parisian guests were General Goujean, conseiller d'état; M. Floquet, député; M. Cendré, ingénieur; M. Joseph Arnaud de l'Ariège, private secretary of M. Gambetta. The Swiss were represented by M. Charles Monnerat, President of the Council of Administration of the Simplon Company, and former Syndic at Vevey; M. Ormond, former President of the Council of Administration of the Railways of Western Switzerland; M. Lommel, Directeur Technique of the Simplon Railway; M. Morel, former Attorney-General of the Confederation, and now deputy; M. Adrien Mercier, Director of the Simplon Company; M. Rambert, deputy, member of the Committee of the St. Gothard Tunnel enterprise; M. Maurice Cérésole, son of the President; Colonel Edouard Secretan, the eminent military authority, brother of Mme. Cérésole, whose family name recalls their distinguished ancestry and their connection with the Deyverduns and many other ancient and illustrious families of Vaud.

The table was laid under the leafy shade of the plantains, and the ripple of a fountain was heard amid the lawn and flowers. M. Gambetta was particularly *en train*. The scene, the guests, the charming hostess, seemed to arouse his conversational powers to a brilliant degree. Our host, a man of striking appearance and great personal dignity, was called on in 1873, when President of the Confederation, to direct the negotiations with the Papal authorities concerning the organisation of the dioceses of Basle and Geneva. It was at this moment that he signed the decree expelling from Swiss territory Monseigneur Mermillod, Bishop of Hébron *in partibus*, after that prelate had declared that he would not desist from exercising his functions as Apostolic Vicar for the Canton of Geneva, an office accepted against the express wish of the Federal

Council. This incident gave rise to an excitement which continued for years. It was, moreover, M. Cérésole who sent Monseigneur Agnozzi, Chargé d'Affaires of the Holy See, his passports in consequence of the Encyclical of November 21, 1873.

During the presidency of M. Cérésole, H.M. the Shah of Persia was admirably received and entertained by him. Having for two years presided over the Federal Department of Justice and Police, and aided in the elaboration of the law for the reorganisation of the Federal Judiciary, Colonel Cérésole addressed a letter to the Federal Assembly declining re-election. In 1876 he took up his residence at Lausanne, in order to assume the direction of the Simplon Company, to which he has given much of the time allowed by his military duties. The Federal Council confided to him in 1878 command of the first division of the army. He had been for eight years Colonel of Artillery on the Staff, and now took his place in the Grand Council of the Canton of Vaud as a member from Vevey.<sup>1</sup>

It is a long cry from the *Trêve de Dieu* and the Council at Monrion in 1036–1037 to Voltaire's purchase of Monrion, the former country-seat of the de Crousaz and of the de Crinsoz de Colombier. The name is derived from *Mons rotondus*, applied to a *crêt*, or slight elevation planted with vines, between Lausanne and the lake. The house bought by Voltaire is approached by the road which descends from Lausanne to the port. He commenced to live there December 16, 1755, remaining until March 10, 1756, and again from January 9, 1757, to the following April. Speaking of this abode and wishing to give an idea of the climate, Voltaire said that in winter he was only incommoded by the flies.

After Voltaire, Prince Louis of Würtemberg, called by Rousseau 'the philosopher of Monrion,' resided there; then the Count de Golowkin, uncle of Count Fédor whose interesting volume of letters is often quoted in this work; and finally Dr. Tissot, who acquired it in 1770, and at his death left it to his nephew, M. d'Apples, from whom it was purchased by Dr. Verdeil, author of the 'Histoire du Canton de Vaud.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1879.

<sup>2</sup> In the west wall of the house one notes a tombstone with the following inscription: 'Augustus d'Apples Natus XIX Martis M D CC LXXXV Di natus XV Martis M D CC XC.' An urn is sculptured here in relief: 'Grâces, Talents,

Voltaire's house, Monrion, is a square building of two storeys and a high garret, with wings, each fashioned like the letter L. One enters a hall supported by columns, on the left being the staircase, in front the principal drawing-room. Beside the latter is a small *salon* in which hangs a cabinet portrait of Dr. Tissot, by 'Speisegger, 1797,' and the pastel of a young lady, by 'De la Houlyer, 1786.' On the right of the large *salon* is the spacious dining-room, where at the marriage of Mlle. de Blonay (1869) thirty persons sat at table.

There are twenty-four rooms, and the view from those on the second floor is superb. Towards the north Lausanne is spread out on the heights; towards the south the eyes touch the ancient tower at Ouchy before crossing the lake and scanning the mountains of Savoy.

M. du Mont, Cantonal Librarian, told me that the ruins of a tower on the hillock above Monrion were visible as late as 1852.<sup>1</sup>

Voltaire writes to M. de Brenles from Monrion, Sunday, March 6, 1757: 'It is said that your brother-in-law [de Chavannes], the priest, desires to see a play drawn from the New Testament. We shall perhaps preach the *Enfant Prodigue*

Vertus, Joignés Vos Larmes aux Larmes Eternelles. Les parents les plus Tendres, Et du plus tendre ami.' The four great trees on the lawn were planted in 1785 by the grandfather of M. d'Apples, on his return from England. The plantain also dates from the same period. The four elms formed a portion of an avenue which once extended towards the house as far as the little fountain on the lawn. There is a small pavilion at the north end of the ancient domain of Monrion (property of the Société des Boulevards), which was built by Dr. Tissot, and used as a laboratory. It is now inhabited by a wine-grower, and is covered with ivy. On the north end is the following inscription: 'Ora et Labora;' in the interior: 'Deus pro Nobis.' The wooden ceiling, which was elaborately painted in red and black, no longer exists, with the exception of a small portion in the lower storey. At the foot of the eminence called Le Crêt de Monrion is a famous poplar-tree. My guide to the house and grounds, François Noverraz, now (1879) seventy-five years old, has been employed since 1864 at Monrion. His father, who died in his ninety-first year, was an employé of M. de Molin de Montagny, who lived at the Elysée, near Monrion.

<sup>1</sup> In the archives of the Town-hall at Lausanne I examined the *Plan du Terrain appelé En Montriond*. The general title of the volume is *Nouveaux Plans Géométriques de Lausanne et sa Messeillerie*, made by Anthoine Michel Gignilliat in 1722. The plan of the house, court, garden, kitchen-garden, and outhouse are given, with the general title of '*Possession de M. Jean Daniel de Crousaz, Contrôleur*.' The main body of the house and the west wing then existed. I remarked a note, 'Fief d'Estavay.' Before the time of the de Crousaz proprietorship, Monrion belonged to the Fief des Dames Religieuses d'Estavayer. In 1722 the Crêt de Monrion was the property of M. François Louis Bergier; at that time there was no trace of a house there.

on Thursday, and for dessert have an *opera buffa*.' And four days later : ' My dear philosopher,—A priest is needed for the profane orchestra ; we have another. M. d'Hermenches is as resourceful as zealous for our *tripot*. But God is avenged ; Baires is hoarse, Mme. Denis cannot speak. However, it is for to-morrow ; recommend us to the divine mercy.'

In passing, I cannot but remark that Voltaire in his correspondence is constantly and most unnecessarily blasphemous. One may admire the brilliant genius of Voltaire, and pass his time most agreeably in his company, but must be frequently shocked by the utter irreverence displayed towards divine things.

## CHAPTER CXVIII

FINDING Monrion too far from the city, Voltaire, in the spring of 1757, occupied No. 6 rue du Grand Chêne, at Lausanne, formerly the property of M. de Loÿs de Chandieu. The de la Pottrie family resided there in the last century. At the time of my visit (1879) the mansion belonged to Mme. Gottofrey, and her son-in-law, M. Eugène Gaulis, the eminent advocate, and his family lived there in winter.

There are two shields over the door, which formerly held the arms of the Nassau family, connections of the de Chandieus, but they were erased during the Revolution. In the dining-room is a porcelain stove bearing scenes from La Fontaine's fables, and the arms of Gaulis.

The first letter of Voltaire from Grand Chêne is dated August 29, 1757, and addressed to d'Alembert : ' Here I am, my dear and illustrious philosopher, at Lausanne, where I am preparing a house in which the King of Prussia might lodge when he comes to Neuchâtel—if he is coming to this beautiful country, and is always a philosopher.' The best society of Lausanne crowded his salons to witness the theatrical representations.<sup>1</sup> In his correspondence he mentions Mme. Constant

<sup>1</sup> M. Charles Vuillermet, of Lausanne, to whom I am indebted for the use of several of the illustrations in this work, preserves in his collections the remains of the scenery of Voltaire's theatre at Lausanne ; they contrast with



d'Hermenches, *née* de Seigneux, daughter-in-law of General de Constant de Rebecque; the Marquise de Gentil, *née* de Constant, daughter-in-law of the Marquis de Langalerie; Mme. Denis; and Mme. d'Aubonne, *née* de Saussure de Bercher, as the stars of his troupe; and, as we have seen, the example became contagious.

It frequently happened that Voltaire, who was a late riser, appeared on the threshold of his front door in Grand Chêne in the theatrical costume of Lusignan or Palémon, hastily put on to avoid a second toilette.

On one occasion, while watching the acting of M. and Mme. d'Hermenches from the side-scenes, he was so carried away that he advanced into the middle of the stage and spoilt the effect. This incident is represented on the panels of Hermenches, an elaborate account of which is in a privately printed '*Notice Historique*' lent to me by Mme. la Baronne Bacon de Seigneux.<sup>1</sup> The panels were transferred to the Château of Mézery in 1808, where seventy years later I examined them. The writer of the '*Notice Historique*' states that these celebrated panels were imagined and executed by Camp-Marshal the Baron Constant de Rebecque, Seigneur of Hermenches and Villars-Mendraz, at whose residence (Hermenches) there were always distinguished guests; also that the designs were by Mme. d'Aubonne, and painted by Dalberg, who finished them in 1757.<sup>2</sup> One of the subjects, however, is of a later date, for it refers to the expedition in which the Camp-Marshal took part against Paoli in 1769. There is also another scene in which M. de Corcelles figures, '*à la veille d'épouser l'aimable veuve.*' Now, Mlle. Saussure de Bercher did not become Mme. d'Aubonne until 1759, M. de Corcelles being her second husband.

There is an inexplicable absence in the correspondence of the keys and iron-work of the ancient and historical gateway of St. Maire, also in the appreciative possession of this admirable artist, who belongs to a family of great intellectuality. His elder brother, M. Constant Vuillermet, of Thonon, has very strikingly reproduced for me, by photography, many of the antiquities of Savoy.

<sup>1</sup> *Notice Historique sur les Peintures de la Boiserie transportées en 1808 du Château d'Hermenches au Château de Mézery.* (Lausanne, 1873.)

<sup>2</sup> M. Desnoiresterres says that the theatrical scene in which M. and Mme. d'Hermenches are prevented by Voltaire from acting is due to the brush of the artist Jean Huber.



the period of any mention of these panels, although they made a sensation. The following are the subjects of the paintings :

*Les paysannes grandes dames*, a mystification practised by Baron Constant d'Hermenches on his guests, by introducing into one of his fêtes four peasant girls of great beauty, named Jayet, dressed as ladies.

*L'atelier du peintre Dalberg*. He is engaged on a portrait of Mme. la Générale de Constant, née Bercher, about which Mme. d'Aubonne is giving instructions ; while the painter's wife (of whom her husband was jealous) poses for details of dress.

*Scène de Chasse*, in which are represented M. de Saussure de Boussens and M. de Saussure de Bercher.

*Scène de Chasse à Cheval et au Faucon*, in which the ladies ride astride their horses. The portraits depicted are those of the Marquis de Gentil, Mme. d'Aubonne, M. Sinner de Ballaigues, Mme. de Saussure de Bercher, Mme. la Marquise de Gentil, and M. Huber, the silhouettist, carrying the falcon. (Huber was so adroit that he could make his dog bite Voltaire's profile out of a piece of cheese.)

*Kyss, le chien, et les servantes du Château, se baignant*. (The dog Kyss followed his master everywhere, even to the wars.)

*Portrait de Mlle. Buchez*, housekeeper of General de Constant.

*Scène musicale au Château d'Hermenches*, presided over by Mme. d'Aubonne, 'who possessed all the talents.' M. de Corcelles, Gualtieri, a famous Italian flutist ; the Syndic Turettini of Geneva, an amateur violinist ; M. de Crousaz, surnamed Crousaz *la basse* ; and Pognani, a violinist of merit, with a long nose.

*Promenade sentimentale de Mlle. de Saussure de Bavois et de M. d'Orges*. (Mlle. de Saussure became the wife of General de Charrière, and was the aunt or cousin of everybody at Lausanne. With Mlle. Rosalie de Constant she inhabited Petit-Rosemont, which she named Petit-Bien.)

*Idylle champêtre*, a sentimental episode of which the heroine is said to have been the Marquise de Rouquerolle, 'for whom M. de Chapelle sighed.'

*Fête au village*, where M. Doxat de Demoret and Mlle. de Roëll dance a Bernese *allemande*.

*Portrait de Mlle. de Steiguer*, executing a character dance.

*Scène plaisante entre Mme. d'Hermenches comme Zaïre et Voltaire sur le théâtre de Mon Repos*, above referred to. The other actors are M. d'Hermenches and Mlle. Crousaz de Corsier.

*La Danse des Fleurs*, representing the Baronne de Nieuwenheim, belonging to a noble Dutch family, the widow of M. Pater. (She was married by the influence of Mme. du Barry to the Marquis de Champcenet. The Comte de St. Priest, the celebrated French diplomatist (1735-1821), when dining at the château perceived this picture, and exclaimed: 'Pauline, c'est bien toi!')

*Scène d'embarquement à Amsterdam*, representing M. d'Orges eloping with the lady who became his wife. (They came to Lausanne and were married, and mutual friends arranged the matter to the satisfaction of both families.)

*Halte Militaire en Corse*, representing an episode in the military career of Camp-Marshal de Constant d'Hermenches in the expedition against Paoli (1769). (He was awarded the cross of the Legion of Honour and a pension of 6,000 francs for his distinguished services in this war. The other persons depicted are MM. d'Aubonne, the two brothers de Mérode, de Chapelle, and Brigadier de Loÿs de Middel, who possessed Vidy. The dog Kyss is also represented.)

*Sujet un peu libre tiré du roman de la Belle Maguelonne*, recalling some incident in the life of the Prince de Ligne, M. de Constant's great friend.

*Scène de Famille*, comprising the Seigneur of Hermenches, and one of his daughters (by his first wife), who afterwards became Mme. d'Arlens; Mme. de Saussure; M. de Constant of Geneva; M. d'Affray; M. de Sinner; Mme. de Bettens; M. de Seigneux de Correvon; and Mlle. Sophie Dufaÿ (who married Dr. Verdeil).

*Le Colonel Juste de Constant à la pêche*, fishing alone in a dressing-gown. (He was the father of Benjamin Constant.)

The illustrations accompanying the rare work from which these descriptions are taken ('Notice Historique') are by the Baron Victor de Constant de Rebecque, younger brother of the writer of that book.

Voltaire's friend, Jean Huber, 1722-1786, already mentioned, was a man of many accomplishments, whose family was noted for its intellectual gifts. I have already alluded to his aunt, Marie Huber, the religious authoress. Huber entered in 1738 the service of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel. His talent for painting was developed by the lessons of the Belgian artist, Chevalier Fassin, whom he afterwards met at Ferney. His passion for fowling was almost as great as his artistic leanings, and recommended him highly to the Elector Frederick, who had the same tastes. On the death of the Elector, young Huber, who had become port-ensign, entered the service of the King of Sardinia, where his artistic powers were much appreciated, and eventually carried him to Turin. As he had honourably served in Germany, he now distinguished himself as a soldier in Piedmont, where he was attached to the Count of Genevois. Returning to Geneva, he married the niece of Jacques Alléon, colonel in the Hessian service, and became a member of the Council of the Two Hundred. After residing at Plainpalais and Vernaz, in Savoy, Huber bought in 1776 the beautiful country seat of Cologny, erected by the architect Blondel in 1720 for M. Tronchin, father of the celebrated physician.

Among Huber's printed works must be mentioned 'Observations sur le Vol des Oiseaux de Proie,' and an article in the 'Gazette de France' (1783) on the Balloons of Montgolfier. Two of his paintings were presented by his family to the Musée Rath at Geneva.

Huber won his greatest celebrity, however, as a silhouettist of hunting and warlike scenes—works of art of which he alone had the secret. Some of these exist in different collections in England, but the finest of those he offered to the Empress of Russia were destroyed by fire.

The Hubers were connected with the Neckers and the Gallatins.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This information I derived from Jean Huber's grandson, the late Colonel Huber-Saladin (also a celebrated man), whom I knew at the age of eighty-two, but still possessing the activity of a young man. He was tall, strongly built, and had large intellectual features. His mother was of the princely Italian family of Ludovici. I saw in his salon a hunting scene by his grandfather, and the latter's portrait by the Chevalier Fassin. Huber's silhouettes were mostly sent by him to Grimm, then with the Empress Catherine, but they were all burnt in one of the imperial palaces; although in an unpublished

In further illustration of the intimate relations existing between the de Constants and Voltaire, and the peculiar situation of Swiss officers in France, the following sprightly (unpublished) letters are of value.

M. Constant d'Hermenches, youngest son of Lieutenant-General Constant de Rebecque and brother of the Marquise de Gentil de Langalerie, writes to the poet from Paris, May 2, 1764:

'My Dear Benefactor,—Upon my arrival here I sent the letter which you had the goodness to give me for Mme. la Duchesse de Gramont.<sup>1</sup> At the same time I wrote one to her in which I told her of my regrets that circumstances prevented my calling upon her in person, and that fearing to compromise myself with my masters I was compelled to keep myself in retirement until my fate was decided. She replied to me to-day the most graciously in the world, confirming all the goodwill of her father. Accept my sincere thanks for it, Sir, for it is to you that I shall owe everything that this lady has the kindness to do for me. Having no other merit or recommendation with her except what your kindness will provide, I take the liberty to ask you to write to her again if, as I do not doubt, she replies to your letter; and be kind enough to enter into a few details as to your opinion of my humble talents, and what is known to you of the consideration which I and my family enjoy in Switzerland. This second letter becomes necessary to me, because on one side my friends have no opportunity to speak of me to this lady, and on the other it is to be feared that the Swiss whom she sees are unfavourable to me. That is the opinion which has been given to me. I am so accustomed to look upon you as our father, our protector, that I employ without discretion the rights which this title gives me over you.

letter of Huber to his cousin, Mme. Necker, in 1780 (in the archives of Coppet), loaned to Colonel Huber-Saladin by M. d'Haussonville, he says that he has allowed Fassin to take his pictures and silhouettes to an engraver at Paris. In another letter to her, speaking of Catherine of Russia, he thinks that she will be at Constantinople before long. He adds: 'A flea is safe in the mane of a lion, while he has not a moment's peace on the shoulder of a dog. I wrote this to Grimm, who recounted it to Catherine.' In these letters he ridicules Voltaire. Colonel Huber-Saladin was writing (1880) the *Memoirs of the Count de Circourt* from his letters, including his correspondence with Bonstetten.

<sup>1</sup> Née Béatrix de Choiseul-Stainville, married to the seventh Duke de Gramont in 1759; guillotined in 1794.

‘ I have had propositions made to me which did not suit me, and I am hoping for something better. M. le Duc de Choiseul wrote to my friend : “ *If M. Constant will give himself the trouble to kill a Swiss colonel, I will certainly give him a regiment immediately.*” And Mme. de Gramont writes that he is as willing to provide an agreeable and easy post for me as I am to receive it. These matters are promising, but we have need of the deepest secrecy, for all the nation is on the watch. It is thought desirable to create a post of major-general of the Swiss, but there are innumerable difficulties. The King is supposed to have said, “ *All the favours are for the Swiss.*” I hope that on the next journey to Marly my fate will be decided, and I shall not fail to inform you of everything that is connected with it. In the meantime I am a prisoner here in the house of my inspector, and as ignorant of what is going on in Paris as if I were at Hermenches. The inspector inhabits the pretty house of the late Bishop of Rennes—a residence really worthy of a voluptuary. We chat, we make plans, we read some of your works, and to amuse ourselves we compose songs. I have told my inspector that I wish you knew what an indecent fellow he is. Here are some of the couplets of his composition ; he will be furious with me for sending them to you, and as for me I know that they will make you laugh.

‘ I have hopes, so far as my father is concerned, but we must wait until the regiments are formed.

‘ I trust that you will pardon me if I date letters that I wrote in Switzerland and Holland from your house ; it is always there that my heart will be, and it is the easiest thing to persuade myself that I am there also in person.

‘ Accept all the good wishes that I form for your welfare and your health, and the assurance of the respectful attachment of your very humble servant,

‘ C. d’H.

‘ My address is, To the care of M. le Baron de Besenwald, inspector of the Swiss troops, rue de Grenelle, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris.’<sup>1</sup>

M. Constant d’Hermenches to Voltaire from Landrecies, February 28, 1766 :

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter in the author’s unpublished collections. The couplets have disappeared.

' Sir,—If you could doubt that there is a single moment of my life in which I do not formulate wishes for your welfare, I would have sent you a congratulatory letter at the New Year, as being the person in the world for whom I have the warmest and the most respectful attachment. You do not believe me stupid enough not to appreciate the foil which your friendship gives to my character, nor ungrateful enough to forget your kindness. My long silence must therefore be ascribed as a sacrifice to the fear of being importunate. Your letters are something so precious, that while prostrating myself before those which I receive I forbid myself to fatigue you with mine in order to deserve another from you from time to time—like those beggars to whom one gives alms when they do not demand them. I know that you live happily, that in spite of your anxieties you lose nothing of your ardour. I read with eagerness your ode on the Death of the Dauphin,<sup>1</sup> your verses to la Clairon,<sup>2</sup> your letters to the Abbé de Voisenon,<sup>3</sup> to the Marquis de Villette,<sup>4</sup> to the Chevalier de Boufflers. I see that in your retirement you put to shame those who are the most active and who enjoy the best health; and that, in a word, you do not cease to prove yourself a unique and prodigious genius, created to be a delight and a light to the human race. I thank Heaven for it! I congratulate myself upon having completed a year which has appeared so long to me on account of the distance at which I live from you, and upon having commenced this year, during which I count upon going to present my homage to you. My most agreeable plans have always Ferney for their object. A few hours of your society will soon make me forget the sad and painful days which I pass separated from all those dearest to me. For the last ten years you have been my strongest passion; for the last ten years your friendship and your wit have been the happiness of

<sup>1</sup> December 20, 1765.

<sup>2</sup> Claire Joséphe Leiris de la Tude, known as Mlle. Clairon, born 1723, made her first appearance at the Théâtre Français, September 19, 1743, and retired April 1765; died January 18, 1808. Voltaire carried on an extensive correspondence with her.

<sup>3</sup> Claude Henri Fusée, Abbé de Voisenon, 1708–1775.

<sup>4</sup> Charles, Marquis de Villette, supposed to be a son of Voltaire, 1736–1793. He married at Ferney, in 1777, Mlle. de Varicourt. Voltaire died at his house in Paris.

a life upon which, with this exception, I set little value. You cannot believe, Sir, how much I have aged, and how little I am concerned about it; and, in truth, there can be very few men who love life, if to be happy in loving one must have a definite object in view. You have reasons for thinking otherwise, Sir; each of your moments is devoted to immortality, but I—what can be the aim of my existence? If it is pleasure there is too little of it. If life is a passage, I find it very obscure. My battle-horse is the chapter of my duties. I persuade myself that I have some to fulfil, and I acquit myself of them with all my strength.

‘I am no longer at Lille. M. le Duc de Choiseul, who does all the good he can to the nation, wished to favour us through our ruling passion—money. It was too dear in a large and handsome town. Here we are at Landrecies and Avesnes. A Swiss officer can dine and sup here very well for a louis per month. I am in garrison in this town, which Prince Eugène and the Dutch formerly wished to capture in order to march to Paris. I will follow their example this winter—I shall not go there. I wish to complete my year of probation, not that I have any ambition—it is too late in life for that—but to try every rôle. If ever you compose a play in which there is a major I beg you to give the character to no one but me; I promise that you will be satisfied.

‘Yes, Sir, Mme. d’Hermenches was greatly enchanted with what she saw at your house during the stay of our Clairon, and she was much impressed by the continued flattering reception which you and Mme. Denis deigned to give her. I am impatient to be with you in order to fix my opinion on the sublimeness of la Clairon; up to the present she has astonished and impressed me much more than she has affected me; she is admirable, and has never made me weep. I would like you to hear la Dumesnil<sup>1</sup> on the occasions when she does not descend to ridicule.

‘M. de Schouwalof will have been very happy if you had Egisthe<sup>2</sup> played for him; he has for a long time past recited

<sup>1</sup> Marie Françoise Dumesnil, celebrated actress, 1713–1803. She made her first appearance in 1737, and left the stage in 1775. Voltaire called her ‘la bonne Dumesnil.’

<sup>2</sup> One of the dramatis personæ in Voltaire’s tragedy of *Oreste*.



parts of it very well. He is much taken with you. He has taste, accomplishments, and many things which do honour, as you say, to the laws of his country, since they have changed its customs and belied the climate. I know M. de Woronzow;<sup>1</sup> he writes to me occasionally from the Hague. He is amiable, and has, I believe, much solidity of character and judgment.

‘But, Sir, have you up to the present found among the Russians who have surprised us that character and that genius which bears promise of making them some day equal to other nations? You are the only person who can enlighten me on this point, and I ask your indulgence for my question. They like what is made outside of their own home, and they imitate it. But will they ever have a proper taste of their own, a national good taste? Those whom we see groan because they are Russians; the idea of returning to their country makes them shudder. This sentiment is monstrous; other men, savages even, love their native country; if the laws have made Russia a country of philosophers, why do not these philosophers love their country? Is it not that those whom we admire and who are franchised are nothing more than exotic plants in these climates?’

‘With regard to that country, do you know, Sir, that you have a daughter of Peter the Great in your house of the rue du Chêne? Mme. d’Haqueville makes this claim, and it was under this title that she went to St. Petersburg to make herself known to her sister Elizabeth, who made no opposition. She would be there still, sustaining a distinguished position, if she had not taken part in the intrigues of the Marquis de la Chetardie.<sup>2</sup> The truth is that the Emperor of All the Russias found Mme. de Mommort to his taste during his last journey to France; that she was confined nine months later, and that the child resembles a Czar more than a Parisian. I was given this anecdote as being perfectly accurate, as well as the unworthy

<sup>1</sup> Russian Minister at the Hague in 1769.

<sup>2</sup> Marquis de la Chetardie, 1705–1759, a distinguished diplomatist and soldier, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, aided in the revolution by which Elizabeth became Empress, and was for several years her intimate friend; disgraced in 1744, returned to France, and was exiled by Louis XIV.; was lieut.-general in the army of Italy, and in 1749 Ambassador to Sardinia. Died at Hanau.



action of a certain author, the Chevalier de la Morlière,<sup>1</sup> during this journey from Russia, who compelled the daughter of Mme. d'Haqueville to retire to a convent.

'Accept, Sir, with your usual kindness, my very humble homage, and deign to honour with your remembrance the most grateful and the most zealous of your servants.

'I offer my warmest respects to your niece (Mme. Denis).'<sup>2</sup>

Constant d'Hermenches writes again to Voltaire from Bois de Vaud, December 15, 1771:

'My dear Benefactor,—I am quite persuaded that if you could give me a regiment you would do so, and I would venture to ask you for it; but when I went to pay my court to you, and to relate my misfortunes, I did not dare to ask you if you could help me. I consider it an abominable indiscretion to ask continually for recommendations to persons to whom I ought to be more recommendable, by my devotion to their service, than to you who owe me nothing and to whom I owe everything. But necessity and the fatality of my star are my law to-day. My friends wish me to write to M. le Duc d'Aiguillon.<sup>3</sup> I am told that he will save me; I do not know him, he has never heard of me, and I am supposed to be at Huningen.

'Here is my letter. Will you permit friend Vagnière [Voltaire's secretary] to read it to you, and will you dictate from your bed a few lines in which you will say to M. le Duc d'Aiguillon that a poor devil who has not been able to approach him has had the insolence to beg you to place his letter in your packet, and that in spite of this insolence you do not detest him, but that you pity him?

'The least of my evils is a severe feverish cold, which this badly constructed statement of my case has not diminished. I place myself at your feet with that fervid and tender veneration and gratitude which you are entitled in so many ways to receive from me.'<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Chevalier de la Morlière, 1719–1785, a brilliant writer and a notorious adventurer.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter in the author's unpublished collections.

<sup>3</sup> Duke d'Aiguillon, 1720–1782, cousin of the Duke de Richelieu, governor of Brittany, became Minister of War in 1771 after the fall of the Duke de Choiseul. Disgraced by Louis XVI. on his accession.

<sup>4</sup> Autograph letter in the author's unpublished collections.

A fourth letter of d'Hermences to Voltaire is dated from the Hague, May 27, 1772 :

'I cannot resist, my dear Benefactor, the temptation of offering you my homage from this Batavian country, where I have come to see my son. I find here an anecdote which deserves not to be forgotten in ecclesiastical chronicles, and a trait of wisdom on the part of the magistrates of Amsterdam which should not be ignored. You will have heard that a fire has reduced the theatre of this town to ashes, and that a large number of persons have perished. Here is the text which was chosen the very day of the fire by a Dutch minister, and from which he preached his sermon on the morrow, knowing that the magistrates had already decided to forbid preaching on the occasion of this catastrophe :

'Amos, chapter vi. verses 9 and 10. "And it shall come to pass, if there remain ten men in one house, that they shall die. And when a man's uncle shall take him up, and he that burneth him, to bring out the bones out of the house, and shall say unto him that is by the sides of the house, Is there yet any with thee? and he shall say, No: Then shall he say, Hold thy tongue: for we may not make mention of the name of the Lord."

'It is, however, right to tell you that I have this from a member of the clergy who is my friend, who considers it an excess of zeal on the part of his colleague; and that this same man made an excellent sermon while I was at the Hague, preaching the simplest and the most edifying morals, which would have satisfied you.

'It is said—merely a rumour—that during the fire a Dutch minister ran about the streets crying to those who were hastening to give assistance: *Laet si maer branden, het sijnd deufeln kinderen.*

'An excess of fanaticism counterbalanced by an excess of libertinage is what I have found greatly increased in this country. I do not know if misery is the cause, but the streets are swarming with very young and very pretty girls, who offer their charms to passers-by. I confess that, without succumbing, these complexions so fresh and so natural have much improved my eyesight, fatigued by the rouge and the excessive art of our Frenchwomen, among whom the *corps des filles* has

played so considerable and so revolting a part for some time past.

'I beg you, Sir, not to quote from any portion of my letter about this misery which I relate to you, and never to allow my good priest to know that I sent you the text of his colleague's sermon.

'I return to my regiment through Paris, where I shall call upon M. le Comte de Rochefort,<sup>1</sup> to know if he has anything to send to you. I shall also see M. d'Argental,<sup>2</sup> and if I find the means I shall make a detour of thirty leagues in order to spend a few hours at Ferney, on June 11 or 12. I must be at Huningen on the night of the 15th.

'Continue your kindness to me, and accept my very humble and tender homage.'<sup>3</sup>

Laméry, 'comedian to the King,' writes from Lyons to Voltaire, after 1765 :

'I have just met with a singular incident with that scribbler (*barbouilleur de papier*) Fréron.<sup>4</sup> Here are the facts :

'About a year ago I was at supper in a certain house where we were playing at *vingt-et-un*, a game much in vogue here, and one of the company said to me, "Laméry, you ought to compose a little comedy on *Vingt-et-un*. It would draw the whole town." This idea ran in my head the remainder of the evening, and on returning home I began to write, and did not give up until my *Vingt-et-un* was finished. The next day I took my kind of comedy to the Censor; I ask permission to have it played, which is granted. The piece is rehearsed and posted; on the day before the representation I am forbidden to bring it out, under the pretext that I had introduced several

<sup>1</sup> Count de Rochefort, son of the Countess de Saint-Point. He first came to Ferney in 1766, and was in constant communication with Voltaire from that time.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Augustin de Ferriol, Count d'Argental, 1700-1788, a schoolmate and life-long friend of Voltaire, who usually addressed him as 'Mon Ange.'

<sup>3</sup> Autograph letter in the author's unpublished collections.

<sup>4</sup> Elie-Catherine Fréron, 1719-1776, a famous critic and opponent of the philosophical party; founded the *Année Littéraire*. Voltaire vented his exasperation against Fréron by a series of epigrams, of which the following is one of the best known :

'L'autre jour, au fond d'un vallon,  
Un serpent piqua Jean Fréron.  
Que pensez-vous qu'il arriva ?  
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.'

persons of the town into the piece; it was not, however, my intention to do so, and I had not even thought of it.

‘Disappointed at not being able to give my *Vingt-et-un*, which, poor as it is, would have drawn a very good house, I decided to have it printed. I sold many copies, and apparently one fell into the hands of Fréron, and this animal, instead of striving to use his efforts so that he may be able to give an account of some good book, straightway fills four pages of his wretched paper [*L'Année Littéraire*] to cry down a trifle which was only composed as a bit of pleasantry on society. This is how he ends his criticism: “All the advice I can give to the author is to write no more comedies and to confine himself to acting.”

‘This is my reply: “You must have a great deal of time at your disposal, M. Fréron, to amuse yourself with analysing a trashy piece which was not worth the honour of being cited. What! For such a wretched thing you fill four pages of your delicious paper? Ah, M. Fréron, you scarcely know the value and the usefulness of your time; you are too prodigal. And why? For nothing. I do not write with the intention of excusing myself for the poorness of my piece, but I am quite sure that I was not so long in composing it as you were in making your criticism. Moreover, Sir, I thank you for your advice. I shall profit by it; I shall make no more comedies; I shall confine myself to acting. There are days when I perform in it with pleasure. Adieu, M. Fréron, until our next meeting. I am going to dress for the part of Lord Murray in *L'Ecosaise*.”<sup>1</sup>

‘I have sent my letter to the *Mercure*,<sup>2</sup> but I do not know if they will accept it.

‘Pardon, pardon, a thousand pardons, Sir, for having taken the liberty of importuning you on such a subject.

‘Permit me, I pray you, to profit by this circumstance to thank you for the kindness you had for me during the little time that I had the honour to remain in your house, at the moment of Mlle. Clairon’s visit.<sup>3</sup> What delicious moments! Ah, Sir, I can only recall them with emotion. How can I prove to you

<sup>1</sup> In this play of Voltaire, Fréron is represented as a venal, impudent, and degraded pamphleteer.

<sup>2</sup> *Mercure de France*, founded in 1672.

<sup>3</sup> In the summer of 1765.

my gratitude? I know not. There are moments when no expression can render the sensibility with which the soul is affected. This is my position ; I can offer you only a respectful silence ; accept it, I beseech you, as an assured proof of the admiration to which you have given rise, and of the sentiments which you have inspired in me. I have the honour to be, with every possible consideration, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘ LAMÉRY, Comedian of the King  
at Lyons.

‘ P.S.—But, Sir, can you imagine this Fréron ? On the first and single occasion that I do a little scribbling, he wages a terrible war against me—against me who have never said anything to him—to him who has never done anything else all his life but scribble.’<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER CXIX

VOLTAIRE, in answer to the Duke de Choiseul, wrote the subjoined letter from Les Délices, dated July 13, 1757, in which he graphically sketched the European situation, and, with that insinuating appearance of modesty which bore a strong resemblance to Franklin’s methods, offered the counsels which the Minister had earnestly solicited. This letter, now first published, is of great interest in view of the events that followed in the last century and in this.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter in the author’s unpublished collections.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke de Choiseul (Etienne-François, 1719–1785), to whom it is addressed, was one of the most successful diplomatists and statesmen of the last century. He was witty, elegant, presumptuous, a man *à bonnes fortunes*, but with all this possessed serious qualities of a high order, which his lighter characteristics strengthened by giving him the favour of Mme. de Pompadour. His successful missions to Rome and Vienna placed at his disposal, on the death of Cardinal de Bernis, the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and immediately after of the Ministry of War. Through the influence of the favourite, he soon became Prime Minister in fact, though not in name, directing all affairs of government, and disposing of all offices. He accomplished useful reforms, and left brilliant souvenirs of his administration ; he reorganised the army, brought the navy and the colonies to a higher level, repaired the disaster of preceding wars, re-established French influence in Europe, united the sovereigns of the house of Bourbon in a common pact, and reunited Corsica to France, in spite of the

‘ Monseigneur,—

‘ You know that upon leaving the Grand Council, held on account of the will of the King of Spain, Louis XIV. met four of his daughters who were playing, and said to them: “ Well, what would you do if you were in my place ? ” These young girls gave their advice at random, and the King replied to them: “ Whatever advice I follow I shall have censors.”

‘ You deign to treat an ignorant old man in the same manner as Louis XIV. treated his children. You wish me to gossip, gossip, and compile, compile. Your kindness and my manner of living, which is without consequence, give me therefore the right that Gros Jean took with his curé.<sup>1</sup>

‘ In the first place, I firmly believe that all men have been, are, and will be led by events. I respect greatly Cardinal de Richelieu, but he did not engage himself with *Gustavus Adolphus* until *Gustavus* had landed in Pomerania without consulting him; he profited by the circumstance. Cardinal Mazarin profited by the death of the Duke de Weimar; he obtained Alsace for France and the Duchy of Rethel for himself.<sup>2</sup> Whatever may be said, Louis XIV. did not in the least expect, in making the peace of Riswick, that his grandson would have, three years later, the succession of Charles Quint. He even less expected that the first war of his grandson would be against his uncle. Nothing of what you have seen has been

secret opposition of England, whom he further defeated in her pretensions over the Spanish possessions. He pierced the ambitious projects of Russia towards Poland, pushed Turkey into a declaration of war against Catherine, and would have aided the Sultan had it not been for the formal opposition of the king. He reduced the subsidies accorded to foreign princes, at the same time inducing them to continue in alliance with France. At the time of his death he had been in retirement many years, but was still the respected friend of Marie Antoinette. He bore the title of Count de Choiseul-Stainville when Ambassador to Vienna and until 1758, when he was created a duke. He must not be confused with his cousin Cæsar Gabriel de Choiseul, who did not enter the diplomatic service until 1758, when he succeeded his cousin the Duke de Choiseul as Ambassador at Vienna, and was styled Count de Choiseul until 1762, when he was made Duke de Praslin; he was at one time Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in 1766 of Marine, but fell from power in 1770, at the same time as his cousin the duke.

<sup>1</sup> The French proverb ‘ C’est Gros Jean qui en remontre à son curé ’ is the equivalent of the Latin ‘ Piscem natæ docet.’

<sup>2</sup> This declaration on the part of Voltaire is important in connection with the correspondence in the *Paris Figaro* of April and May, 1896, concerning the statement of the eminent M. Berthelot, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, who thinks that Richelieu and not Mazarin gained Alsace for France.

foreseen. You know that chance brought about the peace with England signed by that handsome Lord Bolingbroke *sur les belles fesses de madame Pultney*. You will therefore do as all the great men of your kind have done who have profited by the circumstances in which they found themselves.

‘You have had Prussia for an ally, you have it for an enemy. Austria has changed its system, and you also. Russia had no weight twenty years ago in the balance of Europe, and it now has a very considerable one. Sweden has played a great rôle, and plays a very small one. Everything has changed, and will change. But as you have said, France will always remain a fine kingdom and formidable to its neighbours, unless the classes of the parliaments interfere.

‘You know that allies are like the friends who were called in my time a *quadrille*, one changed his partner at every *coup*.

‘It seems to me, moreover, that the friendship of Messieurs de Brandebourg has always been fatal to France. They abandoned you at the siege of Metz made by Charles Quint; they took much money of Louis XIV. and declared war against him; they detached themselves twice from you during the war of 1741. And surely you will not place them in a position to betray you a third time. This power was at that moment only an accidental power, founded on the most extreme economy and on a financial system peculiar to Prussia. The money that was hoarded up has disappeared. The Prussians, for a long time victors, are beaten by their system. I do not think that there remain forty families at present in the kingdom of Prussia. Pomerania is deserted [or devastated], Brandebourg miserable, no one eats white bread there; only discredited money is to be seen, and very little even of that. The estates of Cleves are sequestered; the Austrians are victors in Silesia. It would be less difficult at present to uphold the King of Prussia than to crush him. The English are ruining themselves by affording him indirect help in the direction of Hesse, and you render this help useless. Such is the state of things.

‘Now, if one wished to lay a wager, according to the rule of probabilities the odds must be three to one that the Prussian power will be destroyed.



‘ But a desperate blow can re-establish its affairs and ruin yours. If you prosper you will have a fine congress, in which you are always the guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia, and I persist in thinking that all the Princes of Germany will say, “Brandebourg has fallen because it quarrelled with France; it is to our advantage always to have France for a protector.” Certainly, after the fall of the most powerful Prince of the Empire, the Queen of Hungary will not come to ask you to return either Strasbourg, or Lille, or Lorraine. She will wait at least ten years, and then you will set the Turk and the Swede upon her with the help of money, if you have any.

‘ The main point is to have much money. Henry IV. prepared himself to become the arbiter of Europe by having a golden balance made by the Duke de Sulli. The English only succeed with guineas, and a credit which increases their value tenfold. The King of Prussia only made Germany tremble for some time because his father had more money-bags than bottles in his cellars at Berlin. We no longer belong to the period of Fabricius; it is the richest who gets the mastery, just as among us it is the richest who buys a post of *maître des requêtes*, and who in consequence governs the state. It is not noble, but it is true.

‘ The Russians embarrass me; but Austria will not have sufficient to hire them two years against you.

‘ Spain embarrasses me, for it has little to gain by ridding you of the English; but at least it is certain that it will always have more hatred for England than for you.

‘ England embarrasses me, for it will always wish to drive you out of Northern America; and in spite of all your privateers, your privateers will always be captured in four or five years, as has been seen in every war.

‘ Ah, Monseigneur, Monseigneur! one must live from day to day when neighbours are to be taken into account. A plan may be followed at home, although plans scarcely ever are followed; but when one plays against others, one discards according to one’s hand. A system, *Grand Dieu!* That of Descartes is fallen, the Roman Empire no longer exists; that of [Le Franc de] Pompignan even loses its credit; everything is being destroyed, everything passes. I am greatly afraid that in



important affairs it is as in physical science, one makes experiments without having a system.

‘I admire those who say, the House of Austria will become very powerful, France cannot exist. Ah, Messieurs! An archduke has taken Amiens from you; Charles Quint has been at Compiègne; Henry V. of England has been crowned at Paris. Come, come, we have retrieved great losses, and you need not fear the overthrow of France, whatever stupidity may be practised. What! No system! I only know one, to be well settled at home, then everybody respects you.

‘Negotiations depend on war and finance. With money and victories one can do everything one wishes.’<sup>1</sup>

The reader’s interest in the preceding letter of Voltaire will be enhanced by perusal of one from the great Leonhard Euler, which I was fortunate enough to find at La Grotte. The mathematician was born at Basle (1707), son of a pastor there, and it was to Mlle. Euler, his sister, that this letter was written from Berlin, August 30, 1758. Euler now occupied in the friendship of Frederick the Great the place which Voltaire had lost, and the contrast in their surveys of Europe is as notable as that between their attitudes towards contemporary forms of religion—Euler being an earnest Christian, and Voltaire a disbeliever in the divinity of Our Saviour. The letter, written it will be remembered early in the Seven Years’ War, is as follows:

‘By the preceding post I already informed you of the first subject of the inexpressible joy which the Almighty has given us. I will add to-day, my dear sister, something to make you feel the importance of this victory.

‘It is impossible to describe the cruelties which these Russians have already committed, nor those with which they have menaced us; but God of his grace has delivered us from a danger so terrible that it is hardly possible to imagine it. Our sworn enemies had resolved to advance as far as Berlin in order to make known there that our very dear King was placed under the ban of the empire, believing that the power of the Russians, whom they thought invincible, would deal us the last blow; but

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of the author. (MS., a contemporary copy.)

now this power is so broken that one is manifestly compelled to acknowledge the power of God, not only with regard to our preservation but also to the punishment of the Russians.<sup>1</sup>

‘ Besides what is contained in the *Gazette*, I will inform you further that our troops, meeting at the commencement with great resistance, gave way and lost courage. His Majesty took a standard in his hand and thus advanced against the enemy, which re-animated our army with as much courage as on the first day (the 25th of this month). Eighteen thousand of the enemy had already been driven back, after which our gracious King rested under a pear-tree. Yesterday was the fourth day that the barbarians were pursued; they have been starved all this time. General Fermer must have been dangerously wounded the day before yesterday. He has offered to the King to deliver to him 6,000 prisoners, if he may retreat with the remainder. But this has been refused, because this army must be destroyed and these regular troops made prisoners of war; but these Cossacks or Kalmucks must be killed. It is impossible for them to retire, seeing that on one side they have to cross the river Warta, lined with several thousand peasants armed with scythes to kill those who attempt the passage. On the other side there is our army and the fortress of Custrin from whence the cannon will continually fire on them. They have already lost all their cannon and powder, together with their baggage, and must soon perish miserably if they do not surrender at discretion. It would be impossible to refuse them some compassion if the infamies and cruelties they have committed had not rendered them unworthy of it, and if they had not by this means made themselves the horror of the human race.

‘ We must recognise here the anger of God and his judgments, of which our dear Monarch is the instrument. Now we confide ourselves to the continuation of the divine protection, and we must be assured that this Almighty God will soon annihilate these abominable enterprises of our enemies, and that He will grant us the peace we desire so ardently. It is evident that Providence has chosen our King to be a very remarkable instrument, and that we are approaching great events. There

<sup>1</sup> Battle of Zorndorff, August 25 and 26, 1758.

is here a manufacturer of stamin<sup>1</sup> who boasts of having divine revelations, and has thrown the city into astonishment. He predicted this battle a long time ago; and several days before, when everyone was overcome with fear and prepared for flight, I saw him near the Margrave Henry, where he announced that there would be a battle on Friday, the 25th, which would last five days, which would be more important than the preceding ones, and for which a fête for the return of thanks would be celebrated at Berlin on the 3rd of September. He must also have predicted several of the preceding battles, with all the details.

‘ Here is what he has prophesied for the future :

‘ That the King will give battle twice this year, one to the Austrians which will be as honorable as this last, and the other which will be of less importance with the Imperial army. That in this same year five Princes of the Empire will abandon the Austrians, and that the Turks will attack the Russians. The next year the King will again give battle to the Austrians, which will be the fourth and the last, and that peace will follow in Germany, but beyond its frontiers war will continue until 1769. That in 1761 our Great Frederick will be elected Emperor with absolute power; that in the same year the Reformation will be again undertaken, and Popery will be destroyed; that the Reformer was already at Berlin; that the Reformation would be upheld by three most powerful potentates, namely, the Emperor, the King of England, and the Sultan, who about that time would embrace the Christian religion. That in 1782 the second Emperor of the House of Brandebourg would ascend the throne; that he would root out the remnants of Popery; and that the Imperial dignity would remain with the House of Brandebourg until the year 2261, which will probably be the end of the world. He says that next year (1759) Austria and France will be mortal enemies.

‘ However it may be, it appears evident that our King has obtained a particular assurance of definite assistance, without which he would not have been so firm and so courageous in the greatest dangers. During the last battle, and while in the midst of the enemy, he continued to cry to his soldiers, “ *My*

<sup>1</sup> Étamine, very fine canvas.

*children, be of good courage; see, I have no fear."* May God by his grace preserve our dear Frederick, the pearl of monarchs, and reward him abundantly for the inconceivable pains which he is taking for our deliverance.'<sup>1</sup>

It is curious to find such a mind as Euler taking seriously the Berlin clothworker, whose prophecies, by the way, were almost ingeniously wrong in every particular. Amid Frederick's fearful disasters at Hochkirchen (1758), and at Kunersdorf (1759), the mathematician must have regretted his credulity; but a little later in that Seven Years' War he must also have felt ashamed of what he had said about the Russians. For in 1760 the Russian soldiers, having pillaged Euler's farm near Charlottenburg, Germany, their General (Tottleben) on hearing of it repaired the loss by a very large sum, the Empress Elizabeth adding an indemnity of 4,000 florins. The last seventeen years of Euler's life were passed at St. Petersburg, where he found his chief support as a man and a *savant*; so that the above letter may take its place as a monumental example of the delusions into which great men sometimes fall.

## CHAPTER CXX

A LETTER of Mme. de Brenles at Ussières to Mme. de Bochat at La Grotte, April 13, 1758, describes a rural fête, probably on occasion of the marriage of M. Clavel de Marsens and Mlle. de Chabot-Chandieu:

'I have received the things you had the goodness to send me, and thank you very humbly for them, as also for the care you took in procuring the fish. My dinner would have been a failure without it, and your fine fruit crowned the dessert. I can only repeat what you have already learned about the fête. It was all that could be desired. The wedding took place at Montprevaire; there was a parade at the entrance of the estate before Ussières, where a halt was made, and before the château. The cannon were fired at a distance on account of the horses.

<sup>1</sup> MS. (a contemporary copy) discovered by the author in La Grotte, and now in his possession.

Some ladies and people came from Moudon without being expected, to receive them at Ussières with the cannon; from thence the procession went opposite Ropraz, where they fired the rest of the day. Everyone was surprised on entering a house which had been for so long a time a bachelor's residence to find that it did not appear such, but was well kept and well furnished with everything. We have been there each day and are well received, with much gaiety and cordiality. We did not notice either the bad weather or the climate. The young couple are united and happy, as they deserve. The parents of the bride are very pleasant. The attentions of the husband are unceasing; the mother, like her daughter, has charmed everyone. The two fathers have become great friends. M. de Brenles was not melancholy. It was a very agreeable picture.'<sup>1</sup>

Voltaire is again besieged by letters. The Abbé d'Escalier writes to him, August 10, 1758:

'A taste for study, and my natural inclination, having caused me to peruse the different works with which so many illustrious men have enriched the republic of letters (if I did not fear to wound your modesty I would tell you, not to betray my thought, that I have found in the works with which you have enlightened the public, models of all kinds), it struck me one day that there was wanting to literature a work containing the lives of all the poets who have ever written—from the singer of Ilium to the panegyrist of Henry IV. (*chef-d'œuvre* of our language which raises us above Athens, and for which we are indebted to your happy talents—I venture to say, and you will permit it, that it was reserved for such a genius as yours to teach the French nation that it was capable of producing epic minds), which work should be accompanied by critical dissertations on the different works of the poets.

'It is true that the author's life is prefaced to the works of some of our poets, but so disfigured, so incorrect in the facts, so venturesome in the narration, so filled with anachronisms that it is difficult, not to say impossible, to reach the truth through the clouds that hide it.

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte. (MS.)

‘I had collected a few fragments scattered here and there on the most ancient monuments, which I had read with the intention of undertaking this work, but I feel that I had consulted my *amour-propre* rather than my ability.

‘As I am persuaded, Sir, of that goodness which interests you in favour of persons beginning the career you fill with so much brilliancy, and that this kindly characteristic has urged you several times to impart to them your knowledge, I take the liberty of asking, like a respectful son, for your advice on this work. It will be, Sir, the rule I shall follow, the pledge of an eternal gratitude and of an inviolable attachment,’ etc.<sup>1</sup>

M. Huet writes from Geneva, December 3, 1758:

‘I have passed many years in compiling an epitome on Religion. It is a honey I have abstracted from the essence of all flowers; I have made it my own special study by composing an academic discourse requiring rather less than an hour to read, which has for title “Le Vray.”

‘I present myself at your door, Sir, in order to refer this piece to your tribunal. You are the prince of fine geniuses, and the Hero of our nation. I should render myself guilty of the crime of anarchy if I did not solicit the honour of your approbation, or at least if I did not render this feeble homage to your superiority of knowledge by praying you to grant me your criticisms.

‘Necessity compels me to make profit out of this piece, and to place it on sale. What would it not gain in price if you deign, Sir, to honour it with your protection?

‘Your servants at the door were not able to answer exactly at what moment I might present it to you; perhaps they judged ill of my dress. It is of you, Sir, that I ask an audience. An accident on the road in coming here places me in straitened circumstances. I am lodging at the “Ecu de France.” At the precise moment I shall be at your orders. I am, Sir, with the most respectful consideration,’ etc.<sup>2</sup>

This letter is headed, ‘De l’Anglais Huet.’ Mr. Huet, according to Beuchot, was a member of the British Parliament, and a grand-nephew of the Bishop of Avranches. He

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter from the author’s unpublished collections.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*

composed in 1761 a curious pamphlet entitled 'The Man after the Heart of God.' Voltaire's drama of 'Saul' was published (in 1763) as a translation from the English of M. Hut (Huet).

In 1759, as already noted, Voltaire was again at war with Grasset. On February 11 he writes from Les Délices to Professor Jean Alphonse Rosset de Rochefort :

' Sir,—I learn the obligations which I owe, or rather which religion, good order, and public tranquillity owe to you. I am assured, and I do not doubt it, that you employ your talents and your idea of justice in proscribing a libel secretly printed in your town ; the editor, named Grasset, is already greatly suspected, since he is known to have robbed the brothers Cramer at Geneva ; and his criminal suit has been commenced. It would matter little if supposititious works were imputed to me in this libel ; that would only be a piece of typographical roguery to which one is sufficiently accustomed and which is not worthy of attention ; but there is a letter on My lord Bolingbroke which formally attacks religion. Whoever composed it is greatly to blame ; he who spreads it abroad is still more to blame, and it is a punishable calumny to impute it to me.

' The pretended letter written from Lausanne to M. Tiriot [Thieriot] at Paris is not my letter at all ; I never wrote such nonsense as that which has been printed.

' The reply to this pretended letter by a Society of Literary Men of Geneva is an outrage to the state of Geneva ; it is an anonymous work under a fictitious name, and such publications are not permitted at Geneva.

' The supposed quarrel with M. Vernet, professor of theology, is another insult to this professor, with whom I have never quarrelled, and whom I esteem and love.

' That which concerns the memory of the late Saurin is a scandal which the wisdom of your Academy wishes to stifle, and which the Sovereign Council of Berne does not desire brought up again.

' Your prudence seconds the government perfectly ; I do not doubt that your colleagues think as you do ; I present my respectful acknowledgments to them, and return to you, Sir,

in particular, the most tender and the most sincere thanks. I wish you and all your family good health. I hope to have the honour of thanking you in person very shortly, and assuring you of the sentiments full of esteem and respect with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘VOLTAIRE, gentilhomme ord. du roy,  
Comte de Tournay.’<sup>1</sup>

Five days later he again addresses the same Professor:

‘Sir,—The letter with which you honour me does not permit me to doubt for an instant that you will conform, like your *confrères*, to the wise and peaceful views of the Lords Curators and of the Sovereign Council. The principal members of the State have placed at my disposal a copy of the libel which they caused to be seized at Lausanne. I consider it to be a defamatory and punishable libel, since it has been printed without the name of the bookseller and without permission, and attacks the reputation of several persons. I am in my right in instituting criminal proceedings against the publisher for having frequently mentioned my name in this libel, for having imputed to me works which I never composed, and for having lavished on me the most scurrilous insults and the most infamous calumnies.

‘It is obvious that the aim of the miserable publisher of this insolent libel is to bring out, under cover of several pieces already printed, a new letter on Saurin, which letter the *Mercure Suisse* wisely refused to insert.

‘The question, Sir, is not to know whether the Minister Saurin, who died so long ago, merited the hangman’s rope or not; but it is necessary not to endeavour to defame by every means an innocent family at present comprising eleven members; and the Council of Berne will not permit it. You have too much reason, justice, and humanity to wish to defend a punishable libel printed by a scoundrel who is decreed at Geneva to be liable to arrest for a public theft.

‘I hope that the sentiments of friendship will be joined to

<sup>1</sup> This and the following letter are in the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte. (MSS.)



the pressing motives of religion, peace, honesty, and decency. I have the honour to be,' &c.

'The letter upon My lord Bolingbroke is not at all that which was shown me. All this is scandalous and punishable.

'I will add that it is a detestable excuse to say that these insults have been already printed. Is it permitted to pour poison into wounds already existing?'

The libel here referred to by Voltaire was a collection of pieces published by Grasset under the title of '*La Guerre Littéraire, ou choix de quelques pièces de M. de V\*\*\**,' which contained the supposed letter by Saurin acknowledging his guilt.

Joseph Saurin, the French geometrician, member of the Academy of Sciences and Examiner of Books, born in France 1659, was brought up as a Roman Catholic and named Minister at Eurre in Dauphiné. As the sequel to a dispute with the Prior he fled to Geneva and adopted the reformed religion, becoming pastor at Bercher (1684–1689) and signing the Consensus in 1686. Some remarks in the pulpit aroused the antagonism of Berne, and to escape the vexatious measures continually levelled against him he returned to France and re-entered the Roman Catholic Church in 1690. Having come into Switzerland in 1712, he was seized, on the accusation of heresy, and of causing his wife to renounce her religion. Fictitious crimes were imputed to him which would have brought him to the gallows had they been true; and the climax was reached when a letter was produced, in which Saurin confessed his crimes to one of his former friends, a pastor. This letter was published in the Supplements to the Dictionaries of Bayle and Moreri, and Voltaire, at the request of Saurin's family, undertook to defend Saurin. For this purpose he secured the following document, twenty years after Saurin's death:

'We, pastors of the church of Lausanne, canton of Berne, in Switzerland, declare that, being requested to say what we know of an accusation brought against the late M. Joseph Saurin, former pastor of the barony of Bercher, in the bailiwick of Yverdon, and touching a letter imputed to the said M. Saurin, in which he appears to accuse himself of criminal and discredit-

able acts; the said letter and the said imputation being printed in the *Suppléments aux Dictionnaires de Bayle et de Moreri*; we declare that we have never seen the original of this pretended letter, nor known anyone who has seen it, nor heard say that it had been addressed to any pastor in this country; so that we can only disapprove the use which has been made of that document. In witness whereof we have signed ourselves, this 30th day of March, 1757, at Lausanne,

‘ ABRAHAM DE CROUSAZ, first pastor of the church  
of Lausanne, and dean ;

‘ N. POLIER DE BOTTENS, first pastor of the church  
of Lausanne ;

‘ DANIEL PAVILLIARD, pastor.’<sup>1</sup>

Joseph Saurin died in 1737 (December 29). He left a son, Bernard Joseph Saurin (1706–1781), advocate, author of the tragedy of *Spartacus*, who was for a time secretary to the Prince de Conti.

In his article on Joseph Saurin, Voltaire says : ‘ I have been enabled to examine on the spot these accusations against Joseph Saurin ; I have spoken to the Seignior of the domain of Bercher [M. le Baron de Saussure de Bercher], where Saurin had been pastor ; I addressed myself to all the family of the Seignior of this domain ; he and all his relatives have unanimously told me that they have never seen the original of the letter imputed to Saurin.’

The Swiss clergy wished to remove from office the three worthy pastors who had signed in accordance with their conscience ; it is undoubtedly to this same subject that M. de Steiguer refers in the letter already quoted to M. de Brenles. June 19, 1757—‘ Speaking about disorder, M. Crousâ has been punished severely. Is example, therefore, so necessary with you ?’

Voltaire frequently refers to the vexations which the Minister Polier de Bottens suffered for having signed the preceding document. To M. de Brenles he writes (November 2, 1758): ‘ You are right in pitying our friend Polier de Bottens, who has had the weakness to allow himself to be blamed by vulgar

<sup>1</sup> Beuchot, vol. xix. p. 208, erroneously writes the name Povillard.

pedants, after having had the strength to do bravely a good work which ought to have silenced these rascals. I speak rather as a man who possesses towers [referring to the Château of Ferney] and machicolations, and who is not afraid of the Consistory.' To M. Bertrand, November 27: 'Your ministers of Lausanne, who have a grudge against our friend Polier, have conducted themselves with him in this affair very indecently, and he has been too yielding. He ought to have shown firmness on such an occasion.'

To M. Bertrand again, January 30, 1759, he speaks of a M. d'Arnay, son of the professor, the former associate of Bousquet, as probably having the printed sheets at his house. He adds in a postscript: 'The catechist Chavanes, of Vevai, is not, I am assured on oath, the author of the libel. Allamand is the man who is sure to be informed of this intrigue; but I do not wish to write to him.'

He informs M. de Brenles, February 7, 1759, that the author of the libel is a certain Lervèche [Leresche], a former preceptor of General Constant de Rebecque, and now minister of Roche, within the circle of Villeneuve. Leresche sent it for correction to Allamand, and to M. de Chavannes, at Vevay, who would have nothing to do with it. And on February 29, to M. Bertrand: 'Allamand writes to me that all the pastors of Vevai disavow the libel dated from Vevai. This is a fresh reason for its suppression.'

It has been seen in a preceding letter that Voltaire signs himself Count of Tournay. His former secretary, Colini, says in his Memoirs: 'Voltaire signed for some time in this way, after having acquired the domain of Tournay. His enemies did not see that it was a pleasantry, and accused this great man of a ridiculous vanity. He had taken this title of Comte as he afterwards took that of Frère Voltaire, Capucin indigne, when the Capuchins of the country of Gex named him (1770) their temporal father.'

The following lines, by an unknown poet, were found in the garrets of La Grotte:

A M<sup>OR</sup> DE VOLTAIRE, COMTE DE TOURNAY, 1759.

Hélas ! qu'est devenu le temps,  
 Voltaire, où ton heureux génie  
 Produisoit les plaisirs constans  
 Et la gloire de la Patrie ?  
 Des possessions et des rangs  
 Dédaignant le faste éphémère,  
 Rival de Sophocle et d'Homère  
 Tu marchois au-dessus des grands.  
 Eh ! quel censeur atrabilaire  
 Eût pu te refuser alors  
 Cette gloire, juste salaire  
 De tes admirables essors ?  
 Quand ton pinceau rare et sublime  
 A nos cœurs charmés et surpris  
 Du plus illustre des Henris  
 Traçoit la vertu magnanime,  
 Le nom d'Arouet, exalté  
 Par l'harmonie et l'éloquence  
 Avec le Héros de la France,  
 Partageoit l'immortalité.  
 Tes succès brillans et rapides  
 Se multiplioient dans leurs cours,  
 De froides odes des candides  
 N'obscurcissoient pas tes beaux jours,  
 Une noblesse imaginaire  
 N'eut pas alors séduit ton cœur,  
 C'étoit assez d'être Voltaire  
 Pour exister avec honneur.  
 Maintenant, seigneur gentilhomme,  
 Quel Protocole m'apprendra  
 Comment vous voulés qu'on vous nomme ;  
 Chambellan, Comte, et cetera ?  
 Mille pardons, Votre Excellence,  
 Mes efforts sont trop limités  
 Pour dénombrer vos qualités.  
 Dans la nomenclature immense  
 De vos modernes dignités  
 S'égare ma réminiscence.  
 Il est vrai qu'au grand écrivain  
 J'aurois donné la préférence  
 Sur la fastueuse existence  
 D'un petit Seigneur Cisalpin  
 Dont l'ennuyeuse suffisance  
 Des mêmes droits de suzerain  
 Savoure la prééminence.  
 Car enfin, noble châtelain,  
 De la pompe qui vous décore,  
 Que l'éclat soit trompeur ou vrai,  
 Je rends vingt Comtes de Tournay  
 Pour un Voltaire à son aurore.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Original MS. in the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier. discovered by the author in La Grotte.

## CHAPTER CXXI

M. GRANGÉ, a bookseller mentioned in several of Voltaire's published letters, writes from Paris, March 27, 1759, to recommend himself to Voltaire as the publisher of a correct and beautiful edition of his works :

‘ Sir,—It has been for a long time complained that in general our best authors are badly printed. Your works have not had in France a different fate from those of Corneille, Racine, and many other great men who have illustrated our nation ; they have always been badly printed. If we except your *Henriade*, of which the English have made an elegant edition, and the last edition of your works which has just appeared at Geneva, where shall we find one, Sir, that is passable ? All our French booksellers whom you have gratified with your works have gained a great deal of money ; but if they have had occasion to be satisfied with your generosity, neither you, Sir, nor the public have cause for being satisfied with their handiwork. Although their numerous editions have been sold immediately they were printed, they certainly did not owe the success of so rapid a sale to their typographical merits. All these gentlemen have had the same greed for gain ; and yet not one of them has had the emulation to surpass his *confrères* by beauty in the execution of the work.

‘ You will judge for yourself, Sir, by casting your eyes on the prospectus which I have the honour to send, of the desire I have to deserve your approbation and that of the public. I propose, if you permit me, to spare neither care nor expense to make an edition of your works which shall be of exceptional beauty. M. Lemoine, my brother-in-law, does me the pleasure to preside over the department of design and engraving which will be executed by our greatest masters ; and he has had, and will have, your portrait engraved from your bust. As for the typographical portion, a man of letters and taste will undertake the corrections, and I will have type made superior to that which I have employed for the prospectus.

‘I shall be flattered, Sir, if my zeal and my emulation are agreeable to you, and in that case you will much oblige me by indicating the number of copies that you will destine for your friends. I shall consider it a duty to present them on your behalf.

‘I have the honour to be, Sir, with profound respect, your very humble and obedient servant,

‘GRANGÉ, Imprimeur-Libraire,  
‘Rue de la Parcheminerie à Paris.’<sup>1</sup>

Professor Escher, writing from Zurich, April 3, 1759, to M. Rosset de Rochefort at Lausanne, speaks of Zimmermann, ‘whom I call my father,’ and of a M. Blachon, who is about to enter the ministry at Zurich. He continues:

‘Permit me, Sir, to beg a small service of you. There is at Zurich a M. Simler, *inspector alumnorum*, formerly my preceptor and now my *confrère* and friend—a great admirer of the History of the Reformation—and very learned in this kind of study, which even with you is considered an oracle. He is also a correspondent of Gerdes, of young Haller, and of Sinner the librarian. He requested me, when writing to Lausanne, to present his respects to you, and beg you to send an ample account of the late Dom Quiros, professor in your Academy, concerning his origin, his travels, and his works. A student could draw it up for you. He wishes to insert it in a German collection of pieces which he will join to the *Histoire de la Réforme*, to which he is always adding some new literary thing. . . . I knew that you were among his friends and even patrons, and that one could not apply to a better source to have correct information about the deceased professor. . . . If by chance, as I believe, some inhabitants of Zurich will soon be going to Lausanne, I shall have the honour to send you a dissertation or two of M. Hogenbach, very different from those of M. Zimmermann. Ah, how we have fallen! But I am more garrulous than I ought to be. I conclude by begging you to accept my respects and friendly souvenirs, and for your dear family as well as for the de Bochats and d’Arnays,’ &c.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter, in the author’s unpublished collections.

<sup>2</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte (MS.). Hyacinthe Bernal Dom Quiros, a Spaniard

M. Cappelman, writing from Paris, November 20, 1751, to M. Rosset de Rochefort at Lausanne, says: 'The situation of the worthy M. de Quiros causes me all the more pain since it is said that a man of his merit and probity should be exposed, although innocent, to feel the effects of the bad conduct of a few of his predecessors, as a price of the sacrifice he has made to the truth.'<sup>1</sup>

Professor Escher, of Zurich, who was also pastor at Wipkingen,<sup>2</sup> writes to Mme. de Bochat at Lausanne, August 16, 1759:

'Madame,—I fear less to abuse your goodness since my aunt has assured me of the continuance of your benevolence, and told me that you would not feel hurt if I took the liberty of sending some of my friends to you, and asked you to grant them the entrance to good society. . . . I have formed an idea that they will one day be the ornament of our Republic. I know full well the friendship you have for the human race, and dare to hope that you will always favour the stronger sex, and will contribute with pleasure to obtain for them every occasion to learn easy, polished, and agreeable manners among persons of good morals, for whom only you have any liking. The two travelling companions are members of very good families; one is named Orell, who will some day be very rich. He is well educated and witty, has a kindly heart, but is extremely lazy and inclined for pleasures. At an early age he frequented ladies' society, which is contrary to the usage of our country, and has even induced others of his own age to imitate him. He has discovered the art of attending upon the ladies without

by birth, was a theologian of the Pope; but having to defend the cause of Protestantism in a dispute, as was customary during Lent between the theologians of the Pope, he sustained his thesis with so much talent, knowledge, and eloquence, that he entirely vanquished his adversary in the controversy. Dom Quiros was in consequence compelled to quit Rome. He went to Switzerland, where he became a Protestant, and later was appointed by the Berne authorities Professor Extraordinary of Ecclesiastical History at Lausanne. At his death he bequeathed his library to the Academy. He was the author of *Dissertatio Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ* (Berne, 1754), and of *Historia Ecclesiastica*, the latter being in manuscript in the Cantonal Library.

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> Wipkingen is a small village on the Limmat, about half a league from Zurich. A little beyond the village a magnificent view is obtained of the beautiful environs of Zurich.

appearing to be a fop, which is sufficiently difficult with us. The other is Schneeberger, the noble son of a councillor who is a man of property. He is a young man with far less vivacity and knowledge than Orell, rather proud and cold, but a man of wit and deep thought, speaking well if little. They could not have chosen better; the coldness of the one prevents the other going too far, and the vivacity of Orell is somewhat communicated to Schneeberger when he has need of it. Schneeberger takes as much pleasure in the society of ladies as Orell, but his conversation is quieter and more agreeable; one will shine at a ball, and the other on the public promenade or at the toilette.

‘I would also wish them to become acquainted with Messieurs Rosset, Pavilliard, and Vesson,<sup>1</sup> ecclesiastics of rare merit, who will remind them from time to time that one is born for pleasures of a higher order than simple amusements. . . .

‘As for your professor, Madame, he is in excellent health, a candidate for good fortune in our order, and awaiting patiently the place which Providence has destined for him. For the rest he takes little trouble, and amuses himself by making acquaintance with any one who pleases him. He studies at his convenience, Christian eloquence and morals being the principal points upon which he is engaged, together with the reading of the Scriptures, and a few well-chosen systems of theology and philosophy. Sometimes for a change I take pleasure in reading some well-written history or poem in good taste; and thus my days glide quietly by, thank God, in a laughing and flourishing country. . . .

‘I owe a reply to M. Rosset, who has had the goodness to execute a commission which I gave him; but I have been prevented from doing so by His Excellency Leu,<sup>2</sup> and I await his orders to write to him. . . . I was rather vexed with M. Simler’s having sent this letter to His Excellency; but the thing having been done, and His Excellency wishing to give

<sup>1</sup> Vesson, or Besson, is mentioned in George Deyverdun’s Diary.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Jacques Leu, Swiss historian and jurisconsult, born at Zurich 1689. died 1768; chancellor of his native city in 1729, and burgomaster 1759; author of *Dictionnaire Général de la Confédération Helvétique*, in twenty volumes, frequently quoted by Gibbon in his *Introduction à l’Histoire Générale de la République des Suisses* under the title of ‘*Dictionnaire Historique de la Suisse.*’



opinion, we must await patiently his return from the Diet, and the happy moment of M. Simler's audience.' <sup>1</sup>

Professor Escher probably belonged to the same family as the celebrated Henri Escher (1626–1710) and Jean Gaspard Escher (1678–1762), both burgomasters of Zurich.

Count César Gabriel de Choiseul, who became Duke de Praslin, November 2, 1762 (having previously replaced towards the end of 1758 his cousin, Count de Choiseul-Stainville, in the post of French ambassador at Vienna), wrote to Voltaire, July 27, 1759:

'You are quite right, Sir, in thinking that the death of Socrates would be an amusement capable of softening the bitterness of a long and tedious journey. Whatever aversion I may have for this kind of life, I would travel continually with pleasure if I always had one of your works to read, and in default of new works I carry with me your old ones, which have always the merit of novelty and become more agreeable and more instructive the better one knows them. This is what happened to me during my journey, which I abridged by re-reading, among others, a certain *Candide*, which is a charming work. *Socrates* only reached me here, but it has given me none the less pleasure. One finds in all your books a gaiety, a true philosophy which delights us, a charm which makes us displeased with the works of others, and this is the only reproach which can be made against you. I am infinitely touched, Sir, by this attention on your part; it is all the more precious to me because it is a proof of the justice which you render to my taste and to my heart, as well as to your friendship. I pray you to preserve it and give me often like proofs of it, and to be persuaded of mine, as well as of the sentiments which bind me to you. Permit me to present my compliments to Madame Denis.' <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter in the author's unpublished collections.

## CHAPTER CXXII

VOLTAIRE writes from Ferney to M. Tabareau, directeur-général des Postes at Lyons, February 3, 1769 :

‘I was not aware, Sir, that you had been so dangerously ill. Rest assured that one cannot know you without being tenderly interested in you. The winter begins to be hard. Take great care of yourself. Your health ought to be dear to all honest people.

‘It is laughable to celebrate the purification and the presentation at the same time. France would be a very pretty (happy) country without the taxes and the pedants. With regard to the people, it will always be senseless and barbarous. Witness what happened to the *canaille* at Lyons. They are oxen which require a yoke, a goad, and hay. I embrace you and M. Vasselier<sup>1</sup> with all my heart. Without compliments, if you please.—V.’<sup>2</sup>

Writing to the same, March 24, 1771, Voltaire begins with the following lines destined to be placed at the bottom of a portrait of the Empress of Russia executed at Lyons on the loom, by the care of the manufacturer, M. Lasalle :

‘Du Nil au Bosphore  
L’Ottoman frémit.  
Son peuple l’adore,  
La terre applaudit [sic].

‘This, Sir, is the shortest that I can do for your *protégé*, and the shortest in such a case is always the least bad.

‘There was a rumour here that M. le Duc de Choiseul<sup>3</sup> was to arrive at Versailles to-day (Sunday). That would be charming, but it is hardly probable.

‘How is your health, my dear Sir? I hope it is better than mine. I embrace Monsieur Vasselier very tenderly.—V.’<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Vasselier, 1735–1798, who was first assistant at the Post Office at Lyons at 1769, aided Voltaire in disseminating his works and in forwarding his letters and manuscript.

<sup>2</sup> Original letter, in the author’s possession. The second paragraph of this letter follows a different commencement in Avenel (tome ix. p. 271).

<sup>3</sup> Duke de Choiseul-Stainville.

<sup>4</sup> Original letter in the author’s unpublished collections.

In 1772 and 1773 Voltaire plunged with his usual ardour into the law-suit between the Count de Morangiés<sup>1</sup> and the Verrons, defending the former in every possible manner. His letters at this moment to M. Marin<sup>2</sup> relate almost exclusively to this affair. He writes from Ferney, March 1, 1773:

‘It is at my twenty-third attack of fever that I make up this packet. See that after my death M. l’Avocat Lacroix learns to be more honest. I shall believe till my last moments that M. de Morangiés is innocent and imprudent. Linguet is all at sea. I rely upon you to have my reply printed; surely nothing can prevent it.

‘I embrace you, dead or alive. I recommend to your good offices the accompanying packets. I pray you also to have the kindness to send a copy to M. Elie de Beaumont.’<sup>3</sup>

Again, March 21, 1774:

‘We live, my dear Friend, in the century of ridicule and impertinence. Let him escape who can. Your letter informs me of matters of which I was unaware. Nothing was wanting to the absurdities and to the scandalous proceedings with which one is inundated, but the insolence of a petition of the Verrons for the repeal of the judgment. I have a letter of credit on a Veron at Paris, but I flatter myself that he is not related to the old woman of the hundred thousand *écus*.

‘I hear that a white bull has escaped in Paris and strikes with its horns for an *écu*. Could you not induce M. de Sartine to order that this bull shall not be allowed out of its stable? I have entirely lost sight of it for more than a year. I am much afflicted that it is allowed to run about thus. There are too many people who would like to eat my bull and me.

‘My strangury has come on again. I shall be very sorry to

<sup>1</sup> ‘Lieutenant-General Count de Morangiés played the strangest rôle in this affair,’ says M. Desnoiresterres, ‘among usurers and pawnbrokers. He accused them of robbing him, while they had induced him to sign bills to the amount of 350,000 livres, which he refused to pay as they fell due. Voltaire espoused his cause from personal motives, having been acquainted with the family for many years.’

<sup>2</sup> François Louis Claude Marini, or Marin, French author, 1721–1809, was director of the *Gazette de France* in 1771, royal censor, secrétaire-général de la Librairie, and lieutenant-general of the Admiralty.

<sup>3</sup> Original letter in the author’s unpublished collections. I also possess the originals of the letters of August 10, 1772, and August 9, 1773, to Marin, published in Avenel, who does not give the name of the recipient of the latter.

leave the country of bulls, monkeys, cats and rats, without having had the consolation of spending a few days with you. Will you have the kindness to forward the enclosed?—V.’<sup>1</sup>

Again, October 14, 1775 :

‘Your letter of October 1, received on the 12th, my dear Friend, informs me of the irreparable loss which you have sustained. I share your grief; it increases those which nature causes me to suffer in my decrepitude. My heart is as sensible as my body is feeble and languishing.

‘I shall have difficulty in sending you what you have been good enough to ask for. I have received only a single collection of these *coquilles* about which you are curious. This unfortunate heap of useless things was arranged without my being consulted. They have placed together foreign caterpillars and snails from the neighbourhood. It is the most badly made and the most badly arranged cabinet that it is possible to see. This is how they treat a poor old invalid who passes his life in his bed; they sell his furniture without telling him anything about it, and strangers slip their rubbish into his inventory.

‘If on your return you had been able to pass by these deserts, which I have rendered slightly inhabitable, you would have consoled me.

‘I have been told that when you left the banks of the Spree you were laden with presents. You would give me pleasure by kindly entering into a few details with regard to the agreeable features of your journey. You know how much I interest myself in everything that concerns you. It has been my good fortune to have my feeble talents united with yours during my life.

‘I embrace you with all the sentiments which I shall retain to the tomb.—V.’

The following unpublished letter of Voltaire, in my possession, written entirely in his own hand, bears neither the name of the recipient nor the date :

‘I have received, Sir, everything that you have done me the honour to send me. Attentions of this nature are very precious; it would be desirable that persons in authority think as you do.

<sup>1</sup> This and the following are from the original letters in the author’s unpublished collections.

The honourable labour you take is a reproach which you address to them; they ought to blush at having less zeal than you have.

‘But permit me, Sir, to request you most earnestly not to do me the honour which you have in view for me. Time alone can ensure the reputation of literary works. My tragedies are of little account, and even if they had some slight merit their success can only be ensured after a very considerable time. Even the *Henriade*—the only work by which I am at all known among foreigners—is hardly a poem with which France can identify itself in order to place it by the side of Tasso and Milton. Posterity alone will regulate the rank of each, and neither you nor I can foresee its judgment. We must endeavour, Sir, to exclude from our temples those divinities whose reputation is not entirely perpetuated. A letter from a person named St. Hyacinthe, printed in your book, rather desecrates the altar on which you sacrifice. It was flattering to see at Rome one’s bust in the Palatine Library, but the honour must be rare and accorded uniquely to merit to be in fact a reward. As for me, Sir, I have never been ambitious of any literary position or honour; I desire only the honour of loving the arts, of cultivating them for themselves, and of being your friend.

‘M. Peirard, who is staying with me, sends you a thousand compliments. I have the honour to be, Sir, with much gratitude, your very humble and obedient servant,

‘VOLTAIRE.’

Early in February, 1768, Moulton writes from Geneva to Voltaire at Ferney, who was then deep in the Sirven matter:

‘I thank you a thousand times for the excellent news which you give me. You have gained a new triumph over fanaticism; I do not despair of soon seeing it in chains at your feet. M. le Duc de Choiseul [Choiseul-Stainville] is well capable of understanding the lessons which you give to Kings, and to put them in practice. It was right that you should both be born in the same century, and ours had need of two men who are so intrepid and so enlightened.

‘I do not yet know whether the friend to whom I applied at Montpellier has found the document for which you ask, and

whether he has sent it to M. de Chardon.<sup>1</sup> I shall know shortly.

‘I have read *L’Homme aux Quarante Ecus*, and *Le Dîner [du Comte] de Boulainvilliers*.<sup>2</sup> It is impossible that every eye should not be at last opened to the truth. If a few discontented monks brought about a revolution in a century but little enlightened, what will you not do in ours?

‘Here, Sir, is the progress which Geneva has made. We are still well divided here. The Council sincerely wishes for peace, but the citizens wish to impose terrible conditions; they are not satisfied with electing half the Two Hundred and the Little Council. They wish further to *grabeller* the Two Hundred every year. But when each citizen is the judge of his magistrates, it seems to me, Sir, that no one will wish to be a magistrate; the *rôle* of citizen will be preferable. In truth, I do not know how it will all finish, but the manner in which the conflict is being carried on proves that it expects nothing from the Guarantee Powers.

‘I ardently desire to have the honour of seeing you, and if my wife were not ill I would have been at Ferney to console myself for our sufferings at Geneva. I will go, Sir, at the first opportunity that I have free, in order to present to you my most profound respects.

‘M.’<sup>3</sup>

Voltaire died May 30, 1778.<sup>4</sup>

In the midst of the Bavarian war of succession, while at

<sup>1</sup> M. de Chardon was charged to examine the case of Sirven prior to laying it before the Council. In 1762 Elizabeth Sirven committed suicide in a fit of insanity brought on by the ill-treatment to which she had been subjected at the convent where she had been placed by the Bishop of Castres. Her father, Pierre Paul Sirven, a Protestant, born at Castres in 1709, was accused of murdering her to prevent her conversion to Roman Catholicism. Sirven escaped over the mountains in rigorous weather to Switzerland with his wife and two remaining daughters. Berne and Geneva granted them a pension, while Voltaire received and gave them shelter at Ferney. In 1764 Sirven and his wife were condemned to the gibbet, and their two daughters to perpetual exile and the confiscation of their property, the sentence being carried out in effigy at Mazamet, Sept. 11, 1764. Voltaire espoused their cause, and after five years of uninterrupted labour effected the rehabilitation of the Sirvens.

<sup>2</sup> Published in 1767.

<sup>3</sup> Autograph letter in the author's unpublished collections.

<sup>4</sup> The late Mr. James Parton published a *Life of Voltaire* in two volumes, distinguished by all the charm of style and construction peculiar to that writer. He has availed himself of all printed sources and has produced a literary work which is an honour to America.

the Camp of Schazlar, Frederick the Great composed a Eulogy on Voltaire, which he read the same year before the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles-lettres of Berlin, of which he was President. I possess the original letter from Frederick to M. d'Argental, dated Silberberg, February 27, 1779, in which the King refers to having sent a copy of this Eulogy to Voltaire's 'Angel,' and pays a further tribute to the departed philosopher :

'Knowing the esteem M. de Voltaire had for you, and the attachment you had for him, I made it a pleasure to send you his Eulogy. The circumstances in which I am placed did not permit me to make it as well as I should have liked or as his genius, which I shall always regret, deserved. I would have done everything in the world to repair the loss of this great man ; but being unable to recall him to life, I thought it my duty to render justice to his merit and to express the regrets which the loss of this fine genius has caused me. It is unfortunately to this point that the duty of contemporaries is limited at the loss they experience of great men. I am sensible of all that you so kindly say of me, and I shall be delighted to have opportunities of proving to you the esteem in which I hold you, and the interest which I take in what concerns you. Whereupon I pray God to have you in His holy and worthy keeping.

'FREDERICK.'<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER CXXIII

Who was Gibbon, and what were his antecedents ? This will appear an absurd question to the critics ; but as this book is intended not only for them, but also for the multitude who at this busy period of the world's history sometimes retain the name of a celebrated man without recalling the details of his life, it may be useful to mention briefly the incidents preceding his appearance in Switzerland.

The Historian himself says in his Autobiography :

'A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors

<sup>1</sup> Original autograph letter in the author's collections.

so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. . . . For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. . . . I may judge, however, from the experience both of past and of the present times, that the public are always curious to know the men who have left behind them any image of their minds; the most scanty accounts of such men are compiled with diligence and perused with eagerness; and the student of every class may derive a lesson or an example from the lives most similar to his own.'

Such an investigation in Gibbon's case is all the more necessary because his own sketch of his progenitors contains important errors.

'My family,' he says, 'is originally derived from the county of Kent. The southern district, which borders on Sussex and the sea, was formerly overspread with the great forest *Anderida*, and even now retains the denomination of the *Weald*, or Woodland. In this district, and in the hundred and parish of Rolvenden, the Gibbons were possessed of lands in the year one thousand three hundred and twenty-six; and the elder branch of the family, without much increase or diminution of property, still adheres to its native soil. . . . In the beginning of the seventeenth century, a younger branch of the Gibbons of Rolvenden migrated from the country to the city, and from this branch I do not blush to descend. . . . My family arms are the same which were borne by the Gibbons of Kent in an age when the College of Heralds religiously guarded the distinctions of blood and name: a lion rampant gardant, between three schallop-shells argent, on a field azure. . . . The chief honour of my ancestry is James Fiens, Baron Say and Seale, and Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Henry the Sixth; from whom by the Phelips, the Whetnalls, and the Cromers, I am lineally descended in the eleventh degree.'

He tells us, moreover, that Robert Gibbon, who married Margaret Phillips, and through whom he deduces his descent from Lord Saye and Sele, was his lineal ancestor in the fifth



degree; that Robert's son Robert left two sons, of whom the elder, Matthew, was his (the historian's) great-grandfather, while the younger, John, was born 1629, educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, acquired a knowledge of foreign languages as a soldier and traveller, and in 1659 resided for a year in Virginia.

Unfortunately, Gibbon, who was greatly interested in his family history, had not completed his inquiries when writing the above account; and indeed he died not long afterwards, before he could consult his distant connection, Sir Egerton Brydges, and obtain a more correct statement of his descent.

Sir Egerton points out that Gibbon was not descended from Robert Gibbon of Rolvenden, Kent, who died in 1618, and who married Margaret, daughter of Edward Phillips de la Weld in Tenterden, and of Rose his wife, daughter of George Whitnell, of East Peckham, Esq.; and consequently Lord Saye and Sele was not his ancestor.

Again, John Gibbon, Bluemantle, mentioned by the Historian as being the brother of his great-grandfather Matthew, was the son of the above Robert Gibbon of Rolvenden. The said John, educated at Cambridge, and who resided in Virginia in 1659, thus belonged to the elder line.

Gibbon himself, continues Sir Egerton, was the descendant of a younger branch of the above family, one of whose members, Thomas Gibbon, Esq., purchased from Lord Borough, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the manor of West Cliffe, about three miles north-east from Dover, on the road to Deal. Thomas Gibbon died, and was buried in the church there, January 15, 1596, leaving two sons, Philip and Matthew. The elder, Philip, married in 1586 at West Cliffe, died at his house, Christchurch, Canterbury, in 1629, and was buried at West Cliffe. His eldest son, Thomas, born in 1590, married thrice. His three sons by his first wife, Thomas, Richard, and George, left no male descendants; his second wife, Alice Taylor, half-sister of Jane, daughter of Cheney Selherst, of Tenterden, Esq., was the mother of Edward Gibbon, who married a daughter of Sir John Roberts, and left a daughter, Jane Gibbon, who married in 1704 John Brydges, Esq., of Gray's Inn, barrister-at-law, and became the grandmother of Sir Egerton Brydges.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vols. lviii. lix. lxvi. lxvii.

In passing I may say, concerning Sir Egerton's statement that Thomas Gibbon purchased the manor of West Cliffe from Lord Borough, that original deeds and a lease in my possession prove that the purchaser of what was called West Cliffe manor was Philip Gibbon, yeoman, and not Thomas Gibbon, his father. The former bought the manor from William Fenwicke, of Stanton, co. Northumberland, Esq., 28 March 7 James I. The lease, however, shows that a moiety of the manor of West Cliffe was in the possession of Sir William Sedley, of Aylesforde, co. Kent, Knight, from whom it passed for a term of years to Philip Gibbon, 12 July 8 James I.

Edward Gibbon, whose first wife was Miss Roberts, married a second time a daughter of his cousin Richard. She survived him, and married Philip Yorke, by whom she had Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, born at Dover in 1690.

Edward's second brother, William, died in childhood; while Matthew, the third brother, who settled in London as a linen-draper, was the great-grandfather of the historian, and died in 1709.

From this point the historian's account is measurably correct, although he erroneously calls John Gibbon, Bluemantle Herald, uncle of his grandfather, Edward Gibbon. The latter Edward, born in 1666, the son of Matthew the draper, had a brother named Thomas, Dean of Carlisle, and a sister. This Edward, a man of great enterprise, was employed to clothe King William's troops in Flanders, his affairs at home being left to his active mother, Hester. This lady's second marriage with an Acton (a widower), and her son Edward Gibbon's marriage and his sister's marriage into the same family united the historian 'by a triple alliance' with the Shropshire baronets of that name.

Mr. Gibbon's grandfather, Edward Gibbon, held the office of Commissioner of the Customs in the Tory administration in the last four years of the reign of Queen Anne (1710-1714). Here he displayed a knowledge of finance and commerce which won the admiration of Bolingbroke. In 1716 he was made a director of the South Sea Company, from whose wreck there was saved only ten of the sixty thousand pounds he had previously possessed, yet in sixteen years he had quite rebuilt his fortunes, and acquired estates in Sussex, Hampshire, Buckinghamshire,

and Surrey. He died at his residence in Putney in 1736, at the age of seventy, leaving his money chiefly to his two daughters. Of these, Catherine became the wife of Edward Elliston, and Hester remained a spinster—also a disciple of the mystical William Law. The only son (Edward, father of the historian) did not share so largely as his two sisters in his father's bequests, because his marriage had not met with the paternal approval. He was born in 1707, and died at his manor of Buriton, near Petersfield, Hants, November 10, 1770, in his sixty-fourth year. He married twice. His first wife (to whom he was united June 3, 1736) we shall immediately refer to. His second wife was Miss Dorothy Patton, who, as the stepmother of the historian, became a faithful and loving parent.

His only son, Edward Gibbon, the historian, was born at the family mansion in Putney, April 27, 1737 (O.S.).<sup>1</sup> The announcement in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' under that date was as follows:—'The lady of Edward Gibbon, Esq., Member for Petersfield, of a son.'

His mother, Judith Porten, was the daughter of Mr. James Porten, a merchant of London, residing at Putney, in whose house Gibbon says he passed the few happy hours of his childhood. His mother's only brother was Sir Stanier Porten. One of her sisters married Mr. Darrell, of Richmond, who left two sons, Edward and Robert, the former of whom eventually became one of Gibbon's executors.<sup>2</sup> The other sister, Catherine, being unmarried, devoted herself to the little child, whose mother was absolutely absorbed, as Gibbon remarks, 'by her frequent pregnancies, by an exclusive passion for her husband, and by the dissipation of the world, in which his taste and authority obliged her to mingle.'

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon's father lived in a house at Putney, no longer existing, which the historian says was acquired by his paternal grandfather. Lord Sheffield adds that it was afterwards inhabited by Richard Wood, M.P., the famous traveller and author of the splendid folio, *Ruins of Palmyra*, 1758, and the corresponding volume, *Ruins of Baalbec*, fol. 1757. The author of the present work possesses an admirable coloured copy (prepared for him in 1880 by the well-known engraver, James A. Burt) of an interesting map in the British Museum, entitled, 'Survey of the House, Gardens, and Grounds, at Putney, belonging to Edward Gibbon, Esq. Surveyed and drawn by I. Rocque, 1744.' The circumference of the entire property is one mile and three-quarters. Its frontage of more than a quarter of a mile is on the Wandsworth Road, cornering on Putney Lane, which forms its north-western boundary.

<sup>2</sup> The other executors were Lord Sheffield and Mr. John Thomas Batt. Mr. Batt declined, and Lord Sheffield and Mr. Edward Darrell acted.

His childhood and early youth were filled with sad illnesses. In an interval of health, in January 1746, he was sent to Dr. Wooddeson's school at Kingston-upon-Thames. Here, however, he was frequently prostrated by sickness, and was finally recalled on the occasion of his mother's death, in December 1747. His father was so overwhelmed by the loss that Gibbon was entirely given up to the care of his aunt, who nursed him with affection, and carried him constantly to the house of his maternal grandfather, near Putney Bridge and churchyard. But a year later, the failure of Mr. Porten deprived him of this delightful resort, the effects being sold and the house given up just before Christmas, 1748.

Gibbon considered this year (1748), when he was eleven, as the turning-point in his intellectual character. During these twelve months he read much English poetry, romance, history, and travels.

What remained of Mr. Porten's fortune scarcely more than sufficed to maintain him, and his daughter, induced by her affection for her nephew, set up a boarding-house for Westminster School. Thither Gibbon accompanied her in January 1749 (N.S.), and passed two years at the school, of which Dr. John Nicoll was head-master. He was then compelled by bad health to retire to his father's residence at Buriton and Putney.<sup>1</sup>

At the age of fifteen, strange to say, his various disorders disappeared, and he enjoyed the measure of vitality which was his thenceforth. He was now (January 1752) placed at Esher, in Surrey, under the Rev. Philip Francis, the translator of Horace, son of the Dean of Lismore, and brother of Richard Francis, an eminent lawyer, author of 'Maxims of Equity,' and of Tench Francis, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania (1741-1755), founder of the distinguished American family of Francis. Mr. Philip Francis was the father of Sir Philip Francis, long the reputed author of the Junius Letters.<sup>2</sup>

Three months later Gibbon's father, finding that his son

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Vincent, in his letters of July 20 and 22, 1793, to Gibbon, in answer to the historian's inquiries, informs the latter that from Dr. Nicoll's book it appears he was entered at Westminster School in the second form in January, 1748 (O.S.), his age being noticed as nine years. As Gibbon was born in 1737 (O.S.), he was then nearer eleven.

<sup>2</sup> See Mr. Fraser Rae's letters in the London *Athenæum*, Nos. 3520, 3523.

was not making satisfactory progress because of his preceptor's frequent absences, took him to Oxford, where he was matriculated as a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College, April 4, 1752.<sup>1</sup>

His love of indiscriminate reading, indulged during his long illnesses, now gave way to devoted historic studies, proving the bent of his mind. His first introduction to the theme of which he became the master was, however, in the summer of 1751, before he went to Oxford; when he accompanied his father to the residence of Mr. Hoare in Wiltshire, and found in the library the 'Continuation of Echard's Roman History.' The story of his historic experiences at this time is charmingly told in his 'Memoirs.'

At the University Gibbon occupied an apartment which he describes as 'three elegant and well-furnished rooms in the new building, a stately pile, of Magdalen College.' My attempts many years ago to identify these rooms proved unsuccessful. In the course of my investigations I received from Lady Williams Wynn a communication dated November 18, 1881, from the late Dr. Bloxam, for many years librarian and bursar of Magdalen, to Canon R. Trevor Owen, F.S.A., general secretary of the Cambrian Archæological Association, in reply to a question which the latter had asked in my behalf.

'There is no tradition at Magdalen College,' said Dr. Bloxam, 'as to the exact set of rooms in the New Buildings which were occupied by Gibbon; but in Dean Milman's last edition of "Gibbon's Autobiography" there are a few notes respecting him at Magdalen, given by Dr. Routh. Some of the anecdotes I have heard the latter mention, but I do not find a record that Gibbon dressed in black, and was always late at dinner.'<sup>2</sup> I have before me Dean Milman's letter to Dr. Routh requesting information respecting Gibbon.<sup>3</sup> After Lord Sheffield had published his books, he offered a copy to the President and Fellows for their Library, which they refused, though

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon says, April 3. Entry in Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*: 'Gibbon, Edward, s. Edward, of Beriton, Hants, armiger, Magdalen College, matric. (subs. 4 April) 1752, aged 14.' The author has constantly had occasion to appreciate the value of Mr. Foster's learned record of Oxford graduates.

<sup>2</sup> This seems in curious contrast to his rigid punctuality later in life.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Routh was president of Magdalen College from 1791 to 1855, and was nearly one hundred years old when he died.

they afterwards purchased them ; for they were justly irate against him (Gibbon) for his attack upon the College. However, after they were aware of this attack, one of the Fellows met Gibbon in Oxford, and good-humouredly asked him to dine, saying " We will not burn you." Gibbon, however, declined, as he said he was obliged to be in London at a certain time.'

My further researches led, in 1891, to a correspondence with Mr. Thomas Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen, at whose suggestion a college meeting was held and the books investigated, but without result. It is a misfortune that Gibbon's rooms cannot be identified ; and this fact suggests the advantage of placing the name, with an appropriate inscription, above the door of each suite known to have been occupied by an eminent character—for instance, over that so long the abode of Charles Reade.

Gibbon says: 'I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College ; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life.' It seems probable that Gibbon, in this judgment of Magdalen, was unconsciously influenced by personal pique, from the fact that he was unable to return to its walls ; and also perhaps by a certain desire to show that he did not owe his acquirements and learning to that great institution, but to his own efforts—although he acknowledged that Lausanne was his intellectual parent. Certainly, if he were alive to-day, and could examine the state of learning at Magdalen, he would admit that this great foundation is capable of developing the highest order of intellect.

That Gibbon was not always rapid in the acquirement of knowledge is proved by the statement of John Byrom (1691-1763), a graduate of the University of Cambridge, who invented and patented the Universal English Shorthand. Among his pupils were Horace Walpole and Gibbon, and Byrom complains in his journal that 'Gibbon is so slow.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Henry Pitman, in the *Phonetic Journal*, November 23, 1878.

CHAPTER CXXIV

FROM his childhood Gibbon had been fond of religious disputations. At sixteen, to use his expression, he 'bewildered himself in the errors of the Church of Rome;' and on June 8, 1753, he was admitted into that communion. This so enraged his father, who could not understand his son giving up the Established Church, that he divulged the secret, and, as Gibbon informs us, 'the gates of Magdalen College were for ever shut against my return.'<sup>1</sup>

His father now took him to Putney, to his friend Mr. Mallet, 'whose deistical, if not atheistical, views did more harm than good.' After much debate it was determined from the advice and personal experience of Mr. Eliot, afterwards Lord Eliot, to fix him during some years at Lausanne.

It is not known when the Gibbon-Eliot friendship began, but in 1753, Mr. Gibbon, senior, strongly advised Mr. Eliot to marry a young lady in whom he was interested, Miss Catherine Elliston (a cousin of our historian), who became Mrs. Eliot September 25, 1756. The advice as to sending Edward to Lausanne was given in the same year as the suggestion of marriage, so the intimacy must have been very close. Mr. Eliot had remained some time at Lausanne under the guidance of the Rev. Walter Harte, the historian of 'Gustavus Adolphus'—a book which, it is said, even Macaulay could not read. Philip Stanhope, to whom Lord Chesterfield's Letters were addressed, accompanied them, being at that time about fifteen.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There exists, however, in the Bodleian Library, an unpublished manuscript letter, communicated to me by Mr. George Parker, from Dr. J. B. Bloxam to General Rigaud, dated Beeding Priory, March 28, 1878, in which Dr. Bloxam takes another view of the matter: 'I have been reading over again attentively Hurdiss's *Vindication*, with Gibbon's autobiography. My impression is that Gibbon was not only not formally expelled from college on account of his becoming a Romanist, but that the college was entirely ignorant of that fact, until after he had ceased to be a member of the Church of Rome. For, though his name as resident disappeared from the Buttery books on July 4, 1753, about a month after his conversion, yet his caution money was not returned until 1755. An account of his second tutor (whose name is omitted both by Gibbon and Hurdiss, but was told to me by the late president) is given in the sheet of demies now at press.'

<sup>2</sup> Letter of the Earl of St. Germans to the author, from his seat, Port Eliot, January 4, 1880. Lord Carnarvon, in his edition of *Lord Chesterfield's*



Young Stanhope was a natural son of Lord Chesterfield, by a French lady, Madame de Bouchet, whom he met in Holland while British Ambassador there. Lord Chesterfield was tenderly attached to this son and writes to him in all sincerity: 'From the first day of your life the dearest object of mine has been to make you as perfect as the weakness of human nature will allow.'

Philip Stanhope bore a reputation for manners the reverse of Chesterfieldian; and the Duchess of Cleveland tells me a story related by her father (the fourth Earl Stanhope) concerning him. One day at dinner, he was eating syllabub so greedily that his face was covered with the whipped cream, and Lord Chesterfield, turning to the servant behind his chair, said gravely, 'Bring a basin and towel; do you not see that your master wishes to shave?'

Nevertheless Philip Stanhope became a learned and skilful diplomatist, for which profession his father especially educated him. He died while Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Dresden, in 1768, when scarcely thirty-six years of age.

In the course of this correspondence Lord Chesterfield remarks: 'I have often said, and do think, that a Frenchman who with a fund of virtue, learning, and good sense, has the manners and good-breeding of his country, is the perfection of human nature.'

In connection with these references to Lord Chesterfield's son, it is interesting to remember that Deyverdun became afterwards the governor of Lord Chesterfield's heir, successor, and kinsman, another Philip Stanhope; and that Gibbon, writing to Mr. Holroyd from Port Eliot, September 10, 1773, said: 'I forgot to tell you that I have declined the publication of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. The public will see them, and upon the whole, I think, with pleasure; but the family were strongly bent against it; and, especially on Deyverdun's account, I deem it more prudent to avoid making them my personal enemies.'

*Letters to his Godson*, which should not be confounded with those to his son, says: 'It is right to remember that, at the end of the eighteenth century, boys often went to school and college, and were introduced to the world earlier than is now the custom.' The same was true in a greater measure of the middle of that century.



To return to Mr. Eliot (Gibbon's cousin by marriage and parliamentary godfather), he represented Cornwall in Parliament for many years, and was buried on the same day as his wife, in 1804. His mother, Harriot, was a daughter of the Right Hon. James Craggs, Postmaster-General. Edward Eliot, his uncle, married, first, Susan, daughter of Sir W. Coryton, by whom he left no issue; and secondly, Elizabeth, sister and co-heiress of the aforesaid Right Hon. James Craggs. She and her two sisters left a considerable part of their fortune to Edward, first Lord Eliot, who was her nephew by marriage, and great-nephew also. He took the name of Craggs, and after his elevation to the peerage signed Craggs-Eliot. He added to Port Eliot, and improved the place in many respects.<sup>1</sup>

The Eliot family is of very ancient descent in Devon and Cornwall. One of its most illustrious members was Sir John Eliot, the great statesman and patriot.

There seem to be no Porten representatives now existing. Lord Acton is a relative of Gibbon, as is also Sir William Throckmorton through the Actons.

Edward Eliot was a pall-bearer at Sir Joshua Reynolds' funeral, and told Dr. Johnson of Defoe's imaginary 'Life of Colonel Carlton,' with which the Doctor was charmed, remarking he did not think a young lord could have told him of a book he did not know—alluding to the peerage, not to the age of the holder thereof. In his young days, Sir C. Hanbury Williams, and likewise Lord Chesterfield, highly praised his manners, so Lausanne may not have been so bad as he says.<sup>2</sup>

The following extracts are from unpublished letters addressed by Edward Eliot, from Lausanne, to his father, Richard Eliot, Esq., which were in a packet of about twenty (unpublished) letters written by him during his tour through Holland, Prussia,

<sup>1</sup> He had three sons, the eldest of whom married Lady Harriet Pitt, and, dying before his father, left a daughter. His third son, William, eventually succeeded to the title, and, marrying the fourth daughter of the first Marquis of Stafford, was the father of the third Earl, a distinguished statesman, who held many high offices, among them that of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and espousing the third daughter and co-heiress of the second Marquis of Cornwallis by his wife, the daughter and co-heiress of the fourth Duke of Gordon, was the father of Henry Cornwallis Eliot, fifth and present Earl of St. Germans (a representative of the Gibbons in the female line), to whom I am indebted for much interesting information.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of the Earl of St. Germans to the author.

and Switzerland, 1744–47,<sup>1</sup> and which give an interesting view of Lausanne society a short time before Gibbon's arrival there.

Lausanne, December 9, 1746.

'You have divined our sentiments pretty justly concerning Lausanne; that we are not dotingly fond of it is true enough. Yet we have not found the least fault with the Ladies (I have not at least) who join with the Gentlemen in making the place as agreeable as it can be made, which is the character I shall ever give of the inhabitants of Lausanne.

'The Dancing Master here is a wretched one. The Riding Master not much better. Besides, as a good many Germans learn of him, I should be obliged to be at the Riding School two or three hours every morning, which would hinder me from going on with any thing else here, where the people dine so early. I really think, therefore, my learning to dance or ride would be loss of time and money, especially as my bad bows are not greatly taken notice of here.

'I am resolved while I stay *here* to go through the chief part of the difficult dry studies that are to be learnt best abroad, since I cannot learn manners.'

October 8.

'There is a good deal of company in this place who are vastly civil to us and talk French perfectly well, but upon the whole this certainly is not the place in the world to learn

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of St. Germans has a similar number, unpublished, from Richard Eliot, in England, to his son Edward; also ten letters from the Rev. Walter Harte, between 1746 and 1752, from Lausanne and Leipsic; six letters from Lord Chesterfield to Edward Eliot, 1740 to 1748; four letters from Edward Gibbon of Buriton, father of the historian, to his nephew-in-law, Edward Eliot—two dated 1753, and the others 1767; seven letters from Edward Gibbon to Edward Eliot—viz. 1st, from London, May 31, 1775, about the American Rebellion; 2nd, from Bentinck Street, June 20, 1779, defence of his parliamentary conduct; 3rd, from Bentinck Street, September 8, 1780, unless he gets a seat in Parliament (then about to be dissolved) he cannot remain on the Board of Trade; 4th, from Bentinck Street, August 11, 1780, defence of his parliamentary conduct; 5th, from Bentinck Street, February 24, 1781, sends vols. ii. and iii. of his *History*; 6th, from Lausanne, October 27, 1784, commends Lord Eliot, comments on his own retirement from London and his quiet at Lausanne; 7th, from Sheffield Place, July 18, 1788, a friendly letter on leaving London, had not seen Lord Eliot during a year's residence in England. Of these letters Nos. 2 and 4 are particularly interesting, because Gibbon's parliamentary career is barely touched in his autobiography.—*Reports of the Royal Historical MSS. Commission*, i. 41, 42, published in 1870.

politeness and to improve very much in address, behaviour, &c. They teach the *Jus Publicum* here to Perfection.

‘We give for our Board and Lodgings each five guineas a month and find our breakfasts and wood.

‘The Dancing Master has 6 shillings a month, the Fencing Master the same. The Riding Master has 3 guineas the first month and two afterwards.’

January 17, 1747.

‘If you talk politics with any Foreigner that has the least pretension to knowledge, he tells you that it is the indisputable interest of England to keep up the balance of power and distress France as much as possible in every manner that we can and at any rate. Should such a one be told by any of us English that there is in our country *a set of Gentlemen* whose opinion is that we should have *nothing to do with the Continent*, with all his politeness and command of himself he would scarce refrain laughing in our faces and crying out: “*Vous vous moquez de moi, Monsieur.*”’

February 7.

‘This place I do really think is not the properest in the world to form a young man that is past a certain age, either as to his person or behaviour. I am persuaded that Mr. Stanhope will not stay here a vast while. However, it is a place that answers my present ends perfectly well.’

February 20.

‘I hitherto rub on mighty well; my little German apothecary and I agree to perfection, notwithstanding which I now and then wish for a better master. I often think what Boger would say of his Brother Doctor, could he peep in to see him giving me a lesson of a wet or snowy day. First of all he has the drollest face in the world and is very little. He is equipped with an old pair of Jack Boots, a large black solitaire, an immense tail to his wig which he often sits upon, a prodigious muff, made of Bear skin with the bristles on, which covers his hands up to his elbows and his body almost from his chin to his kneepan. Add to all this a long sword with a vast brazen hilt, venerable for its rust and antiquity.’<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Extracts enclosed in the preceding letter to the author from the Earl of St. Germans.

These slight glimpses at Lausanne, six or seven years before Gibbon's first residence there, throw some light upon the scene, and indicate that it was then a favourite educational resort for English people of rank, as it had long been for personages of distinction of other nationalities.

Mr., afterwards Lord, Eliot's final favourable opinion of the place was embodied in his advice to Gibbon's father to send the boy there. Under the care of Mr. Frey,<sup>1</sup> of Basle, Gibbon left London, June 19, 1753, and travelling *via* Dover, Calais, St. Quentin, Reims, Langres, and Besançon, arrived on the 30th at Lausanne, where he was delivered into the hands of the Calvinist Minister, Daniel Pavilliard.

## CHAPTER CXXV

WHAT manner of man was this reverend gentleman, who was to become such an important factor in Gibbon's intellectual and spiritual life, and who must not be confounded with another Protestant pastor named Pavilliard, whose Christian name was Joseph?

Daniel Pavilliard sprang from an ancient family of Advoyers, of Freiburg, one of whose daughters had married, in the fifteenth century, a Deyverdun, ancestor of Gibbon's most intimate friend.<sup>2</sup> Daniel was born in 1704, in the venerable village of Orny, parish of La Sarraz, Canton of Vaud, where there was formerly a Roman settlement. He possessed the *bourgeoisie* of his native place, and enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education.

The *Journal Helvétique*, at the time of his death, said that he was ordained in 1728; but M. Vuilleumier, Doctor of Divinity and Professor of the University of Lausanne, in a letter to me in 1879, states that M. Pavilliard, having frequented the Academy of Lausanne and followed with success the lectures of *belles-lettres*, philosophy, and theology, was consecrated to the holy ministry in 1729. Like many young ministers of that

<sup>1</sup> The author has a contemporary silhouette of Mr. Frey.

<sup>2</sup> MS. pedigree discovered in La Grotte by the author and completed by him from other original sources.

time, he did not enter immediately into the service of the Church, but devoted himself to teaching. He was first attached in the quality of governor to the young Count of Lippe-Detmold, and to the Prince of Nassau-Weilburg, during their prolonged stay at Lausanne.<sup>1</sup>

It was not until 1748 that M. Pavilliard entered upon his career as a pastor. At that time he became second deacon or fourth pastor of Lausanne, replacing Pastor Dumaine, deceased; and in 1754 attained to the rank of first deacon or third minister, which post he occupied until 1765.

Tradition has not preserved any account of his qualities as a preacher. He was remarked for his zeal and talent in religious instruction of the young, and for the sweetness of his character. When a delicate matter was to be arranged his colleagues confided it to him. He also distinguished himself by the breadth of his Christianity and his tolerance towards the mystics then in Lausanne, on whom the superior authorities looked with suspicion. While devoutly discharging his pastoral duties, he seems to have looked forward to an academical position. Already in 1747, when Mr. Eliot and Mr. Stanhope left Lausanne, after the departure of his pupil, the Count of Lippe-Detmold, M. Pavilliard sought and obtained the title of Honorary Professor of Civil History, and for some time acted as secretary and librarian of the Academy. In 1758 he was authorised to deliver gratuitously two public lectures each week on historical subjects. He began his course by an inaugural address on the necessity and usefulness of history. These are interesting facts concerning Gibbon's preceptor. In 1751 and 1761 he was an unsuccessful candidate for one of the two chairs of theology, but in 1765 he was appointed

<sup>1</sup> The young Prince travelled as Baron de Rosenthal, and while residing with M. Pavilliard was present at an entertainment, June 23, 1747, given by Their Excellencies at Berne, variously said to be in honour of young Stanhope, of the Count of Lippe-Detmold, or even of the Prince. A letter of next day, from M. S. Engel to the great Professor Haller, at Göttingen, says: 'Last evening a magnificent ball was given by Their Excellencies to Mylord Stanhope, at the Hôtel de Ville, where there were more than twenty mirrors, a hundred lustres, and 250 candles.' In addition to this letter M. Charles de Steiguer, of Berne, sent me in 1880 manuscript letters of M. Charles Duval de la Pottrie (son-in-law of the Burgomaster de Seigneux), showing that the Prince was a few years later under his care. Mme. Lucie Olivier, *née* de Larrey, writes that the château of the de la Pottrie family, Gibbon's friends (already described, Chap. LXIV.), was then the resort of all the aristocratic society of Lausanne.

by the Government Professor of Latin Eloquence and Ancient History. This made him *ex-officio* Principal of the college.

He now quitted the active duties of a Pastor, and in April 1766 inaugurated his new office with a discourse on the parallel between private education and public education, and the means of correcting the defects of the latter. The same year he was elected President of the Academy, a dignity he retained three years. He died in February 1775, aged seventy-one.

M. Pavilliard, according to his pupils, was a distinguished scholar, and had a wide knowledge of languages and of history. His attainments were sure and precise; but his hand was not sufficiently firm, and discipline languished under his direction. He understood better how to gain the affection of his pupils than to acquire their respect.<sup>1</sup>

Professor Vuilleumier wrote to me, October 1, 1879:

'Pavilliard was Pastor of the Bannière, or quarter of the Cité. It is therefore probable that he inhabited one of the two parsonages of the Cité, one of which was situated in the rear of the Cité and belongs to-day to a private individual; the other, recently demolished, was at the top of the Escalier des Grandes Roches, by the side of the old Hospital, now an Industrial School. M. Pavilliard could not be called a Pastor of the Cathedral, for the Pastors of Lausanne, although named each to a certain quarter for their pastoral functions—such as the care of the poor, visiting the sick, instruction in the catechism and inspection of Primary Schools—were not then, and never have been, attached to any particular church as preachers. Like all his colleagues, M. Pavilliard preached in his turn in the three different Temples of the town.'

At the bottom of the rue St. Etienne is the site of the Pavilliard house, long an open space, now occupied by buildings. It looks out upon a small street in which, close by, used to be the Porte St. Etienne, where the Bailiff, and earlier the Bishop, formerly took the oath. It is on a kind of terrace next

<sup>1</sup> Professor Vuilleumier to the author, October 6, 1879.—'M. Jules Piccard, Commissary-General, Lausanne, to the author, March 19, 1880, from researches made in the archives of the Synode de l'Eglise Nationale. M. Piccard alters a date of Professor Vuilleumier and says that it was not until June 12, 1749, that Pavilliard became Fourth Pastor, but the Professor has since pointed out to me facts proving that it was in 1748.'

to the parsonage of the German Church. The ground is uneven, and commands a view of the town and the Place de la Palud. At one end I observed a dilapidated pavilion, which might have been a summer-house in Pavilliard's time. From behind the gardens one could look across to the spire of St. Francis, and down into what was formerly a ravine with gardens.<sup>1</sup>

Professor Vuilleumier in a later letter (March 18, 1880) says:

'I am now able to fix precisely the residence of M. Pavilliard, and consequently of Gibbon. Pavilliard was named First Deacon or Third Pastor in 1754. Now the cure of the First Deacon was that called "de la Cité dessous," that is to say, the one inhabited recently by Pastors Manuel and Fabre, which was demolished a few years ago to give more light and air to the Cantonal Hospital—to-day the Cantonal Industrial School. I found this information relative to the different presbyteries in examining the other day a folio containing a copy of numerous acts and documents of the ancient Council of the Town.'

The learned M. Vuilleumier is undoubtedly correct in saying that Gibbon resided with M. Pavilliard in the house of the First Deacon in 1754.

Of this, M. Jules Piccard, Commissary-General, made for me in 1880 two tracings—one from the map of 1723, the other from that of 1830—showing the position of the house in which Gibbon lived during the greater part of his time with the Pavilliards, and which disappeared a few years since. If the window of Gibbon's room, says M. Piccard, was upon the side marked A in the plan of 1723, it had a cold aspect, looking towards the north upon the Place St. Etienne, and extremely restricted owing to the fact of M. Pavilliard's house being at the bottom of a narrow court, formed by the encroachment, on one side, of the house of M. de Loÿs de Marnand, and on the other, by the walls of the Arsenal. If his window looked out upon the garden of the parsonage towards the west (B), the view was not disagreeable, though limited. The same would apply to the rooms looking towards the east (C), except that they would be still

<sup>1</sup> The author visited the Château and the Cité with M. Piccard, Commissary-General, Lausanne, November 22, 1881.



more agreeable ; and if to the south, he would have a full view of the city below, with the lake and the mountains of Savoy.

Gibbon's second residence with M. Pavilliard was undoubtedly in the ancient parsonage, which stood next to the Industrial School, then the Cantonal Hospital, facing on the west side the houses still standing on the narrow passage called l'Escalier des Grandes Roches, on the other the narrow street la Mercerie.

I agree with M. Louis Carrard in the opinion he expressed to me in 1879, that M. Pavilliard, when Gibbon first arrived at Lausanne (1753), was living in the Cité ; and that he dwelt in the old parsonage, rue de la Cité derrière, opposite the rue de l'Académie—since the property of M. Deglon, bookbinder, and now a police-station. This edifice has long vaulted corridors, and in the rear wide galleries, with pillars, commanding a view of the lake. The illustration reproduces exactly the latter features.

In a letter to me, so late as December 27, 1894, Professor Vuilleumier says :

'The house in question, formerly the parsonage of one of the four pastors of the town who was specially charged with the quarter of the Cité, belongs to-day to the Commune of Lausanne represented by the municipality. This mansion is in the rue Cité derrière, and bears the number 17. The police-station of this quarter was established here a few years ago, and this has somewhat changed the façade. The front is turned towards the west and faces the Academical buildings and the rue de l'Académie. The building has better preserved its original aspect on the rear which faces the east and dominates a little garden, from whence there is a view upon the Alps beyond the ravine of the Flon and the heights to the south-east of the city. Seen from the Route Neuve, the house is not wanting in picturesqueness, with its two galleries of three arcades each, and its great roof in the ancient style.'

In connection with this residence, it is interesting to learn that Mme. Bugnion, *née* Levade (grandmother of M. Carrard), who died about 1830 at the age of ninety-one, related to her grandchildren that she attended the catechism taught by M. Pavilliard, and that Gibbon was present. The ordinary age





THE

of admission for such instruction was from fourteen to sixteen. Mme. Bugnion was the sister of M. Bugnion, of London, who resided for a time in La Grotte, and was the intimate friend of Deyverdun.

There is something unconsciously pathetic in the picture Gibbon has given us of the beginning of his life at Lausanne. Through the rigid rules imposed by parental authority, he had ceased to be an independent agent. His expenditures were reduced to the most diminutive form; and his small monthly amount of pocket-money was doled out by M. Pavilliard. He had too but a smattering of French, and could neither ask a question nor understand what was said. At first he seems to have had some intercourse with his young countrymen receiving instruction at Lausanne, but this resource shortly failed, and he found himself in much solitude and confined to the family circle. Mme. Pavilliard was sordid and grasping, and without any idea of comfort or refinement. Pavilliard himself seems to have possessed many generous qualities, and he gradually won the enduring regard of his pupil, who says in his *Memoirs* :

‘ My obligations to the lessons of M. Pavilliard gratitude will not suffer me to forget. He was endowed with a clear head and a warm heart; his innate benevolence had assuaged the spirit of the Church; he was rational because he was moderate. In the course of his studies he had acquired a just though superficial knowledge of most branches of literature; by long practice he was skilled in the arts of teaching; and he laboured with assiduous patience to know the character, gain the affection, and open the mind of his English pupil. As soon as we began to understand each other, he gently led me from a blind and undistinguishing love of reading into the path of instruction.’<sup>1</sup>

It was now that Gibbon came upon the book which, as he

<sup>1</sup> M. Pavilliard had a brother, N. N. Pavilliard, of great ability, and especially versed in mathematics. He died of brain fever in the flower of his youth. While travelling with an English nobleman he was walking on the ramparts at Alessandria, Piedmont, and sketched the plan of a redoubt. Mistaken for a spy, he was brought before the Governor of the place, who wished to hang him. He was made to understand that the youth was entirely unacquainted with military regulations, but young Pavilliard shortly afterwards succumbed to chagrin and illness, caused by this miserable affair. The incident is related in an unpublished manuscript volume, entitled, *Matériaux pour une histoire littéraire de l'Académie de Lausanne et du Canton de Vaud*, 1829 (by the Doyen Bridel), now in the Cantonal Library of Lausanne, where I consulted it.

says, contributed most effectually to his education, and had much to do with his re-acceptance of Protestantism. This was a system of Logic which had great vogue in the last century, and its author was the philosopher Jean Pierre de Crousaz, the opponent of Bayle and Pope, to whom Voltaire wrote from Paris, June 6, 1741 :

‘ Since your philosophy consists in loving and encouraging all kinds of literature, I have the honour to send you, together with a thick volume on Natural Philosophy, the best edition which has been made of my poem on the Battle of Fontenoy. You will see, sir, in this poem what justice I render to your compatriots. You increase greatly the esteem I have always had for this honourable nation. May you, sir, long continue to be its ornament and its glory ! You have made of Lausanne the temple of the Muses, and you have more than once caused me to say that if I had been able to leave France I would have withdrawn to Lausanne.’<sup>1</sup>

We thus see that the same intellect that moved Gibbon had already influenced Voltaire, and it appears important to make here a little excursion into the later history of the de Crousaz family, which, as we have seen, is one of the most ancient and influential among the noble houses of the Pays de Vaud.<sup>2</sup> It was already rich and flourishing at Chexbres in the tenth century, possessing that seigniory and others like Gleyrolles, and allied to the first families of the country. At the Reformation one branch remaining Catholic established itself in Savoy, where it soon died out. The Protestant branch remained at Chexbres, and later, removing to Silesia, became Prussian subjects, whose descendants still flourish.

The philosopher de Crousaz was the son of Colonel Abraham,

<sup>1</sup> *Voltaire à Ferney: Lettres recueillies et publiées par MM. Evariste Bavoux et A. F.* Rousseau wrote to Voltaire, August 18, 1756 : ‘ With regard to M. de Crousaz, I have not read his work against Pope, and am not perhaps in a state to hear it ; but it is quite certain that I will not cede to him what I have disputed with you, and that I have as little faith in his proofs as in his authority.’

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. I. Chaps. XXVII. XLV. LVI.—Arms of de Crousaz : Une colombe d’argent dans un champ de Gueules. Pour supports : Deux Griffons. Au-dessus du casque pour cimier, un Griffon issant d’une couronne. Devise : *Dei nobis virtus finem.* The ancient burial-place of the de Crousaz is in the parish church of St. Saphorin, between the high altar and the side-chapel belonging to the family.



Jean Pierre de Crousaz, the Philosopher

seignior of Mézery, by his wife Elizabeth François. Born in 1663, he had at fifteen years of age already a wide acquaintance with mathematics and philosophy. He studied theology at Lausanne, Geneva, Leyden, and Paris. At Paris he made the acquaintance of Bayle and Malebranche, with whom he always remained upon terms of intimacy. On his return to his native city he was appointed honorary professor, and in 1699 obtained the chair of philosophy, to which was joined later that of mathematics. He was four times rector of the Academy, and in 1724 became professor of mathematics and physics in the University of Groningen, but resigned two years afterwards to undertake the education of Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel. Shortly afterwards he received from the King of Sweden the title of Councillor of Embassy, and was elected Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Sciences. Returning to Lausanne in 1735, he resumed his old professorship. After the year 1744 he devoted himself exclusively to religious subjects and to combating incredulity, deism, and the various forms of spiritual unbelief. He wrote at this period a remarkable unpublished letter to Voltaire, in which he declares his faith in Christianity, and sets forth its joys and consolations.<sup>1</sup> He died in 1750, three years before Gibbon's arrival.

There is a fine portrait of him in the possession of M. Aymon de Crousaz, the learned archivist of Lausanne. A white curling wig surmounts a long, oval, rich-complexioned face. An aquiline nose, dark eyes and eyebrows, and a look of reflection are the distinguishing features. I have seen another portrait of the philosopher by Guilleband, in which he is represented in his academical robes, but here he is dressed in a maroon velvet coat embroidered with gold, and wears lace ruffles and a blue mantle. In both cases the family arms figure in the picture.

His great-grandnephew, Benjamin de Crousaz (1745–1775), one of Gibbon's friends, was the first husband of Mlle. Elizabeth (otherwise known as Isabelle), daughter of the Doyen Polier de Bottens, who assisted in the re-admission of Gibbon to the Protestant communion. Isabelle subsequently married the Baron de Montolieu, and under this name became distinguished in

<sup>1</sup> Author's MS. collections. Letter of four folio pages from de Crousaz to Voltaire.

literature. She was the author of various novels and translations from the English and German. Deyverdun and Gibbon were the godfathers of her romance, 'Caroline de Lichtfield.' I possess a water-colour by her son, M. Henri de Crousaz, representing an embrasure in the Castle of Vufflens, with the lake and the mountains beyond, designed as an illustration of his mother's 'Châteaux Suisses.'

Towards the end of June 1754 Gibbon became the pupil of M. de Loÿs de Treytorrens, the successor of M. Pierre de Crousaz as professor of theology. He also thought of following the lectures of M. Vicat, professor of law, a friend of Deyverdun, who had succeeded M. de Loÿs de Bochat in 1741; 'but instead of attending his public or private course'—the historian says—'I preferred in my closet the lessons of his masters, and my own reason.'

## CHAPTER CXXVI

WHEN Gibbon had rendered himself master of de Crousaz's Logic he tried it upon his Catholic opinions, and Pavilliard lent all the powers of his persuasion. Gibbon says:

'I have some of the latter's letters in which he celebrated the dexterity of his attack, and my gradual concessions, after a firm and well-managed defence. I was willing, and I am now willing, to allow him a handsome share of the honour of my conversion; yet I must observe, that it was principally effected by my private reflections; and I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: that the text of scripture, which seems to inculcate the real presence is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste. The various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream; and after a full conviction, on Christmas-day 1754 I received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne. It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants.'



This account, written six years before his death, clearly sets forth his religious position at the time of his conversion. There is a suggestion of the renewal of his religious feelings towards the close of his life in a remarkable statement made by the Doyen Bridel to M. Bailly de Lalonde. M. Bridel, who was an intimate friend of George Deyverdun and frequently admitted to Gibbon's table, said: 'Gibbon at his repasts never spoke against religion, notwithstanding the warmth of his philosophical principles. Towards the end of his days, he even appeared very repentant of his attacks directed against Christianity, and wished that he had never written against Revelation.' 'M. Bridel,' continues M. de Lalonde, 'is persuaded that he died with religious sentiments; but another Vaudoisan *littérateur*, equally acquainted with Gibbon, seemed to me not to agree with this opinion of his compatriot.' <sup>1</sup>

Bridel's statement seems to be strengthened by a letter of Gibbon, of June 30, 1788, to his aunt Hester, wherein he says:

'I am now preparing, by a last visit to Lord and Lady Sheffield, for my departure to the Continent, and I propose being at Lausanne before the end of next month. I feel as I ought your kind anxiety at my leaving England, but you will not disapprove my chusing the place most agreeable to my circumstances and temper, and I need not remind you that all countries are under the care of the same providence. Your good wishes and advice will not, I trust, be thrown away on a barren soil; and whatever you may have been told of my opinions, I can assure you with truth, that I consider Religion as the best guide of youth and the best support of old age; that I firmly believe there is less real happiness in the business and pleasures of the World, than in the life which you have chosen of devotion and retirement.' <sup>2</sup>

This letter was recently presented to the British Museum by a connection of William Law, author of the 'Serious Call,' of whom Gibbon speaks with esteem, while regarding him as an enthusiast. It was suggested by the London *Times*, November 12, 1894, in a very interesting article, that this letter repre-

<sup>1</sup> *Le Léman, ou Voyage pittoresque, historique et littéraire à Genève et dans le Canton de Vaud*, par M. Bailly de Lalonde (Paris, 1856), i. 285.

<sup>2</sup> A portion of the last sentence of this letter was published in *Notes and Queries*, September 10, 1853.

sents no more than Gibbon's kindly indisposition to pain his exceedingly pious aunt, and possibly a further desire to please the relative from whom he had expectations. With this supposition I cannot entirely concur, although truth induces me to say that my own unhesitating belief in Christianity may lead me to ascribe more faith to Gibbon than he really possessed; and I will not deny that Gibbon's letter to Lord Sheffield, January 24, 1784, lends colour to the view taken by the *Times*; for in speaking of Mrs. Hester Gibbon's assurances to him that 'nobody should be able to injure' him with her, the historian says: 'Unless the saint is an hypocrite, such an expression must convey a favourable and important meaning. At all events, it is worth giving *ourselves* some trouble about her, without indulging any sanguine expectations of inheritance.'<sup>1</sup>

Moreover, the following unpublished letter to a bereaved friend certainly does not indicate religious faith on the part of Gibbon under circumstances when its expression would have been very appropriate. It is addressed to M. Wilhelm de Charrière de Sévery (who was to Gibbon almost a son), on the death of his father, in 1793:

'I have at this moment, my dear Friend, returned from Rolle, and returned only for you. Give me, if you please, news of yourself, of your sorrowing family, and especially of your mother, whose affliction I share from the bottom of my heart. I wish that I could walk about the streets of Lausanne without support. But I ask of you the kindness to receive me in your house towards three o'clock, and to permit me to remain there a part of the evening. Your mother will be no more embarrassed by my presence than by her children's, we will lament in silence near her, she will unbosom herself of the most reasonable of griefs in the midst of friendship, and we will try to soften its bitterness by recalling all the virtues of this excellent man who has just been delivered from an insupportable burden. Adieu. This 31st of January, a quarter to one o'clock.'<sup>2</sup>

The preceding letter is characteristic of Gibbon's kind heart. He hastened from Rolle to console the bereaved family of M.

<sup>1</sup> *Misc. Works*, ii. 845. The italics are Gibbon's.

<sup>2</sup> From the original French, in the unpublished MS. collections of M. William de Charrière de Sévery at the Château of Mex.

de Sévery, deceased, as later he undertook without hesitation the journey to England, which cost him his life, to tender his affectionate sympathy to Lord Sheffield on the loss of his wife.

In reading this letter, my friendly eye followed with eagerness word after word in the hope of finding something to indicate Christian faith. There is, alas, nothing of the kind. But we must not infer that Gibbon denied a future state. In a letter written April 27, 1793 (less than a year before his death), to his friend Lord Sheffield, on the death of Lady Sheffield, he uses this significant and pathetic language: 'But she is now at rest; and if there be a future life, her mild virtues have surely entitled her to the reward of pure and perfect felicity.'

'Fanny,' as he called Lausanne, was, from a material and intellectual point of view, Gibbon's best friend. It is equally true that his father was Gibbon's worst enemy so far as his spiritual welfare was concerned. I mean that his father by his stupidity dislocated his religious faith, and by his egotistical opposition destroyed the chance of his marital felicity. In this manner he gave two blows to the highest qualities of his son.

During Gibbon's infancy and in his earliest youth Gibbon's mind was largely occupied by religious ideas. Not finding any support in this direction from his father or his aunt Porten—the latter an excellent woman, but wanting in sufficient knowledge to solve such questions—he sought in the Catholic Church a refuge for his spiritual difficulties. One sees in his conversion a sincere act of conscience. But what was the result? His father, irritated, almost enraged, by what he considered the apostasy of his son—although he really had no religion himself—precipitated matters by carrying him like a criminal to his friend, Mr. Mallet, to decide upon his lot. Who was Mr. Mallet? He was the author of a 'Life of Bacon,' of little value, of some poems and theatrical pieces now forgotten, and of the pathetic ballad of 'William and Margaret.' His doctrines were deistical, or even more sceptical.

What baleful men to preside over the religious destiny of a man like Gibbon! Here was a great mind which found itself in the supreme crisis of its existence. It was a question of life or death to the best germs of his soul.

From the beginning of his existence and during the first

years of his youth, there were prominent in Gibbon's character two traits—in some sense antagonistic. His soul aspired to the purest and most religious things, while, on the other hand, his physical tastes had a material tendency ; and the critical moment of his life was that which was to determine the empire of the one or the other.

Looking only at the material and social advantages of a return to the Protestant religion, the father and his friend, in their mighty wisdom, decided that the youth must be torn from the faith he had gained, and that replaced by the rites of another. By this badly conceived action his father permanently repressed the religious enthusiasm of Gibbon. Mr. Eliot, later Lord Eliot, advised sending his young relative to a Protestant Minister at Lausanne, with instructions to turn him again to the path of Protestantism. The youth, who before had lodged at the University of Oxford with the luxury of a gentleman-commoner, now found himself in a small Swiss town, in the gloomiest quarter and in a comfortless house, without proper means, and deprived through the avarice of the Pastor's wife of some of the necessaries essential to such a nature.

My investigations at Lausanne, and documents there gathered concerning this period of Gibbon's life, have shown me that during the first eighteen months of his stay at Lausanne he was exposed to rude trials, and almost deprived of the society of his equals. During this time, the good M. Pavilliard used all his efforts to persuade him that his material and eternal interests were wrapped up in Protestantism.

Another chance to save the best dispositions of his character presented itself shortly afterwards, in the person of Mademoiselle Curchod, later Madame Necker. This young lady found herself at Lausanne after the death of her father, the Pastor Curchod, obliged to give lessons to gain her livelihood. But in truth she was so endowed with high qualities that she elevated her social position instead of lowering it, and gained every day the esteem of the most considerable persons around her. She had been educated like a man destined to the career of science and letters, and was well acquainted with ancient and modern languages ; nor was her knowledge superficial. Notwithstanding almost masculine gifts and a powerful but well-directed will, she was

essentially feminine. She was very beautiful, very *spirituelle*, but above all possessed a religious character.

This was the young lady that Gibbon encountered and loved in the second critical moment of his life. What happy influence might not this beloved woman have had over one who vitally required at his side a pure nature to develop the best qualities of his soul and to restrain his too material tastes?

Gibbon has left a monument of his vast erudition; literature has gained a work written with a firm and able hand; from all points of view the most remarkable history in his epoch. If Gibbon had married Mlle. Curchod he might have left the world under a greater debt of gratitude. He might have aided the weak to solve their religious difficulties and to believe in eternal life—that is to say, in Christianity. But his father, his evil genius, once more intervened and destroyed the last chance of preserving this brilliant mind to the services of faith, by expressly forbidding the marriage.

In scrupulously studying the details of Gibbon's life, in reading his intimate correspondence, in entering his house, in seeing his devotion to his friends, in looking at his generosity and his benevolence towards the poor, we attach ourselves to him with warmth. I have had many intimate friends, and Gibbon is one of those whose companionship I have most enjoyed. It is no exaggeration to say that I have known him more familiarly than any one now living. I have passed days, weeks and months in his company, in the house where he lived, and in the haunts most dear to his heart. I have learned to love him, to rejoice over his great qualities, and to mourn over his shortcomings. He was very human, with frailties and weaknesses, but he was very lovable to those who knew him best.

I have tried to investigate thoroughly Gibbon's career, and to gauge his intellectual, physical, and spiritual merits and defects. I must confess that I rise from my task with profound sympathy and sincere regard. He was so great and yet so incomplete. With vast attainments and a marvellous power of work, he was warm, confiding, earnest in his friendships. No sacrifice of time, comfort, money, health, was too great when a suffering friend required his presence or his sympathy. Witness his last fatal journey, undertaken, as we have seen, to console

Lord Sheffield for the loss of his wife—a sacrifice which seems too costly when we remember that Lord Sheffield's mourning lasted only one year, and that he married again once or twice.

I am the owner of a Bible which belonged to Gibbon, and was kept at his bedside during his last residence at Lausanne (1783–1793). It is a large Family Bible, 'printed by Charles Bill, and the Executrix of Thomas Newcomb, deceas'd; Printers to the Queens most Excellent Majesty, MDCCIII.': with an additional pictorial title of the following year. It contains a book-plate with the Gibbon family arms, and the name, 'Edward Gibbon, Esq.' In the lower right corner is engraved, 'Hughes fecit.'<sup>1</sup> After Gibbon's death this sacred volume passed to his intimate friends the de Cerjat family, from whom it came to me in 1879. Inserted in it are several pressed leaves and book-marks, and several passages are marked with pencillings. With regard to the former, I have no suggestions to make. The pencil-markings are of two kinds. In one case a marginal pencil line includes the first nine verses of Ecclesiasticus xxx.; and as the theme is the necessity of the rod, and of repressive measures with children, one may conjecture that the father of Gibbon may thereby have called the attention of his son to the benign purposes of his own severity.

Two other pencil-marks in the form of a cross are made on the eighth and twelfth verses of Ecclesiasticus xxi., which I strongly suspect to be by Gibbon's own hand; my reasons being the very striking character of the thoughts embodied:

'He that buildeth his house with other men's money, is like one that gathereth himself stones for the tomb of his burial.'

'He that is not wise, will not be taught: but there is a wisdom which multiplieth bitterness.'

As Gibbon's Bible, the one which he consulted in his latter days, this is perhaps the most touching and interesting relic which remains of this great man.

From a descendant of Dr. Schöll, the friend and physician of Gibbon, I learn that the Doctor mentioned the historian's having three Bibles—Greek, Latin, and English—which showed

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Joseph Jackson Howard, Maltravers Herald Extraordinary, has most kindly recently sent me a copy of Gibbon's book-plate which corresponds in all respects to the above.

marks of constant use. Gibbon was in the habit of attending St. Francis' Church in the rear of his dwelling, and of following the lessons in the original Greek. In an unpublished letter of 1798 Lord Sheffield puts the curious question to Wilhelm de Sévery: 'Is it true, that our friend Gibbon's Portrait was hung up before the pulpit in the Church at Lausanne?'<sup>1</sup>

Gibbon's Bible was loaned by me to the Commemorative Exhibition, at the British Museum, on the centenary of Gibbon's death (1894), held under the auspices of the Royal Historical Society, and I was glad to hear from authentic sources that it attracted 'great attention.'<sup>2</sup>

The following interesting information concerning Gibbon's readmittance to the Protestant communion I owe to the kindness of M. Vuilleumier:

'Twenty-ninth Assembly, 22 December 1754. Present—MM. de Crousaz, de Bottens, Pavilliard, and Besson.

'Monsieur le Doyen de Crousaz having shown that Mr. Gibbon, an English gentleman, had asked for permission to appear before the pastoral assembly, which had been accorded him, the said Mr. Gibbon declared, that he had embraced the

<sup>1</sup> Furnished to the author by M. de Sévery's grandson, M. William de Charrière de Sévery, of the Château of Mex.

<sup>2</sup> 'One of the relics which will attract most public attention, lent us by General Meredith Read, is Gibbon's Bible, which is said always to have lain in his bedroom at Lausanne. Undoubtedly, his attitude to Christianity is the feature in his great work which has done most to diminish its influence, and all educated men, to whatever school they belong, would now admit with his masterly biographer, Mr. Cotter Morison, that this is a most serious blemish. It is, however, only fair to remember that Christianity, as it presented itself to Gibbon's mind, was something very different from what we are accustomed to associate with the name. . . . He belonged to a time on whose shoulders was laid the burden of a tremendous work of destruction, of destruction which had to be done before even Christianity itself had a fair chance. . . . But just because Gibbon was a supreme historical genius he would have seen, had he belonged to our age, that destruction, however necessary, takes one but a little way. He never would have had the folly with the Romantics to disown the eighteenth century, "our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century," as Matthew Arnold called it, but he would have emancipated himself from its idols, have seen how much good there was in many institutions which it rejected, and have written something even greater than the noble work which is the grandest historical achievement as yet accomplished on this planet.'—From the speech of the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, President of the Royal Historical Society, as Chairman of the Gibbon Commemoration, November 15, 1894.

Also a letter of November 23, 1894, to the author, from Hubert Hall, Esq., Hon. Secretary of the Gibbon Commemoration, and Director of the Royal Historical Society.



Roman Catholic religion, but that, to-day, by the Grace of God more fully enlightened, and after ripe and serious reflection, he renounced it sincerely and with good heart, declaring that the light which he had acquired since his defection had become his consolation and his joy; that, in order to testify to heaven his gratitude, he ardently desired to be enabled to manifest to the outside world the reality of his sentiments, and to communicate in the Protestant Church; and that he would be very sensible of the kindness which might be shown him by the venerable Assembly, should it grant him the desired permission.

'The said Mr. Gibbon having retired, M. le Pasteur Pavilliard, who had instructed him, was asked to express his views; upon which M. Pavilliard declared, that he was perfectly enlightened upon religion and remarkably informed on all and each of the articles which separate us from the Church of Rome; and that he knew, that to his great intelligence were added purity of sentiment and regularity of conduct.

'Immediately upon this declaration, it was decided that M. le Doyen should felicitate him in the name of the Assembly, and testify to him the lively joy it felt in seeing him thus returned to the light. And secondly, M. le Grand Ministre de Bottens was charged to examine, or to enter into conference, with him.

'The above decision was communicated to Mr. Gibbon; and it was added, that M. Pavilliard would receive him, should the examination be satisfactory.'

'Thirtieth Assembly, 1 February 1755. Present—MM. de Crousaz, de Bottens, Pavilliard, Besson, du Toit, Le Resche, de Bruel.

'M. de Bottens reported upon the commission with which he had been charged of examining Mr. Gibbon, and declared that he was perfectly edified and satisfied. M. Pavilliard also reported, that immediately after the examination by M. de Bottens, and also by himself in accordance with the instructions of the Assembly, he had admitted Mr. Gibbon to the Communion, adding that the latter had received the sacrament from him on Christmas-day.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Translation of an extract from the *Registre des Stances (dit Livre des Actes) de l'Assemblée pastorale de l'Eglise de Lausanne*, fols. 38 and 39.



Since the impressive event thus recorded, more than a generation had passed away, and Gibbon had gone through many trials, when he sat down to write his *Memoirs*. His closest friend, George Deyverdun, had died, the family circle at Lausanne was broken and thinned, and on him was steadily encroaching the disease which presently ended his life. It need not be wondered if amid these bereavements and sad memories his thoughts were led back into long-abandoned channels, and that his religious nature should reassert its sway. This of course does not imply any return to the Calvinistic theology—as is clearly proved by certain unpublished portions of his *Autobiography*.

## CHAPTER CXXVII

THE de Cerjat family, whose historic position and services are recorded *ante*, Chapter XVII., was represented in Gibbon's time, among others, by Jean François Maximilien de Cerjat (1729–1803), who married in England Margaret Madeleine Stample, an heiress, and was naturalised in that country in 1754.

I have a letter from the Rev. H. S. de Cerjat, Rector of West Horsley, stating the fact of his grandfather's naturalisation. His own father married a Weston, of West Horsley. His maternal grandfather (Weston) was a friend of Gibbon, and on the death of his wife received from the historian a letter dated at La Grotte as late as March 14, 1789, which the Rector kindly sent me, and which is also remarkable for the absence of any suggestion of religious comfort:

‘ Believe me when I say in the general concern for your loss, none of your friends can more truly sympathise in your affliction than myself. If it is in my power to be of any real service to you and yours, I must beg that you would dispose of me on all occasions. But at the same time I must solicit your indulgence, on this melancholy day. The weakness of my legs, the badness of the way and of the weather, the apprehension of humidity, and a cold which has confined me at home since last Wednesday, prevent a gouty invalid from joyning with the

public in the last honours to the memory of a dear and respectable person. May time and reason afford you that consolation which I am unable to suggest. I am, with most sincere regard, my dear Sir, most affectionately yours.'

The de Cerjats<sup>1</sup> had intermarried with all the great families of the country, among others with that of de Molin de Montagny.

It was in the year of Gibbon's arrival at Lausanne that Noble Joseph François de Molin de Montagny, afterwards seignior of Valeyres, who had succeeded de Crousaz in the chair of philosophy in 1750, having become rector of the Academy, delivered his celebrated discourse in refutation of Rousseau's treatise on the corrupting influences of the arts and sciences. He married Livie de Charrière de Sévery, daughter of the seignior of Sévery, Joseph Henri, by his wife Marie Gaudard. He and his family are intimately connected with my subject, inasmuch as George Deyverdun left La Grotte to his son Colonel Jean Georges Marc de Molin de Montagny (1733-1803), ancestor of the Grenier family, its present proprietors (1879). Colonel de Molin de Montagny had an agreeable correspondence with Gibbon concerning the latter's continued occupation of the mansion.

Professor de Molin de Montagny (1691-1760)<sup>2</sup> completed his studies and entered the ministry in 1720. After being pastor of Mont and Romanelle, he became assistant professor of philosophy under M. de Treytorrens. Four years later, this chair becoming vacant, he contended for it at Berne by sustaining the thesis, 'De Anima Brutorum.' The philosopher de Crousaz was, however, the successful candidate; de Molin de Montagny receiving the title of honorary professor, and succeeding to the chair twelve years later. Besides being a man of great learning, he was a practical philanthropist, and constantly occupied himself with the affairs of the Charity School

<sup>1</sup> From the time of Jaquet de Cerjat, 1380, the de Cerjat family possessed from father to son, the seigniories of Denezy, Combremont, Allaman, and other estates, and were Chatelains of Moudon. Allaman, however, was sold in 1731 to the Marquis de Langalerie.

<sup>2</sup> Baptized February 20, 1691. *Matériaux pour une Histoire littéraire de l'Académie de Lausanne et du Canton de Vaud*, 1828, *recueillis par M. le Doyen Bridel*, i. 80 (MS.). The family genealogy (MS.), in the author's possession, states that he was born in 1696.

at Lausanne, of which he was the ecclesiastical president at the time of his decease.

One of his sons, Jean Daniel Henri, married a daughter of the famous Rosset de Rochefort (1709–1766), professor of Hebrew and theology, and afterwards rector of the Academy, author of various works—among them ‘Memoirs and Funeral Oration upon John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, translated from the English of Burnet, and followed by general thoughts on Deism.’ I discovered some of M. de Rosset de Rochefort’s unpublished writings in the garrets of La Grotte. In his ancestry were the burgomasters (Lausanne) Jean de Rosset (1588), Benjamin de Rosset (1617 and 1634), and Jean Philippe de Rosset (1673)—each styled ‘noble.’

The name de Molin existed in La Gruyère as early as the thirteenth century under the form of de Molindino, being of Spanish origin ; although some authorities say that it originated in Venice, and that one branch took part in the Crusades, and settled in Crete, while another went to Spain, where it still exists. From La Gruyère the family established itself at Estavayer, where its head became Commissary of the Duke of Savoy, in 1496. It obtained the seigniorship of Treytorrens, and, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the seigniorship of Montagny in the district of Yverdon ; and since the eighteenth century it was resident at Lausanne. It intermarried with the most ancient houses including d’Arnay, de Blonay, de Cerjat, de Charrière, de Crousaz, de Graffenried, de la Harpe, de Huber, de Loÿs, de Mannlich, de Metral, de Polier, de Seigneux, de Treytorrens.

Marguerite Mannlich, the mother of Professor de Molin de Montagny, was the daughter of Jean François Mannlich, seignior of Aillens, and Jeanne Françoise de Loÿs. Colonel de Montagny, who inherited La Grotte from Deyverdun, was consequently her grandson ; and the older sister, Anne, marrying Nathanael Deyverdun, was the grandmother of George Deyverdun.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished manuscript genealogies of the families of Molin de Montagny, Deyverdun, Mannlich, de Loÿs, de Charrière de Sévery, de Treytorrens, in the possession of the author.—Letters to the author from Professor Vuilleumier, October 13, 1879, and from M. H. de Molin, October 10, 13, and 18, 1879.—Extracts from the registers of baptisms of the parishes of Grandson, Moudon,

## CHAPTER CXXVIII

WE have seen that Gibbon, when he first arrived at Lausanne, was an immature youth whose spiritual depths, however, had been strongly stirred, and that his experiences were dull, grey, and restricted. About this time there returned to Lausanne George Deyverdun, a young man, three or four years older, who, representing one of the most historical families in Vaud, and the best culture of the time, had been prepared by the changes and chances of centuries to meet the exact need of Gibbon.

The entire aristocracy of Lausanne in those days were interwoven by the ties of blood; and when you think of one figure, the host of affectionate relatives troop into view. Thus, Deyverdun finally opened the doors of the most interesting persons of the community, and brought Gibbon into contact with indigenous or foreign intellects there assembled, whose intercourse awakened and developed his eager and comprehensive powers. Deyverdun, moreover, conferred an inestimable benefit upon the future historian by his agreeable and profitable companionship.

Two men, in fact, greatly contributed to Gibbon's success: Lord Sheffield, who relieved him from pecuniary anxiety by taking charge of his monetary affairs, and Deyverdun, who for thirty-five years enlivened and strengthened him by his keen and merry wit, his sunny and sympathetic mind, as well as by his intellectual force and scholarship. Deyverdun was indeed quite equal to taking up the cudgels with Gibbon on an obscure and knotty question whenever it arose in the course of the historian's labours, with which he was associated at more than one point in their progress.

I find from the unpublished Journal (1753-1761) of his father, Captain Samuel Deyverdun,<sup>1</sup> which I discovered

Lausanne, Cambremont, and Treytorrens.—Letter of M. Aymon de Crousaz, Cantonal Archivist, to the author, January 31, 1880.—The genealogies of the family of de Molin de Montagny and the origin of the family were prepared for the author, in 1880, by M. Aymon de Crousaz, Cantonal Archivist; they were further annotated by M. Jules Piccard.

<sup>1</sup> The family of Deyverdun originally spelled the name D'Yverdon or D'Iverdon, after the town of the same name. Captain Samuel Deyverdun

in La Grotte, that George, then nineteen, arrived on Sunday, August 5, 1753, from Basle, where he had been pursuing a course of law. In this Journal there is constant reference to the families de Seigneux, de Constant, de Diesbach, Fels, de Goumoëns, Polier, Frey, d'Apples, Bourgeois, Bergier, and to Captain Deyverdun's brother-in-law, M. Louis César Secretan<sup>1</sup>—a descendant of the distinguished family of Secretan referred to in Chapter LX.—who had married, as his third wife, Françoise Deyverdun, maternal aunt of George, and who occupied at that time the post of lieutenant fiscal, and later became chancellor.

Captain Deyverdun was a freemason of high degree and of great influence. I have a letter addressed by M. Gustave Schlabrendorf, another masonic luminary, to 'his venerable and very dear brother,' Captain Deyverdun, presenting to him M. de Grabow and the latter's tutor, M. Schwartz, of Swedish extraction.<sup>2</sup>

The Captain had a spacious mansion at the bottom of the rue de Bourg, at the corner of the Place St. François and the rue St. François, now the Federal Bank. I have given, in Chapter LIII., a detailed description of this ancient abode, which dates from the fourteenth century. In his Journal, under date of December 6, 1754, he says the tapestry for 'our grand salon arrived from Lyons, and a few days later my wife had it hung; we are very much delighted with it.' Besides his residence at

wrote D'Eyverdun, while his son George used two forms in his journal, d'Eyverdun and d'Yverdun, and later without the apostrophe. Sprung from the dynastic de Grandson family, through its Belmont branch, upon receiving the *métralie* of Yverdun this family assumed the arms of its office and the name of the town. Its arms henceforth were: Vert, a savage or, holding a club over the shoulder, or; surmounted by a barred helmet in profile denoting ancient nobility. Motto: *In corde sinceritas, in ore veritas* (Sincerity in heart, truth in speech).

In 1752 (October 7) Colonel Benjamin de Chandieu writes to M. de Loÿs, Seigneur of Orzens, from Lisle to Vevey, to ask when M. Samuel de Verdon (Deyverdun), who desires to purchase La Chaux, near Cossonay, will visit the place, and by whom he will be accompanied. (From the unpublished archives of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu). Captain Deyverdun does not appear to have succeeded in his intention of buying La Chaux. The de Chandieu possessed La Chaux through intermarriage with the family of Robert du Gard de Fresneville, who bought it from the Bernese in 1540.

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished genealogy of the Secretan family, copied from the tree belonging to M. Henri Secretan, *haut forestier* of the commune of Lausanne, à la Cité, November 26, 1881, by M. Charles F. Piccard, Commissary-General, in the possession of the author. Also information derived from Colonel Edouard Secretan.

<sup>2</sup> Unpublished, from the MS. collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier.

Lausanne and his country seat, Les Uttins, near Ouchy, Captain Deyverdun possessed a fine house and vineyards at Pully, where several of his children were born.<sup>1</sup>

Earlier in 1754 he records the death at La Grotte of M. de Loÿs de Bochat, his wife's brother-in-law. 'During his malady my wife was assiduous in her attendance upon him and in rendering service. On April 4 he was taken from this earth, between two and three o'clock in the morning, regretted by all honourable people. My wife and my son, George, sat up with him continually, and especially the night of his death—in fact, they closed his eyes.'

In the course of my researches I found in La Grotte the original manuscript of de Bochat's epitaph, prepared immediately after his death, which is to be seen to-day upon his stately burial-place in the Cathedral.<sup>2</sup> The eminence of this man, to whom I have hitherto alluded, and his connection with La Grotte, render it important to present a more particular account of him.

Charles Guillaume de Loÿs de Bochat was born at Lausanne,

<sup>1</sup> In the marriage-contract, April 27, 1733, of Noble and Virtuous Samuel Deyverdun, assessor of the Sixty of Lausanne, assisted by Noble and Generous George Manlich, seignior of Bettens, of the Grand Council of the city and republic of Berne, brigadier in the armies of his Majesty the King of France, and colonel in the Swiss regiment of his said Majesty, relative of the said noble husband; the latter's wife, Madeleine de Teissonière, was to receive as dower 500*l.* sterling, given by her uncle, M. de Teissonière d'Ayrolles, British Minister at the Hague, and from her mother, Mme. de Teissonière, a sufficient sum to make the dowry 10,000 livres.—In the possession of Professor Louis Grenier.

<sup>2</sup>

HIC JACET  
 NOB. CAR. GVILL. LOYS A BOCHAT  
 JURIS ET HIST. IN ACAD. LAUSAN.  
 PROFESSOR. P.  
 POSTEA.  
 PROPRAEFECTUS.  
 RATION. PUBL. CENSOR. LEG. VINDEK.  
 REG. ACAD. SCIENT. GOTTING.  
 ADLECT. PIETATE. PRUDENTIA.  
 URBANITATE. DOCTRINA. ET ERUD.  
 MONUM. APUD SUOS ET EXTEROS.  
 CLARUS.  
 VIXIT LVIII. ANN. MENS.  
 IV. DIES XXII. OBIT  
 FRID. NON. APRIL.  
 MDCCLIV. CONJUGI  
 PER XXX. ANN. B. MER.  
 FRANC. SUS. TEISSONIERRE.  
 LACRUM. HOC. SAXUM.

P.

The de Loÿs Arms, with a Count's coronet.

December 11, 1695. I have had occasion in Chapter LII. and elsewhere to speak of him, and we left him seated in the professorial chair of law. To lectures on jurisprudence he soon added those on history, and out of his academic labours grew historical and legal works which gave him high reputation throughout Europe.<sup>1</sup> He also fulfilled the duty of rector or president of the Academy, and kept up a vast correspondence, much of which I found in La Grotte, with some of his writings in conjunction with the historian Ruchat. As an inhabitant of the rue de Bourg, he was one of the tribunal which condemned Major Davel to death in 1723. As we have seen, ownership of a house in this street and residence therein conferred nobility and the privilege of judging certain criminal cases. At an early age he filled the important office of assessor to the *cour baillivale*, and having been appointed in 1740 comptroller-general and lieutenant-bailiff, he resigned his professorship.

The bailiff of Lausanne was the governor appointed by Their Excellencies of Berne, and it was the duty of the lieutenant-bailiff to give him advice as a native of Vaud. In the bailiff's absence the office was filled by the lieutenant-bailiff. The post was both administrative and judicial. The *cour baillivale*, or Court of Appeals, consisted of the bailiff, lieutenant-bailiff, three assessors, and a secretary. The second, the feudal court, was composed as above; then the court for the examination of certain criminal offences, like the *cour baillivale*, but without the bailiff, and with the addition of four members of the Council of Lausanne.

M. de Loÿs de Bochat, having inherited his father's paternal estate of La Grotte, which included the ancient tower and

<sup>1</sup> The following is a list of some of his works:—1. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du différend entre le Pape et le Canton de Lucerne à l'occasion du bannissement du curé d'Andermatt*. 2. *Réponse à la Réfutation d'un anonyme*. 3. *Ouvrages pour et contre les Services étrangers, considérés du côté du droit et de la morale*. 4. *Epistolica dissertatio qua declaratur Lapis antiquus, in loco, ubi quondam Lousonna fuit effusus [sic], et de nonnullis ad Helvetia Romanæ antiquitates pertinentibus argumentis disseritur*. 5. *Mémoires critiques pour servir d'éclaircissements sur divers points de l'Histoire ancienne de la Suisse et sur ses Monuments d'antiquités*. 6. *Manifeste au sujet de la Conspiration découverte à Berne en Juillet 1749*. 7. *Matériaux pour une Histoire littéraire de la Suisse*. 8. *Commentaire sur le Plaict général*. 9. *Notes sur le Plaict général*. 'He is also the author of various articles in the *Journal Helvétique* and in the *Musée Helvétique*. He was one of the principal founders of the collection entitled the *Bibliothèque Italique*.'—De Montet.



pavilion, purchased from the Lausanne authorities, July 1, 1750, the contiguous buildings, which had also formed part of the Monastery of St. Francis, and had been somewhat injured by fire.<sup>1</sup> Uniting these under one roof, he came a few months later to reside in the renovated La Grotte.

His official position and family influence made him the most important person in Lausanne. His wife (*née* Susanne de Teissonnière) possessed beauty and accomplishments, and under her direction the hospitalities of La Grotte became proverbial. Her family had been obliged by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to fly to Holland; and it was, as already noted, in the quaint town of Utrecht that de Loÿs de Bochat, in the course of his travels, made the acquaintance of Susanne de Teissonnière. The de Teissonnières removed a short time after to the Hague, where M. d'Ayrolles, brother-in-law of Mme. de Teissonnière, was British Minister, and here de Loÿs de Bochat married her elder daughter. Mme. de Bochat had thus before her marriage known the most polished society. La Grotte, in the life-time of the Lieutenant-Bailiff, became the resort of all the distinguished people who visited Lausanne, and his nephew, George Deyverdun, therefore possessed the best social advantages.

Professor de Bochat was a member of the Academy of Sciences of Göttingen, and of various other learned bodies. The letters which poured in upon Mme. de Bochat after his death (1754), from all parts of the Continent and from England, show the esteem in which he was held by the foremost minds of the day. Gibbon speaks of studying his works, and it was his good fortune to make M. de Bochat's personal acquaintance the

<sup>1</sup> The deed of purchase is endorsed thus: 'Purchase by Noble and Generous Charles Guillaume de Loÿs, seignior of Bochat, Lieutenant-Bailiff and citizen of Lausanne, and Virtuous Susanne Françoise Tessonnière, his wife, from the Seigneurie of Lausanne, on the first of July, 1750,' by which the Seigniors of Lausanne, the Boursier, the Bannerets, &c., sell to M. de Bochat, 'les bâtimens incendiés de la Grotte,' with the place, garden, and terrace situated in the rear of the church of St. Francis, upon the condition that the purchasers shall keep in repair that part of the city walls which form a portion thereof, for the price of 7,500 florins, plus the expenses for wine, the town-crier, officers, &c. This document is signed 'Secretan.' The wine allowed to the secretary of the Chambre Economique de Lausanne cost fifteen thalers, to the town-crier seven thalers and a half, and to the officers one thaler.—From the unpublished MS. collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.



year before his death, in the mansion which thirty years later became his own abode.

M. de Bochat was a fervent freemason, and I found in La Grotte a fragment of a discourse by him in defence of that body. George Deyverdun and Gibbon followed in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor, both being earnest masons. The masonic body in Switzerland was then under the direction of the English masonic authorities, and had no political affiliations.

M. de Loÿs de Bochat had bequeathed the half of the house and grounds of La Grotte to his wife, and the other half to his sister, Etienne Susanne de Loÿs, wife of Noble Samuel du Teil, late Major in the service of Their Excellencies. On October 16, 1754, Mme. de Bochat purchased her sister's share for 10,500 francs, of 10 baches,<sup>1</sup> and also obtained possession of the furniture in the grand salon.

The inventory of the latter comprised: A green brocatel tapestry, six tapestried armchairs, six smaller armchairs harp-like, a large sofa covered with rich silk, a bench covered with green plush, two foot-stools covered with brocatel tapestry, a screen with tapestry, the window curtains of fine and new cloth and white inner curtains, a tall pier-glass in a gilt frame, a marble and gilt console table, a clock whose case was in sculptured and gilded black wood, seven crystal lustres in gilt bronze, two gilt bronze candelabras for the mantelpiece, two portraits of a Prince and Princess of Hesse. The other portraits in the salon already belonged to Mme. de Bochat.<sup>2</sup>

After M. de Bochat's death La Grotte continued its traditions. His widow remained a personage of the highest social authority, and her nephew George Deyverdun resided with her. The eminent Professor Escher of Zurich, writing to her November 12,

<sup>1</sup> The value of the bache or batz at this time being 15 centimes, a franc of 10 batz was worth 1 fr. 50 c. Mme. de Bochat therefore paid the equivalent of 15,750 francs of present money.

<sup>2</sup> This unpublished parchment document in Mme. Constantin Grenier's collection is endorsed:

'Cession et Acquis en faveur de Noble et Vertueuse Susanne Françoise Teissonnière, veuve de feu Noble et Généreux Charles Guillaume De Loÿs vivant Seigneur de Bochat et Lieutenant Ballival de Lausanne, et Contre Olleur général de dite ville; Contre Noble et Vertueuse Etienne Susanne de Loÿs, femme de Noble et Généreux Samuel Du Teil, Citoyen du dit Lausanne, et cy devant Major pour le Service de LL.EE. Du 16 Octobre 1754.'

1762, speaks of La Grotte, 'where all the *élite* of Lausanne assemble,' and says that his friend Professor Hers and his wife, whenever they recall the politeness and goodness of Mme. de Bochat, fall into ecstasies over her exquisite qualities. He mentions in the same letter (unpublished) that M. and Mme. Hers had been charmed to make the acquaintance of 'the celebrated Rousseau, in whose house they dined and supped, and who treated them with the utmost politeness. . . . The Professor has indeed become one of his most zealous partisans . . . and Voltaire is as much detested at Zurich as Rousseau is venerated and loved.' The Professor adds that Rousseau is really a Christian, and the sceptical ideas in the third part of *Emile* were the doubts of a Savoyard, and not his own.<sup>1</sup>

Captain Samuel Deyverdun records in his journal, July 23, 1759, the sad and terrible news of the death of M. de Mannlich de la Chenalaz,<sup>2</sup> who was killed while acting in the army of France as brigadier, being at the time lieutenant-colonel of the Swiss regiment *Jener Bernois*. Having been ordered to take by assault the fortified town of Münster in Westphalia, defended by the troops of Hanover, M. de la Chenalaz received a bayonet thrust in the breast during the attack, and was stretched dead upon the ground. He was honourably interred by the French army. 'We have been much worried by his death. He was my cousin-german through his father, M. de Mannlich de Bettens,<sup>3</sup> killed at the siege of Friburg in Brisgau, in 1713, at the end of the War of the Spanish Succession. The latter was also a valiant officer. He was major of the de Villars regiment at the time of his death, and if he had survived he would have early acquired a very high rank. M. de la Chenalaz had a great friendship for us, which we reciprocated and always testified. He was the godfather of my daughter Lisette, to whom he had made a legacy of one thousand livres in his will, but as she died a year before him we lost the money. But he testified to his good feeling of relationship by appointing my three sons, even the youngest, as legatees, together with M. [de Saussure]

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter in the author's collections.

<sup>2</sup> M. Jean Louis de Mannlich, petit bourgeois of Berne, March, 1727.

<sup>3</sup> M. J. Marc de Mannlich. From the genealogical pedigree of the de Mannlich family, extracted from the MS. Livre d'Olivier, by M. Jules F. Piccard, for the author.

de St. Cierge and Mme. d'Aubonne (brother and sister, children of M. [de Saussure, second Baron] de Bercher, and grandchildren of the late lieut.-general [de Mannlich] de Bettens), whom he has named as heirs of all his property. Everything was collected from all quarters, and after M. de St. Cierge had kept what he thought fit for himself and his sister, the remainder was sold. My two elder sons arranged everything in accordance with M. de St. Cierge's wishes. When the sales had taken place, it was suggested that an agreement should be drawn up between the two heirs and my three sons; and although M. de St. Cierge and Mme. d'Aubonne asked too much, my two elder sons consented, and an agreement was made whereby they ceded all their shares in the legacy in return for the sum of about 5,700 livres of 10 batz between them and their youngest brother, who was a minor. They pressed me to sign for the latter. If I had been the master I would not have come to any terms, but should have been of the opinion that my sons ought to await events: the more so as it was said that the property amounted to better than thirty thousand livres. But many persons frightened my sons by saying that there would be a great law-suit between them and the members of the de Saussure family, in case the entail were opened in their favour. To this fear was added the allurements of entering into the immediate possession of about two thousand francs each. My two eldest sons received four thousand francs in good securities left by M. de la Chenalaz, with the endorsement of the heirs, in accordance with the law. As for the youngest, my wife and my other sons negotiated his two thousand livres, and I saw nothing of them.'

July 19, 1759, Mme. Deyverdun exchanged certain articles of her fine pewter service for 'plats à la mode campane.'

October 5, friends came to inform them in great haste that George had received the post of Justicier. The appointment was a surprise to everyone, because M. Seigneux, son of M. Pierre Seigneux, had withdrawn in favour of M. le Maire, senior, who had the support of all the councillors of the Bourgeoisie. But George Deyverdun received the votes of the councillors of the Nobility because his friend M. de Saussure, the junior of M. le Châtelain Polier ('our good friend and relative'), retired in his favour.

January 15, 1760, Councillor Bergier was named Banneret, in the place of M. Secretan the younger; and M. le Châtelain Polier became Councillor.

August 6, 'Mlle. de Saussin,'<sup>1</sup> my sister Deyverdun, my wife, and myself, left Les Uttins for Cottens, on a visit to Messrs. and Mme. de Crinsoz de Cottens, our relatives, who, having invited us, sent us their pretty and commodious chariot. We arrived at 5 in the afternoon . . . and renewed our ancient friendship. We were most graciously received, and were invited to dine at Colombier. . . . We also drove to Cossonay, where we passed a whole day *chez ma cousine Guex*. We returned to Les Uttins on Wednesday at noon, having breakfasted at Morges with M. l'Assesseur-Baillival Mayor. We stayed a week with our relatives, and they showed the highest satisfaction in seeing us in their home. After our absence we were delighted to find our own house in excellent order, and that our three upper servants had watered, swept, and taken care of our gardens.'<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER CXXIX

NEAR the Journal of Samuel Deyverdun, in the same worm-eaten box, I found a Diary of his eldest son George, containing his opinion of the characters of various persons in the society of Lausanne. It was begun eleven months after Gibbon's arrival, and shows the simple and healthy life led, in the middle of the last century, at Lausanne. As a rule the breakfast-hour was before eight, dinner was a mid-day meal, and supper an important one. People in society retired between eleven and twelve and rose about seven. After their toilet, an interval with the perruquier usually followed. Much of the time was spent in the open air.

Deyverdun, at this time, seems to have observed his religious duties with great regularity, saying his prayers night and morning, reading the lessons of the day, and attending church

<sup>1</sup> George Deyverdun spells the name Sosein in his journal.

<sup>2</sup> Unpublished journal of Captain Samuel Deyverdun, found by the author in La Grotte.

on Sunday. He was devoted in his attention to his Aunt, Madame de Loÿs de Bochat, and passed several hours daily in reading to her from the Bible and from various authors, of whom one was Voltaire, then near in person.

Les Uttins, constantly mentioned by Deyverdun, was one of the country-seats of his family. It came to them from Mme. Teissonnière, who, May 2, 1739, divided her property equally between her eldest daughter, Susanne (Mme. de Loÿs de Bochat) and Madeleine (Mme. Samuel Deyverdun). Mme. de Bochat received various English and Swiss securities; Mme. Deyverdun being given Les Uttins with its appurtenances, and certain other securities.

M. Daniel Miron, Doctor of Laws and bourgeois of Jouxkens, whose son is frequently mentioned in the Diary, was the legal adviser of Mme. Teissonnière at the division of her property, before she left Jouxkens to live with M. and Mme. de Loÿs de Bochat at La Grotte.<sup>1</sup> Mme. Teissonnière died early in 1747 at the age of eighty; and, M. de Loÿs de Bochat dying a few years later, George Deyverdun came to La Grotte as a companion to his Aunt. It was while there that he kept this Diary, and received the visits of Gibbon.

Les Uttins fell into decay, and was destroyed by M. de Haldimand about fifty years ago because it interrupted the view of the lake. I possess a pen-and-ink view of the ruins given to me by Mme. de Loÿs de Treytorrens, mother of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu, who sketched the scene in her girlhood.

<sup>1</sup> Certificate of the Notary Courlat, dated May 11, 1739, and confirmation of the division of the property signed by Detallents, Bailiff of Lausanne, May 25, 1739. (From the unpublished manuscript collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.)

This division was made by Mme. Teissonnière upon the express understanding that, as long as Divine Providence should leave her on earth, each of her two sons-in-law—M. de Bochat and M. Samuel Deyverdun—should pay to her annually, in quarterly instalments, the sum of 450 livres in Swiss silver, on condition besides that the said sum should be assured her in the security of the general property of each of her said sons-in-law, and of M. Bergier de Pont, Minister of the Holy Gospel at Lausanne; and on condition, moreover, that after her death her two daughters aforesaid should each pay to her cousin, Marie Oursel, living at Berlin, in recognition of the tender love and friendship she had always manifested towards Mme. Teissonnière and her family, the sum of 100 francs yearly. This division was heartily approved by Mme. de Loÿs de Bochat and her husband. Samuel Deyverdun made certain objections in the name of his wife, saying that she would have preferred her mother not to divide her property until her death, but he and his wife finally signed in agreement.

Near by was built, in 1770, the house called *Le Petit Ouchy*, now *L'Elysée*.<sup>1</sup> It belonged originally to Professor Rosset de Rochefort, and came to Colonel Henri de Molin de Montagny through his wife, daughter of the Professor. Towards the end of the last and early in this century it was a summer residence of Mme. de Staël, who received there a large and select circle. In her salons Mme. Récamier, Baron Constant d'Hermenches, and Benjamin Constant often appeared together in comedies. In 1832, the then M. de Molin sold the property to Count de Satgé-St. Jean, who named it *L'Elysée*, and it was recently acquired by M. Gustave Perdonnet of Lausanne.

M. Benjamin Bugnion (1695-1777), who held various high offices in the administration of Lausanne, who was châtelain of Cheseaux and councillor of the Two Hundred, owned a property next to *Le Petit Ouchy* called *Monchoisi*.<sup>2</sup> His son Anthony (1733-1791), called 'the Englishman,' was the intimate friend of Deyverdun, married Mlle. Mallet, of the Island of Jersey, lived in 1777-78 at *La Grotte*, and later at *Monchoisi*, where he died without issue. The property then passed to the d'Arlens' family. The house was well known. Voltaire, and later Mme. Récamier and Mme. de Staël, are said to have acted in the drawing-room. It was bought in 1817 by Mlle. de Cerjat, who left it to her nephew, M. Auguste de Cerjat, the present proprietor.

Gibbon and George Deyverdun no doubt became acquainted shortly after the latter's arrival from Basle, as the Pavilliards and the Deyverduns were intimately acquainted. In this Diary Gibbon is twice called 'M. de Guiben,' and once 'Guibon': the absence of any characterisation, such as the diarist gives to

<sup>1</sup> The author possesses the original plan of this property. 'I gave your message to Mme. de Bercher in a charming situation, where we passed all day Sunday. It was at Ouchy *chez* M. le Professeur Rosset. We had before us all the beauties of nature, as well as good company, the thought of you and of our friendship.'—Letter of M. Seigneux de Correvon to M. de Loÿs d'Orzens, December 6, 1750; from the unpublished MSS. of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu.

<sup>2</sup> The arms of Benjamin Bugnion, painted in oil upon a wooden panel, and bearing his name, were set up over his seat in the Council of the Two Hundred, November 1, 1754.—From Notes on the Bugnion family prepared for the author by M. Charles A. Bugnion  *fils* of Lausanne, 1879.

other acquaintances, is no doubt due to the fact that the two had been for some time friends.

A jealousy had existed before the death of M. de Loÿs de Bochat between Mme. de Bochat and her sister Mme. Deyverdun. This, manifested in the correspondence between Mme. de Bochat and her god-daughter Mme. Folloppe, arose from the fact that Mme. Deyverdun had children while her sister had none; but this feeling seems to have entirely subsided, and we find that when George was taken under the special protection of his Aunt, Mme. Deyverdun was a frequent visitor at La Grotte. George Deyverdun was entrusted with the arrangement of M. de Bochat's MSS., as appears by his Diary,—from which a few clauses must here suffice us:

'May 31 (1754). Supped at Les Uttins with the Minister Pavilliard, and Messrs. Mollin *père et fils*; returned at 10. M. Pavilliard the most honest man in every way that I know; he is so honest that he injures his own affairs.'

'June 1. Went out at 5 o'clock, ill, for a walk on the Terrace. Met M. de Guibon (*sic*), Veis de Molans, Montagny, the Abbé, Mérian the elder. Veis de Molans (Mollens), a Bernese, lives with Contrôleur Secretan; has little genius or politeness, is a caviller and a rake.'

'2, Sunday. Went to church at 8, received the Communion, heard M. Dutoit Aguet, good sermon; upon my return received the visit of Liardet. . . . Liardet, Minister, governor of a Milord. . . . Milord without genius, dissipated, not straightforward, and ill-mannered.'

'5. M. Jacot; an extremely amusing relater of anecdotes. I had never heard him preach before; he gave us a very eloquent sermon.'

'July 14. M. Pavilliard has taken a liking for me, and I should see him frequently but for the number of his occupations and his wife Carbonella.'

'16. Went at 5 to Grand's, where I found de Sonnaz and de Crousaz playing at tarots (a game of cards); played and lost 20 sols. I was ill, and they forced me to play, so to say.'

'August 1. Awoke and got up at 8, said my prayers, walked in the garden, read the first Comedy of Destouches, breakfasted, read 30 pages of Bayle and made extracts, arranged the MSS.



of the late M. de Bochat, dined, read two Comedies of Destouches, read to my aunt 40 pages of the *Journal Littéraire*, drank tea, read 30 pages of the same, supped, read 50 pages of the same, read the chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Psalm for the day in my room, read one Comedy of Destouches, said my prayers, went to bed at midnight.'

This of August 1 is a fair specimen of many days entered in the Diary, the volumes read being of course different. Lenglet, Regnard, Camoens, Montesquieu, Petronius, Ludwig, Swift, Rapin-Thoyras, Barclay, Pope, the Letters of Mme. de Sévigné, and above all Voltaire appear to have been the favourite books.

## CHAPTER CXXX

M. GABRIEL DE SEIGNEUX DE CORREVON (1695–1775), often mentioned in George Deyverdun's *Journal*, and of whom and his ancestors I have elsewhere spoken,<sup>1</sup> was the son of the assessor of the bailiwick Jean Louis de Seigneux and Susanne de Saussure his wife, and was born at Lausanne in the same year as his friend and connection M. de Loÿs de Bochat. In the summer of 1753 Gabriel wrote to his relative, M. de Loÿs, seignior of Orzens, from the neighbourhood of Ouchy—that he had fled from town in order to enjoy the liberty of the country.

'We form,' he says, 'a little republic free from all interference, sufficiently resembling a state of nature. We are eight, and sometimes ten, masters. Our *cuisine* is excellent, and our table simple and abundant. We know how to quit and how to meet one another again, how to vary our reading, our interviews and our promenades. At one moment we are in the midst of the most perfect calm on the borders of an agitated lake; again, in the turmoil of a society augmented by some adversaries, within sight of a tranquil lake. In fact, all the movements of this lake interest us; its security increases our own; its waves, more often smiling than angry, give us a decoration incessantly

<sup>1</sup> Arms: 'L'écu écartelé d'or et d'argent, au sceptre d'or fleur-de-lisé posé en bande et brochant sur le tout.'



changing. Our shore is animated by an air of commerce and industry. The labour of the people engaged about us makes us feel the price of the care they bestow and the sweetness of our repose. The barks, the galiots, and the boats that pass, arrive, raise or lower their sails, tack or swim before the wind, which are tossed about upon the waters or enjoy awhile the safety of the harbour—form a spectacle for the eyes and the mind which instructs and amuses us. At any hour we can enter a boat, and, seated beside an experienced fisherman, partake of his joys in the sport which gives us an additional dish.’<sup>1</sup>

Gibbon soon after his arrival at Lausanne also showed some taste for country life and manly exercises. We hear of his making excursions, and asking his father to allow him to take lessons in the riding-school<sup>2</sup> which his relative Lord Eliot had frequented, as he thought it might strengthen his health. However, he seems not to have acquired any proficiency, and soon abandoned this exercise. A few months later Pavilliard suggested to the elder Gibbon that it would be desirable for his son to have a little distraction, some gaiety, and to see something of society, as this might eradicate his rather sombre mood. Gibbon seems to have thus gradually emerged from his austere retreat. We get a glimpse of Lausanne society in the second year of Gibbon’s sojourn from the following unpublished letter of Mme. Polier :

‘ I must speak to you of the life we lead here at Lausanne this winter. We have greatly amused ourselves. Bulle’s band has been constantly engaged for balls during the day and the night. M. [de Constant] d’Hermenches has given some concerts, wherein various violins, harpsichords, and flutes, with vocal accompaniments, joyously took part, and the young girls formed the chorus. My daughter was of the number. But those who shone far above all others at these entertainments were Mme. d’Hermenches, by her voice, M. Seigneux Rosc by his, and the son of Colonel de Crousaz. The latter played bass in so melodious a manner that everyone was enchanted. I have never

<sup>1</sup> August 10, 1753, unpublished, from the archives of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu.

<sup>2</sup> Torn down in 1896.

seen anyone else who plays as well. As there are always ill-natured persons who infuse bitterness into whatever they touch, so in these parties a similar situation was reached. M. d'Hermenches gave a *fête* to the young people, and everything went successfully until someone placed a note under a chandelier at the entrance. It was written with lemon juice, and could only be read by the light of a fire or candle. Therein the mistress of the house was loudly praised, but the others severely satirised, and I believe M. d'Hermenches himself was badly treated. The conduct of the unknown author was generally blamed. Some other evil-disposed persons wrote to Berne attacking M. Polier the Minister, and M. Pavilliard. It is said that M. Polier is too haughty. This must have been done by really despicable people. It must be confessed that M. Polier is attentively polite to all those who merit it. If he has not an affable physiognomy he replaces it by his courtesy and wit. I thus inform you of the gospel [news] of the day. I know that society has been very gay also at Vevey, and I trust that you have been sufficiently well to take your share in it.' <sup>1</sup>

The seignior of Hermenches alluded to was Samuel de Constant, Baron de Rebecque (1676-1756), seignior of Villars-Mendraz,<sup>2</sup> who had purchased the seigniory of Hermenches from M. Louis Deyverdun and his wife, *née* Crousaz de Corsier, parents of Mme. de Goll, and uncle and aunt of George Deyverdun. In Chapters XXVIII. and XLVI. I have referred to him and to his family. He married Rose Susanne, daughter of Louis de Saussure, Baron of Berchier. He was intimate with Voltaire, and renowned not only for his military ability but for his literary tastes. I possess a number of his unpublished verses, communicated to me by my friend M. Ernest Chavannes.

It was in this year that Gibbon became a frequent guest at the receptions of M. d'Hermenches.

The intimate unpublished correspondence of the time, among the manuscripts in my possession, give interesting bits of gossip,

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter of Mme. Charlotte Polier de Brettigny, *née* de Loÿs, wife of M. Jean Abraham Polier, seignior of Goumoëns or Brettigny, from the archives of the Marquis de Loÿs-Chandieu (MS.).

<sup>2</sup> Genealogical tree of the noble family of de Constant de Rebecque, in the unpublished manuscript collections of the author. The seignior of Hermenches had the right of hunting and fishing, of jurisdiction, and of advowson.

and show the relations existing between the society of Lausanne and the different courts. Every noble family in the Pays de Vaud had a representative at some one of the German courts, or high in position in France, or holding distinguished military rank. This produced a polished society which drew its sentiments and breeding from the best sources in Europe, the French influence being particularly beneficial.

One sees that this class was highly cultured, seizing with eagerness upon every new work which issued from the press, and even passing some about from hand to hand in manuscript. A member of the family circle, male or female, in a château, read aloud, and later the book was wittily discussed and the theme thrashed out. The volume then journeyed from one friendly manor to another, and when it had been criticised in each centre, views were interchanged as to its intrinsic merits.

The graceful personality of Mme. de la Pottrie presents itself to us in a series of letters to her father, the Burgomaster de Seigneux de Correvon, of Lausanne, from the court of Weilbourg, then the centre of the German Duchy of Nassau, ruled over by the line of Nassau-Weilbourg, descendants of Walram IV. of the elder line, who was father of Adolphus of Nassau, King of Germany, 1292-1298. Within this favoured territory was the beautiful valley of the Lahn, the towns of Wiesbaden, Diez, Dillenburg, and Herborn; the watering-places Ems, Selters, and Schwalbach; and the renowned vineyards of Johannisberg, Hochheim, Rüdesheim, and Asmannshausen.

We can well imagine Mme. de la Pottrie, while writing, raising her eyes from time to time to view the gardens, the winding river with its high banks at their feet, and the noble trees in the great park.

She speaks of the death of M. de Sévery, which profoundly afflicted her. If it were possible, she would wish to have about her all the persons that are dear to her; without this she can not be exempt from anxiety. The simplicity of life at the smaller German courts of that day scarcely rivalled the etiquette of the Bailiff's court at Lausanne. 'I am attached,' she says, 'to the person of the princess rather from taste than duty. Notwithstanding, it appears from her conduct that she

wishes to have me near her. She is very fond of walking, but I do not accompany her, as I am not equal to long excursions on foot. I go with her whenever she drives out. She went some days ago to make her first call upon the Princess de Hohenlohe, the wife of the Grand Judge at Wetzlar.<sup>1</sup> The latter represents the person of the Emperor there. Wetzlar is only three leagues from Weilbourg. We afterwards went to dine with the Countess de Wit, whose father is one of the presidents of the chamber, and at four o'clock we accompanied the Princess on her return to the palace of the Grand Judge, who was as gracious a prince as he could be in French, considering that he understands it but slightly. A ball was about to be given for the young people. By the time everything was in readiness we were obliged to leave; besides, the court-mourning for Prince Charles, who had died November 9th, did not permit of the Prince and Princess remaining. Mourning is worn here in the same manner as with us.<sup>2</sup> Woollen dresses are not out of place at present, for it has been quite cold for some days. The Prince has taken advantage of the temperature to put on his skates. Louis finds it charming to have the permission to accompany him, and to glide about as much as he pleases—a thing he learned to do very well at college. M. de la Pottrie has sent him to the Rector, who is a man of merit and an excellent teacher. He remains there from the morning until four in the afternoon, when he returns to the castle or visits some ladies in the town. Everybody has a thousand kindnesses for him. It is a life which pleases him infinitely. His father is delighted with him, his master equally so. The latter finds that he learns with the greatest facility. As for his eldest brother, Augustus, the idea of making him a *savant* must be put aside. His father tells me that he is four times as lively and tempestuous as Louis, and yet a very good boy. The Princess said that her sister loved him as if he were her own child.

'The news has arrived from Detmold that the latter is

<sup>1</sup> Prince Charles Philippe François de Hohenlohe-Bartenstein, Knight of the Order of St. Andrew, had held this office since 1746. Goethe coming to Wetzlar, less than twenty years after, there found in his personal experience subjects for his *Sorrows of Werther*, which Deyverdun afterwards translated.

<sup>2</sup> Mme. de la Pottrie's letter on this account has black borders.

understood to be with child, and this will undoubtedly prevent her coming. The roads are very bad and the lodging-houses still worse. M. de la Pottrie is at the Regency, where he passes nearly all his mornings and the greater part of the day in writing. I am continually astonished that his health does not suffer. Yesterday we had Colonel Dutail to dine with us. He is eighty-three years of age and supports all kinds of fatigue. He left at seven the same evening, and had a three leagues' ride before him. May Heaven grant a like old age to you and to my mother, to whom I send the assurance of my most humble respect.'<sup>1</sup>

In another letter (February 16, 1754) Mme. de la Pottrie remarks upon the severe weather which had prevailed not only at Lausanne, but in the castle at Weilbourg. She says: 'The rooms here are too warm when the fires are kept up, although the windows and doors do not close any better than they usually do in old buildings. The castle is extremely large, but so ancient that nobody knows when it was founded. It is only remembered that the father of the late Prince introduced modern improvements into the apartments. The Prince can be quartered here in great style and without disturbing his belongings. M. de la Pottrie flatters himself that he will be able during his minority to put aside a hundred thousand crowns every year. His household, although it appears to me to be quite numerous, has been considerably diminished since his father's death. All the pages are settled elsewhere, and only M. de Peville remains, who is to be placed at the head of an academy. There are also de Leche, the *écuyer*; M. de Gaisbich, marshal of the court; M. de Raidre, master of the forests; M. de Arling, major of the grenadiers, who, I believe, has a pretty and amiable wife; M. de Schenk, the oldest existing member of the household; M. Ardin, who is about to retire and, it is said, to marry one of the daughters of the governor of the Princesses. This is an old affair which, it is thought, must terminate by marriage. He is thinking of buying a house at Kirchheim. M. Funk, who is councillor of the court, was near being married for this reason: several gentlemen and ladies of Weilbourg took it into their

<sup>1</sup> February 2, 1754. From the unpublished collections of M. Charles de Steiguer, of Berne.

heads to make him espouse a daughter of a deceased councillor, whose mother is also nearing her last moments. The daughter is young, pretty, and well educated, they say, and has fifty thousand florins net, but he does not wish her.

'The Princess has at present no one but Mlle. de Felone, who has been in the household for the last fifteen or twenty years. She was Maid of Honour to the late Princess, and will remain until they can find a suitable person for the Princess Henrietta. There were two or three at the time of the death of the Prince, but they were considered unnecessary, and returned home. There are many young ladies who are ambitious to fill this place, but it is essential to have a person with a certain education. As far as this goes, the post for a young lady without fortune could not be more agreeable. The appointments, it is true, are only a hundred crowns, but she has nothing to do except to accompany the Princess when she goes for a walk. She takes her repasts with her mistress, and is served like a queen. She passes the greater part of the day in working or in amusements. The games they play here are the quadrille and the *fricet*. The Princess does not care much for the latter. For some time past we read when there are no visits from strangers. The Prince and Princess, Mme. Arlinx and myself, at four o'clock, come into my room; we have our work-tables, and M. de la Pottrie is the reader. Then we take tea and play cards until seven or eight o'clock, when we rejoin the company at table. Finally, each does about what he pleases. I ought, moreover, to say for the benefit of those who have the kindness to take an interest in my welfare, that for the greater part of the time I do not wear a *panier* [hoop-petticoat], and that my dressing occupies little more than a quarter of an hour, as the court-mourning does not require the hair to be curled; we wear it quite *à la Française*.' She sympathises deeply with her sister and Mme. de Rosset on learning that their sons have had the small-pox, and will be happy to hear that they are out of danger.<sup>1</sup>

Mme. de la Pottrie informs her father, April 26, 1754, that she has arrived at Detmold, the capital of Lippe-Detmold, and finds the Count de la Lippe fatter than when he was at

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of M. Charles de Steiguer, of Berne.

Lausanne in the enjoyment of Pavilliard's poor fare. His household consists of M. de Blomberg, Mlle. de Berghaim, and M. de Illsberg, without whose advice he does nothing. She speaks of his breeding-stud and stables, and of the hunt, and then describes the château, which is most ancient. She visits the old Princess (the mother of the Count) at Broege, who dislikes M. de la Pottrie, and who resembles Mme. de Goumoëns. She proceeds to speak of the two Princesses of Nassau (the wife of the Count de la Lippe and the mother of M. de la Pottrie's pupils), the former of whom is very kind to Auguste de la Pottrie (brother of Gibbon's friend), who is about to leave for Brunswick. The Count de la Lippe retains pleasant memories of Lausanne, and would like to go there again if he were rich enough. She finds Detmold very dull.

But two months later she returns to Weilbourg, where there are continual hunting parties, and the Princess is a skilled markswoman. The Prince of Nassau is declared of age. She has received a letter from M. d'Hermenches (her brother-in-law) announcing his return to Lausanne. She speaks of the death of Mme. de l'Etoile, only daughter of Mme. de Pompadour, who has thirty millions (of francs). The younger Prince des Deux-Ponts, brother-in-law of the Elector, is at Mannheim, where the court is most brilliant. M. d'Hermenches has arrived at Weilbourg; his wife (*née* de la Pottrie) has just given birth to a girl. M. d'Hermenches, after a sojourn at Weilbourg of only three days, had gone with M. de Bellegarde to Carlsruhe, but is returning to Lausanne immediately on account of the condition of his wife and an accident to his father, General de Constant. Mme. de la Pottrie is frightened by the breaking-out of small-pox in the Bressonaz family, and fears for the charms of Mlle. Sabine.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the collections of M. Charles de Steiguer, of Berne. The Palace of Lippe-Detmold, where Mme. de la Pottrie was residing in 1754, is a venerable building reminding one somewhat of the Castle of Glamis in Scotland, having a vast round-cornered tower and donjon. The breeding-stud of which she speaks was famous as having existed at least as far back as the fifteenth century. The stables contained a large number of horses of the Senner race of Arabian origin, which were allowed to run wild in the Sennerwald from the first of May to the first of November. It is curious to find the Count of that day speaking as if he had but a modest fortune, as his descendants became very rich and owned nearly all the large estates in their dominions and all the forests filled with a variety of game, and had such ample resources as to be



At the time of Mme. de la Pottrie's last letter, M. de Brenles,<sup>1</sup> the friend of Voltaire, having gone to the hunt at Morges, writes to his wife at home that the first question he asked on arriving was, how he could communicate with Lausanne. There was no regular messenger, and only chance occasions for the despatch of letters. After great difficulty he found an opportunity for the morrow. He tells her that she must not look upon hunting as a rival in his affection for her. He says that Mlle. Froidenville is fresher and more active at seventy-four years of age than most Lausanne women are at thirty or thirty-five. He speaks of the pleasures of the chase; the only fear they have is of the wolves.<sup>2</sup>

Mme. de Brenles replies to her husband, that she had been tormented all the day with visitors. Mlle. Tscharner<sup>3</sup> had made her way in, in spite of orders, and she was very glad of it. The wounds of poor M. de Martines and his valet were very serious. It had been thought that the shot had traversed the head, but this was an error. Dr. Levade thinks that he may recover from the shot-wound, but he fears the contusions. He is unable to take any nourishment, and the valet is delirious. The authorities of Lausanne committed a great fault in giving up the guilty man to the Bernese Governor at the château. It would have been shorter to seize him at once than to give themselves the trouble of redemanding him. It really seems as if the Lausanne authorities sought a discussion which might only serve to cut down their rights. Mlle. Tscharner says that this Watteville, the prisoner, is a wicked man. He is perfectly tranquil in his cell, and says that it is an unfortunate affair, but not his fault. M. Clavel, seignior of Marsens,<sup>4</sup> has seen Levade, able to support the expenses of the government and demand from their subjects scarcely any taxes.

<sup>1</sup> The end of the de Brenles mansion (demolished in January 1896, some months before La Grotte was destroyed) was immediately in front of the door of La Grotte, and was also constructed from a portion of the ancient convent.

<sup>2</sup> April 29, 1754. From the unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes. Mme. de Brenles was as remarkable for her ugliness as for her *esprit* and fecundity. She was a Mlle. Etienne Chavannes, and had three brothers who were priests.

<sup>3</sup> Of the family of Albert Tscharner, Bailiff of Lausanne, 1755-1763, and of Vincent Louis Tscharner, also Bailiff of Lausanne, 1769-1775.

<sup>4</sup> M. Justin Clavel, seignior of Marsens, Ropraz, and Ussières, who is mentioned in the next letter under the second title, was a relative of the de Brenles. The Tour de Marsens is in the centre of the Désaley district of La Vaux; Ropraz lies two leagues from Oron.



who continues to hope to save the wounded men. M. de Chabot<sup>1</sup> has asked M. and Mme. de Brenles to pass the afternoon and sup with him to-morrow (Thursday). Mme. de Brenles says she will accept, and finish her visits in the Bourg.

M. de Brenles, in the course of his peregrinations, had arrived at the château of M. du Gard, seignior of Echichens, half an hour from Morges, situated on a height, from whence he could see Mont Blanc from base to summit through an opening in the Alps of Chablais. He tells his wife that the chase is no longer his dominant passion, and asks her to imagine what it really is. Notwithstanding all the pleasures of this sojourn he cannot remain until Sunday, and he therefore requests her to send very early on Thursday morning M. de Ropraz' horse, otherwise he will make the journey on foot, for he must be in Lausanne that day, and he will not allow anything to interfere with his being present with her at M. Chabot's pretty supper.<sup>2</sup>

M. Pavilliard writes to Mrs. Porten, January 28, 1755, that Gibbon's 'behaviour has been very regular and has made no slips, except that of gaming twice and losing much more than I desired. I hope, Madam, you will acquaint Mr. Gibbon with your satisfaction and restore him your affection, which though his errors may have shaken, they have not, I am sure, destroyed. As his father has allowed him but the bare necessities, but nothing more, I dare beg you to grant him some tokens of your satisfaction.'

In February, Gibbon himself writes to his aunt. The *Times*, in its remarkable article upon the Gibbon Commemoration, tells us that Lord Sheffield in his edition of the 'Memoirs' published only that part of this letter relating to his return to Protestantism, without a hint of the latter portion, which was extremely significant in another direction. 'Could I leave off here,' Gibbon proceeds, after reporting the satisfactory settlement of his religious opinions, 'I should be very glad, but I have another piece of news to acquaint you with.' He had been gambling at faro, he tells his aunt with much circumstance,

<sup>1</sup> The daughter of M. de Chandieu-Chabot married in 1757-8 Noble Clavel de Marsens.

<sup>2</sup> May 1, 1754. From the unpublished collections of M. Ernest Chavannes.

and had lost heavily. He has no money at his command (as we see from Pavilliard's letter), his creditors are pressing for payment, and the thought of the anger of his father, who is awaiting proofs of his religious conversion, terrifies him. He flings himself on Miss Porten's pity with passionate energy, which overflows into two nervously-worded postscripts:

'I shall make no use of any other prayers than this plain recite [*sic*] of my situation. If it produces no effect on you nothing else would. Remember only that my term [i.e. the grace allowed him by his importunate creditors] finished March 15. I tremble for your answer, but beg it may be speedy. I am too much agitated to go on. I will tell you something of myself in my next—i.e. very soon.—I am, dear Kitty, your unfortunate nephew, E. GIBBON.'

'His aunt,' adds the *Times*, 'apparently proved obdurate, for his stepmother scribbled across the top of the first page, "Pray remember this letter was not addressed to his mother-in-law [i.e. herself, his stepmother], but to his aunt, and an old cat as she was to refuse his request." Gibbon was only eighteen at the date of this episode, but it will not be unsatisfactory to his admirers, who have been taught to regard him as precociously staid, to read the confession from his own pen of a boyish escapade, with its normal accompaniment of extravagant avowals of remorse.'<sup>1</sup>

Gibbon had been now scarcely one year and a half at Lausanne, and had lost the easy command of his own language without being able to use the French tongue with facility and exactitude.

## CHAPTER CXXXI

THE last eight months of 1755 was the period of Gibbon's most rapid progress. He says among other things that he read M. de Bochat's '*Mémoires sur la Suisse*,' and wrote 'a very ample relation' of his tour with M. Pavilliard through Switzerland which he drew up to send to his father.

I found in La Grotte the greater portion of the unpublished

<sup>1</sup> The London *Times*, November 12, 1894.

and original draft of this account, of which he remarks: 'Had I found this journal among his papers, I might be tempted to select some passages.' It is evident that it had been carried to La Grotte by Gibbon after his father's death, and overlooked in the mass of papers which he had stored in his garrets.

It is written in French in that small compact hand which belonged to Gibbon in the early part of his life. In examining the Gibbon manuscripts at Sheffield Place prior to their exhibition at the Gibbon Centennial, I noticed several copies, partly in the handwriting of Gibbon and partly in that of another.

As early as October 1753, M. Pavilliard wrote to Gibbon's father that it was desirable to give the son some gaiety, distraction, and change. Finally the advice prevails, and Gibbon in a letter to his aunt, Mrs. Porten, September 20, 1755, says:

'As my father has given me leave to make a journey round Switzerland, we set out to-morrow. Buy a map of Switzerland, it will cost you but a shilling, and follow me. I go by Iverdun, Neuchâtel, Bienne or Biel, Soleure or Solothurn, Bale or Basil, Bade, Zurich, Lucerne, and Bern. . . . I have been the whole day writing you this letter; the preparations for our voyage gave me a thousand interruptions. Besides that, I was obliged to write in English. This last reason will seem a paradox, but I assure you the French is much more familiar to me.'

But in perusing this Journal in the original French it is readily seen that he did not yet use that language accurately. I give an English translation of the more interesting parts of this document:

'October 9.—We left Basle a little before nightfall, and went to Liechstall, a small but sufficiently pretty town in the same Canton [of Basle].

October 10.—We passed the mountain of Hauenstein with some difficulty, for although great pains have been taken to render the road good, art has not been able sufficiently to vanquish nature. The Canton of Basle is very united in its internal affairs, but it has excellent natural fortifications for the exterior in the Rhine as well as in the high mountains of the Jura, which stretch from Geneva almost to the Rhine. It is unprotected only on the side towards France—the only one, in fact, on which it has anything to fear.

We passed through Olten, a town of the Canton of Soleure, and arrived for dinner at Aarau, where we remained two days and a half.

October 11 and 12.—You must not be surprised if I do not send you my impressions for these two days and a half. As a matter of fact, I took no notes. All that there is to say about Aarau I have already sent you; why, therefore, remain so long in a place which I had already sufficiently seen? Here is the reason: Madame Pavilliard, wife of the person to whom you confided me—Madame, I repeat, who had accompanied us to this point, and who had remained at the house of a married sister in this town, wished her husband to spend some little time with his sister-in-law.

October 13.—Leaving Aarau early in the morning, we dined at Aarbourg, which forms part of the Canton of Berne. The town is neither large nor fine; it is only celebrated for its fortress; the Bernese built it to prevent communication between the Cantons of Soleure and Lucerne, which almost meet at this point, and both of which are Catholic. This castle is perched on a high rock and is reached by a great number of steps. With such a situation you do not expect a regular fortification; and such is the case; it was necessary to adapt the building to the locality. It appears sufficiently strong (provided it were attacked by a Swiss army) to hold its own, I think, for a considerable time against its assailants. The Castle of Aarbourg also serves as a prison where prisoners of state are incarcerated. When we saw it, it contained only M. Micheli du Crest,<sup>1</sup> a famous Genevois of whom you have perhaps heard speak. This man, who certainly had genius, figured prominently in his country during the last troubles. The outcome was not favourable to him; and his effigy was hanged by order of the Council in 1735. From that moment he has done nothing but wander about, carrying everywhere the flame of discord (according to his enemies). He is a great partisan of the democracy, and, as several of the States of Switzerland are no longer democratic, such sentiments as his can only render him odious everywhere. The Bernese had him seized at

<sup>1</sup> Jacques Barthélemy Micheli du Crest (1690–1766) was imprisoned in the Castle of Aarbourg eighteen years.

Neuchâtel in 1745, and conducted him to Berne, where he was treated very mildly until 1747, when the Conspiracy of Berne, in which he was accused of taking part, having shown how little he could be relied upon, he was conducted to Aarbourg, where he has remained till the present time. He is very well treated, and has even been offered the permission to eat at the Commandant's table, but he would never accept. As he is a great mathematician, he has amused himself lately by measuring the heights of the mountains which he can distinguish from his prison, and he has published a pamphlet on this subject.

We slept this night at Morgenthal, a small village, which, however, gives its name to the surrounding district called Morgenthal, signifying Valley of the Morg. This manner of naming the country about here is much employed, for example : Emmenthal, Langenthal, &c.; just as we have in Scotland, Tweeddale, Twisdale, Lauderdale, Annandale, &c.

October 14.—We went to see the Abbey of St. Urbain, which is in the Canton of Lucerne, but situated very near the frontiers of that of Berne.

The Abbey of St. Urbain is very fine ; it has been entirely rebuilt within the last few years, hewn stone having been used. It is large. Its Church is constructed in almost the same taste as that of Einsiedeln, but it is far from being as beautiful as the latter. The Abbey contains a fine hall, which is used as a refectory during the election of the Abbot. It is very large and lofty, with a superb ceiling. The Library of St. Urbain is a very pretty structure ; so far as books are concerned, I would easily give it the preference over that of Einsiedeln. It contains several good collections ; besides the works of Grovius, Gronovius, Montfaucon, Muratori, the *Scriptores Bizanti*, we were shown those of Cardinal Prosper Lambertini, now Pope Benedict XIV., who has had them printed at Rome since his accession to the Pontificate, in twelve folio volumes. They have no manuscripts, but there is a sufficiently pretty collection of medals, both ancient and modern. I examined it ; the most curious medal I saw was one of the Emperor Tiberius, specimens of which are rarely to be found, a learned connoisseur of our nation assures us.<sup>1</sup> They have what appeared to me a sufficiently

<sup>1</sup> Addison's *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, page 237.

singular method of keeping their medals. Small pieces of wood are cut in the form of the medal, and in the centre is a kind of bed on which the medal is placed; while a small hole is pierced at the back. When you wish to take it out, you push it from the back through this small hole with another piece of wood shaped like a needle. This method is very easy, but it has the fault of spoiling in the long run the reverse of the medal.

We were presented to the Abbot, who received us very kindly. He comes from the little town of Mellingen, and owes the dignity he possesses to a reason very different from that which has raised several Cardinals to the Throne of St. Peter. He was elected on account of his youth. As the accession of a new Abbot costs a great deal to the community, they desire to repeat this ceremony as seldom as possible. You will judge of the amount they expend upon it from what I shall tell you. Although the Abbey is properly in the Canton of Lucerne, it is nevertheless under the protection and in the *combourgeoisie* (by ancient treaties) of four Cantons: Berne, Lucerne, Soleure, and Freiburg; and of four towns: Bienne, Zofingen, Mellingen, and Bremgarten. When the Abbot is elected, he goes first to Lucerne (as he is the territorial seignior of that place) in order to take the oath. Thence he is conducted to Berne to undergo the same ceremony, having with him a deputy of Lucerne, who goes merely to add the words: "And by all the Saints," when the Chancellor of Berne says to the Abbot: "You will swear by God." When he is received at Berne he is seated in the Great Council as a mark of honour. He then proceeds in the same manner to the other Cantons; but for the towns it is sufficient to perform the ceremony by deputies. After everything is finished, he returns to St. Urbain with a numerous retinue and gives a brilliant *fête*. You now understand why the brotherhood does not wish to renew so often all these journeyings, all these deputations, and all these *fêtes*, which cost excessively dear; and yet it is not because they are lacking in money. for, without counting what they have elsewhere, their revenues in the Canton of Berne alone amount to thirty or forty thousand crowns a year.

We dined at Langenthal, a large market town, well known in Switzerland for its linen markets; we saw so many that we

thought it was really a fair; but a merchant with whom we dined at the Inn told us that it was only a market, and even one of the smallest that he had seen for a long time, and he added: "I have only bought about a hundred new louis' worth this morning." He continued by telling us that every year five hundred thousand crowns' worth of merchandise was sold at these markets. The peasants in this district are very rich. Some have as much as six hundred thousand francs. A lieutenant of a company of dragoons in the militia of the country assured us that the sixty-two men who composed his troop, certainly possessed, taking one with the other, thirty-five to forty thousand francs each, although this troop was drawn from a bailiwick only two leagues in extent. We look upon the Swiss as poor; can you find me in a like extent of country in England, sixty-two peasants with so much wealth? I think not. I have asked several persons the reason of this extreme opulence in this part of the country, while everywhere else the peasant was wretchedly poor. It must be attributed: first, to their linen manufactories; secondly, to the great profit they derive from their cattle; and thirdly and principally, to their great thrift. Does a peasant whose father has left him a hundred thousand crowns, think of throwing up his profession? No, he has too much good sense not to feel that such a step would only serve to make him scorned by those with whom he would wish to mingle, without procuring for him the esteem of those he would leave. On the contrary, he is proud of his profession, he brings his children up to work, he himself works. He enjoys, in truth, more comforts than other peasants, but it is always as a peasant that he enjoys them; he wears fine cloth and fine linen, but he does not the less wear peasant's clothes. He has fine horses, but he leads them to the plough. There have been some whose daughters have been asked in marriage by the seigniors of Berne, but who have preferred to give them to persons in their own condition.

We slept at St. Nicholas, a small village on the Berne road.

[HERE OCCURS THE EXTRACT GIVEN IN CHAPTER XI.]



October 16, 17, 18.—In mentioning Berne, I will speak of it as the capital of a state, and then I will say a few words of its government, and afterwards I will speak of it simply as a city. One must be a *bourgeois* of Berne to hold a post under the government. When Berchthold, Duke of Zæhringen, built the town of Berne in 1191, he granted it important privileges, and soon after (on the death of its founder) it became entirely free and independent.

[HERE OCCURS THE EXTRACT GIVEN IN CHAPTER XL.]

It appears to me that in giving you this small account of the different revolutions of the Bernese *bourgeoisie*, I am at the same time relating to you the history of that of Rome. Despised also at its commencement, it became in the end so considerable that the peoples of Italy—the first subjects of the Republic under the name of Allies—seeing that without the title of Roman they were nothing, while with it they were everything, resolved to obtain it or perish. You know the rest; the obstinacy of Rome to keep them back caused the social war which almost destroyed the Republic and ended in their granting to the Allies everything they had demanded before the loss of three hundred thousand lives. The Bernese have read history; why have they not noticed that the same causes produce the same effects? The answer is easy, but delicate—private cupidity extinguishes the lights of reason.

This *bourgeoisie* of Berne is composed at present of about three hundred families, but although all these members are equally eligible for the Council, there are only about eighty who sometimes attain that position. It is true that a few new families are allowed to form part of it, so that the lesser *bourgeois* may not be entirely discontented. The sovereignty of the Republic is in the hands of a Council of two hundred and ninety-nine persons, which is however styled the Council of the Two Hundred. War, peace, foreign alliances, taxes—in a word, everything which concerns the government is the province of this assembly. But as it is composed of too many members for the treatment of daily business, it has established a perpetual commission of twenty-six persons, chosen from its own body.



upon which it has conferred the power to accomplish many things. These two councils choose from each other the members who compose the Great Council in the following manner :

Before a promotion can take place, seven years must have elapsed since the last. It is permitted to propose it in the Two Hundred ; if it is accepted by a majority of votes, the election occurs ; if not, it is postponed for another year. The last three promotions were made only at the end of ten years each. But in order to prevent the postponement of the elections for too long a time by intrigues, there is a fundamental law which enacts that, after the death of ninety members, the Bannerets and the Seizeniers shall have the great bell of Berne rung, assemble the Councils, and proceed immediately to a new election, whatever the time of the year may be, although Easter is the period fixed by the laws. When the Two Hundred have declared that an election is to take place, the Seizeniers (from the Abbeys) are created. The inhabitants of Berne are divided into twelve tribes called Abbeys. Four Abbeys elect two Seizeniers each, the others one, and they are drawn by lot from all those members of each Abbey who have already been Bailiffs. The Seizeniers then sit with the Little Council, and proceed to the elections. A member to be eligible must be *bourgeois* of Berne, and have completed the twenty-ninth year of his age. Each Seizenier has the right to recommend (that is, nominate) whom he wishes. Each Councillor has the same right, and the Advoyers (the Chiefs of the Republic) nominate two. The Chancellor, the Landamann, and several other officers of state have this same right, even though they be neither Councillors nor Seizeniers. All these nominations result in the election of about fifty persons. The remainder (for at each promotion about eighty are elected) are chosen by the plurality of votes of the Seizeniers and the Councillors. Unless you understand the value the Bernese attach to this dignity, you could never imagine the manœuvres which are resorted to in order to attain it. I can only compare them to our parliamentary elections ; they are none the less violent because they are more secret and less tumultuous.

We have seen how the Great Council which holds the reins of state is composed. It is this same Great Council which

elects the Little, but in a much more formal manner, thus: As soon as a Councillor is buried, his successor is elected. The Two Hundred are assembled for this purpose. Each member puts his hand into a small bag; the ten who draw gilt balls retire to another room; each of them writes down the name of the person for whom he will vote, and these tickets are opened before the Throne (of the Advoyer Beyrand). If these ten tickets do not contain at least six different names, a new election of nominators takes place to complete the number, and in this new election the first nominators are not allowed to participate a second time. If by means of the two elections the candidates are found to be more than ten, it is the ten whose names are read first who remain. Then by a new operation, one-third of the Two Hundred are excluded by lot from voting, and the candidates are reduced by a majority of votes to four. Two of these four are then excluded by lot. Then the third of the Great Council who were excluded, return; the relatives of the two candidates to the fourth degree inclusively withdraw, and the one who receives the most votes becomes a Councillor. This election, which has so many operations, several of which depend on the ballot, appears to debar all intrigue; but I assure you that it does not exclude it entirely. Such is the mystery of the Bernese government. With respect to the manner in which the Great Council is made, several persons believe that it will be in the end the ruin of the Republic. As the election is in the hands of a small number of persons, each wishing to advance his son, his relative, his kindred, and it is, so to speak, impossible for a new family to rise, besides which the Two Hundred are renewed only every seven, eight, nine, or ten years—it follows necessarily that a great number are disappointed each time. This year, for example, eighty-three were elected; there were five hundred and eighty candidates. There are, therefore, five hundred whose hopes are dashed to the ground for a considerable time.

As for the election of the Little Council, matters are perhaps rather better. The Advoyer Tillier told us at Baden, that he had wished to make a slight change in that direction, viz., that the first ten nominators should not know who the candidates were. This is how he would set about it: he would

have a number of small boxes in the shape of a double snuff-box, and each member would receive one of them, with one side closed in which would be a ball, gilt or not, and the other open for the tickets which each would place therein. These boxes would be opened before the Throne, and the names on the tickets contained in the same boxes as the ten gilt balls would be those of the ten members elected.

I will not enter into tedious details concerning the government. There are two Advoyers (who resemble somewhat the Roman Consuls) who are elected for life, but each of whom reigns for one year in turn. There are two Treasurers—one for the German country, the other for the French country; and many Chambers of Justice, War, Finance, &c., which are necessary in every government, and are sufficiently alike in all. But I cannot pass without saying something about their Bannerets, their Secret Council, and their Bailiwicks.

I have already told you that the inhabitants of Berne were divided into twelve Abbeys. The first four are called Abbeys of the Bannerets, because it is only from the Councillors who are members of these four Abbeys that the Little Council can elect Bannerets. They sit for four years only, after which they are succeeded by four others; but when this second batch of four have performed their functions, the first quadrille take their place, and so on. These Bannerets, in their quality of Guardians of the Laws, have a very extended authority. I will merely give one example. On the Monday after Easter in every year, the Bannerets and the Seizeniers cause the great bell of Berne to be rung, and from that moment all the magistrates of the Republic cease from exercising their office during eight days; and these twenty persons remain sole masters of the State. It is during this interval that they examine the conduct of each official. Their power is such that they can degrade a Councillor, without being called upon to give a reason for their action; but an example of the exercise of such a right has not occurred for a long time past. At the expiration of the week they convoke the Two Hundred, who re-establish the Council, and all the magistrates in their functions, and the Bannerets and the Seizeniers return to their usual duties.

The Secret Council of Berne sufficiently resembles the Council of Ten at Venice, except that it does not exercise its authority with the severity of the latter. It is composed of the Advoyer who is out of office, four Bannerets, and the two last-appointed Councillors; and has unlimited power in all affairs of State which demand profound secrecy, and is accountable to God alone for its actions.

With respect to the Bailiwicks, I will explain myself with rather more detail. They number about fifty—not that the extent of the country demands so many, but they were made in order to satisfy as large a number of families as possible; besides which, in proportion as the Bernese became rich, acquiring now one landed estate and now another, they established a Bailiff in each to collect the revenues and administer justice. Formerly these Bailiwicks were in the gift of the Little Council, who distributed them by a majority of votes; but this occasioned many intrigues, half the revenue of a Bailiwick being expended in presents to the Councillors before election, and to make up for this expenditure all sorts of injustices were resorted to—for these reasons the Council was deprived of this power towards the beginning of this century. The Bailiwicks are to-day divided in the following manner: They are separated into three classes according to their respective values—the small, the medium, and the good. When a Bailiwick becomes vacant, the question is asked, who wants it. Those of the earliest promotion are first asked, and if they decline it the question is passed on to the succeeding promotion, and so on, always taking care that if only one person in a promotion is desirous of taking it, he has the right to accept without disputing it with those of a later promotion; but if there are several competitors who ask for it at the same time, they draw lots for its possession. There is also a rule, that a Bailiwick of the second class may be taken and then one of the first, but to aspire after a Bailiwick of the third class (the best) a candidate must never have possessed one. Each Bailiwick is held for six years, and the post may be worth from twelve to fifteen thousand francs a year. These are the patrimonies of the Bernese. It frequently happens that a spendthrift of twenty consoles himself with the hope that a good Bailiwick will remedy everything.

The Bernese are accused of being very proud. I assure you that there are very polite persons among them, but for the mass of the people I believe that the accusation is not entirely groundless. In truth, it is not surprising either as regards the greater number of them. In their earliest youth they hear on every side that their father was a Councillor, their uncle a Banneret, their grandfather an Advoyer; they accustom themselves to looking upon Berne as the first city in the universe, and the posts in its gift as the worthiest objects of their ambition. Many of them have been brought up in their father's Bailiwick; they see only subjects who bend the knee before them, and their slightest desires are immediately accomplished. Instead then of being surprised that there are proud people at Berne, let us rather be astonished that there are not more of them.

Let us speak at present of Berne merely as a city. Under this head also we shall find it well worthy of our attention. It is situated on a peninsula formed by the Aar. As for its environs, they have not a cheerful appearance; they are, on the contrary, rather wild.'

Thus abruptly ends the manuscript which I found in La Grotte.

## CHAPTER CXXXII

IN Lausanne there were two societies which revolved within themselves, though frequently intermingled. The society of the Cité, composed of professors and divines and their connections, was particularly devoted to intellectual pursuits, but did not disdain to mingle in social enjoyments with the noblesse of the Bourg. As already remarked, the latter, through the interplay of foreign associations, manifested in the eighteenth century an intellectuality and polish unknown to their ancestors.

M. and Mme. Pavilliard dwelt in the Cité, and were distinguished members of that learned quarter. It was in this society that Mlle. Curchod first appeared, and Gibbon seems to have made her acquaintance in the meetings of a social

organisation composed of the young people of both sexes of the academical society of Lausanne, called *La Poudrière*—in reference to the place of meeting, a valley to the north of the Cité—over which Mlle. Suzanne Curchod, afterwards Mme. Necker, presided at a later period under its changed name of *Le Printemps*.

Several years before the publication of Count d'Haussonville's fascinating volumes,<sup>1</sup> it was my happiness to find in one of the old chests in the garrets of La Grotte the forgotten rules of this early assembly, and in another corner the enlarged regulations of *Le Printemps*, both in the handwriting of George Deyverdun.

The first manuscript bears date July 11, 1759, and is a proposition to change the original statutes. Mlle. Curchod is the presiding officer therein mentioned. This was a year after Gibbon's return to England; but he was still a member, and mentions it in his correspondence at a later date. This document is signed: Mlle. Curchod, Wuillamoz de Champ de l'Air, de Chandien, Rosset, de Blanc, François, d'Ussières, d'Illens, Dugué, P. F. Dahn, P. Wernery, Tschärner.

The next in order is the draft of a speech by Deyverdun, in which he criticises the Senate, suggests some changes in it, and points out with great gravity some other important measures which it would be well to adopt.

The next is an address delivered on the occasion of the approaching marriage of one of the members of the confraternity. The orator soars into ether and disdains to touch the earth.

In Gibbon's absence, his friend Deyverdun did not neglect Mlle. Curchod, to whom he addressed the following lines. It will be observed that he claims to have been the first to prophesy her coming honours, and it is even probable that it was Deyverdun who first brought Gibbon and Suzanne Curchod together:

A LA PLUS AIMABLE DES REINES PAR LE PLUS FIDÈLE DES SUJETS.

C'est moi qui le premier ai prévu ses grandeurs.  
Sur son aimable front je posai la couronne.  
Je présageais déjà l'éclat qui l'environne.  
Je la voyais régner sur les tendres cœurs.

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<sup>1</sup> *Le Salon de Madame Necker*, Paris, 1882.

Reçois donc en ce jour mon hommage sincère.  
 Né chez un peuple libre, et peu fait pour les cours,  
 Je ne pourrais servir une reine ordinaire :  
 La crainte et le respect écartent les amours.  
 Mais quand le sentiment a dicté mon suffrage,  
 Quand d'aimables vertus ont captivé mon cœur,  
 La liberté pour moi cesse d'être un bonheur ;  
 Je suis fier de mon esclavage.<sup>1</sup>

It is in the account of his second stay at Lausanne that Gibbon first mentions the Société du Printemps :

'I cannot forget a private institution, which will display the innocent freedom of Swiss manners. My favourite society had assumed, from the age of its members, the proud denomination of the spring (*la société du printemps*). It consisted of fifteen or twenty young unmarried ladies, of genteel, though not of the very first families; the eldest perhaps about twenty, all agreeable, several handsome, and two or three of exquisite beauty. At each other's houses they assembled almost every day, without the control, or even the presence of a mother or an aunt; they were trusted to their own prudence, among a crowd of young men of every nation in Europe. They laughed, they sung, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midst of this careless gaiety, they respected themselves, and were respected by the men: the invisible line between liberty and licentiousness was never transgressed by a gesture, a word, or a look, and their virgin chastity was never sullied by the breath of scandal or suspicion: a singular institution, expressive of the innocent simplicity of Swiss manners.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Original verses discovered by the author in La Grotte. Unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier (MS.).

<sup>2</sup> Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd at Lausanne, from Milan, May 18, 1764: 'We expect a volume of news from you in relation to Lausanne, and in particular to the alliance of the Duchess with the Frog. Is it already concluded? How does the bride look after her great revolution? Pray embrace her and the adorable, if you can, in both our names; and assure them, as well as all the *Spring*, that we talk of them very often, but particularly of a Sunday; and that we are so disconsolate, that we have neither of us commenced cicisbeos as yet, whatever we may do at Florence. We have drank the Duchess's health, not forgetting the little woman, on the top of Mount Cenis, in the middle of the Lago Maggiore, &c., &c. I expect some account of the said little woman. Who is my successor? I think Montagny had begun to supplant me before I went. I expect your answer at Florence, and your person at Rome; which the Lord grant.'



## CHAPTER CXXXIII

I COME now to the second turning-point in Gibbon's spiritual life—his early love for Suzanne Curchod. In his last years his words betray some emotion as his memory recurs to this one romance of his life :

‘I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice ; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment.’

Such is the prelude to his brief account of his early love, and Suzanne Curchod seems to have been the only woman whom he ever really desired to marry. Thirty years afterwards he asked Lady Sheffield in a bantering tone : ‘Should you be very much surprised to hear of my being married ?’ Deyverdun and himself often agreed, in jest and in earnest, that a house like theirs would be regulated, graced, and enlivened by an agreeable female companion, but each was desirous that his friend should sacrifice himself for their common good. Again in the same tone, to Lord Sheffield, in 1790 : ‘I do assure you that I have not any particular object in view ; I am not in love with any of the hyænas of Lausanne, though there are some who keep their claws tolerably well pared. . . . At present my situation is very tolerable ; and if at dinner-time, or at my return home in the evening, I sometimes sigh for a companion, there are many hours, and many occasions, in which I enjoy the superior blessing of being sole master of my own house.’ And finally, towards the close of his Memoirs, he says, alluding to



Mlle. Suzanne Curchod: 'Since the failure of my first wishes, I have never entertained any serious thoughts of a matrimonial connection.'

The revelations of Count d'Haussonville, a descendant of Mlle. Curchod, in his brilliant volumes, 'Le Salon de Madame Necker,' enable us to follow more in detail the phases of Gibbon's early love; but as they are necessarily somewhat incomplete, they give rise to several interrogation points.

In the first place, the Gibbon who fell in love with Suzanne Curchod was a youth of twenty, by no means devoid of attractions, and far removed from the ridiculous figure of his later years. This is what she says of him at that time:

'I shall touch but lightly on Mr. G.'s appearance. He has beautiful hair, pretty hands, and the look of a well-bred man. His face is so singular and full of mind, that I know no one who is like him. It is so expressive that there is always something new in it. His gestures are so apt that they add greatly to his conversation; in a word, his is one of those very extraordinary countenances, that one never tires of examining, depicting, and copying. He understands the deference which is due to women. His manners are easy without being too familiar. He dances moderately well. In a word, I find that he has few of those mannerisms which are the appanage of the fop. His wit varies immensely.'

If we look at the youthful Gibbon portrayed in the hitherto unknown likeness attached to this work, we see there a face which confirms the truth of the above description. It is frank and sympathetic, yet calm and intellectual, with a certain dreaminess in the eyes with which Mlle. Suzanne Curchod may have had something to do.

Compelled by the rules of the Society over which she presided, Mlle. Curchod gives the following account of her own personal appearance:—

'A face instinct with youth and joyousness; fair hair and complexion lighted up by bright, laughing, soft blue eyes; a small but well formed nose; a curved mouth which smiled gracefully in unison with the eyes; a tall and well-proportioned figure, which was wanting however in that enchanting grace which enhances its value; a rustic air and a certain brusqueness

of demeanour which formed a strong contrast with her gentle voice and modest countenance ; such is a sketch of the picture which you will perhaps think too flattering.'

Let us allow Gibbon to complete his story.

Her 'personal attractions,' he says, 'were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind, . . . and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne,<sup>1</sup> the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mlle. Curchod were the theme of universal applause.<sup>2</sup> The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity ; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners ; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. . . . In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom ; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy (Crassier) and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity : but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate : I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son ; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem.'

M. d'Haussonville takes Gibbon to task for having obeyed the injunctions of his father in giving up Mlle. Curchod, and also for not having at any time shown that sincerity of passion which alone characterises profound love. But in passing judgment on a human being we must take into consideration the fibre of that being, we must measure its capabilities and its possibilities. I have lived long enough with Gibbon to know

<sup>1</sup> Suzanne Curchod's mother, née Mlle. d'Albert de Nasse, also renowned for her beauty, had visited Lausanne before her marriage. She was of French origin, of the Reformed religion, and her parents were natives of the little town of Montélimar.

<sup>2</sup> In December, 1757, Captain Samuel Deyverdun, in his unpublished Journal, notes the visit at his town house of Captain Curchod, seignior of the Château of Crissier, and first cousin of Suzanne Curchod.

that the tribute he paid to Suzanne Curchod was the most sincere and the most fervid of which his nature was capable. He was not a passionate pilgrim, but the words he used, if measured, were true.

As early as 1757 Gibbon received permission from Mlle. Curchod to correspond with her. In his first letter (they were all in French) he says: 'I always feel how great is the difference between tracing these cold lines amid the dust of my study and pouring out all my soul at your feet.' In his next he tells her, 'Your ruling passion, as is easily seen, is the deepest tenderness for the best of parents;' and this leads him to the further reflection, 'I think at the present moment of the happiness of a man who, possessor of such a heart, would find you returning his love, who would assure you a thousand times a day how much he loved you, and who would only cease from assuring you of it when he ceased to live.' In a third epistle he says: 'Since I have known you, Mademoiselle, all has been changed for me;' and he adds a phrase which, to say the least, is extraordinary, for what has philosophy to do with love? 'A happiness greater than owning a kingdom, greater even than philosophy, may await me.' He strengthens his position however by the words: 'But also a torture, renewed each day and always aggravated by the thought of what I have lost, may be my lot.'

Gibbon having now made an open avowal of his sentiments found an excellent reception.

M. d'Haussonville, as we have remarked, cannot find in these letters any real passion, and presents some lines addressed to his ancestress which do not give us a high idea of Gibbon's powers of versification.

Judged from the standard of to-day Gibbon's love letters sound decidedly priggish, but, viewed from a knowledge of the man and the moment, their sincerity cannot be doubted. On the other hand, Mlle. Curchod was not deficient in emotional expression when she thought she had reason for complaint. In 1758 Gibbon went with some friends to attend the Twelfth-night festivities at Freiburg, and was absent a month. He found upon his return a letter from Mlle. Curchod which had been awaiting him a long time. That terrible fault which followed him through

life—procrastination in correspondence—now plunged him into trouble, for before he replied there arrived a second letter, full of reproaches and suspicions.

This letter is unfortunately missing, and its tenor can only be gathered in part from his reply, which indicates wounded feeling. ‘How can you for an instant doubt my love and fidelity? Have you not a hundred times read my inmost thoughts? Did you not discover a passion as pure as it was strong? Have you not felt that your image would always hold the first place in this heart which you now disdain, and that though surrounded by pleasures, honours and riches, without you I should enjoy nothing?’ And he adds: ‘While you were giving full play to your suspicion fortune was working for me, I dare not say for us;’ and then he proceeds to speak in such a way of a letter received from his father desiring his return to England as would rather confirm her suspicions, for he tells her that it was a letter so tender, and enlarges so earnestly on projects for his career in England that he foresees a thousand obstacles to his happiness. (Mlle. Curchod had made it a condition of the engagement that he should settle in Switzerland.)

‘I do not see,’ replies Mademoiselle, ‘unless you can find some palliation, how you would dare to propose to a tender and affectionate father, to whom you owe so much for what he has already done or intends to do in the future for you—I do not see how you would dare to own that your plan is to leave him, in his old age, to live with a foreigner, whose superiority over so many other women whom you might marry, perhaps only exists in your imagination, and to whom you owe no kind of gratitude.’

M. d’Haussonville says that towards the end of Gibbon’s sojourn at Lausanne his engagement, ‘if not publicly confessed by the young girl, was at least half agreed to by her parents, and fully accepted by her.’ He adds that while she repulsed the idea of a marriage against the will of Gibbon’s father, ‘at the same time she appeared not to admit that Gibbon’s submission to the paternal will could break the union of their two hearts, and she placed her confidence in *quelque espèce de palliative*, thinking with reason that an obstacle of this nature (Gibbon’s father was in effect very aged) could not be eternal’

But Gibbon senior was at that time not above fifty-two, and apparently had many years of life before him.

Gibbon returned to England in the spring of 1758, and remained there five years. I have found no correspondence during the first four years of this period, except an unpublished letter from Gibbon which accompanied his 'Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature.' This essay, begun at Lausanne in French, the familiar language of his conversation and studies, in which it was easier for him to write than in his mother tongue, was completed at the end of August, and after numerous corrections, given to the press April 23, 1761, and he received the first copy June 23 at Alresford. 'I had reserved,' he says, 'twenty copies for my friends at Lausanne, as the first fruits of my education, and a grateful token of my remembrance.'

Gibbon's epistle, hitherto unpublished, resembles in some turns of expression and thought the dedication to his father in the London edition of his 'Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature,' 1761. It appears that it had been his original intention to dedicate the work to Mlle. Curchod, by whom possibly the honour was declined. This, however, can only be a matter of conjecture in the absence of any correspondence. In fact, from the tenor of another letter presently quoted, it looks as if Mlle. Curchod had not acknowledged the volume, for a year later, in writing from Geneva, she sends him some notes of reflections to which the perusal of his work had given rise on its reception by her.

Gibbon's letter was written in French. The original is in the archives of the Duke de Broglie, and I am indebted to his nephew, Count d'Haussonville, for the copy from which the subjoined translation is made :

'Mademoiselle,

'What is a modern Dedicatory Epistle? An enumeration of virtues, often taken at hazard, with which one decorates a great person, and which one pretends to have given rise to in one's own mind from sentiments as imaginary as their cause is chimerical. What conclusions do the readers draw from it? That the author had need of reward or protection which he believed his patron capable of procuring for him. What is the fruit? The protector inhales the incense as if he was ignorant

of the author's intentions, and despises idolatry as if he was perfectly acquainted with them. What an abuse of an excellent institution ! The ancients were much wiser, and dedicated their compositions to their friends or to masters of the art ; they even endeavoured to find these two qualities in the same person. In it they employed that simple but forcible language which is suitable to men enlightened by reason and animated by sentiment. Their praises (if fairness required them for such patrons) were the tribute of their gratitude, the monument of their friendship ; and if it happened that they overstepped the limits which cool judgment prescribed, an excuse for such excesses was always to be found in their principles. I would like to re-establish this custom, and I have chosen you, Mademoiselle, to be its object. Do not take umbrage at this choice ; it should not surprise you when you remember my sentiments. It is a long time since you read in my heart those of esteem and admiration, and such fine eyes as yours have gone even further on their road. But you are seeking to discover what those qualities are which can call for praises. It has cost you so little to become that which you are that you cannot perceive how great is the phenomenon. Nature endowed you with a beauty which would soften a tyrant and inflame an anchorite ; she united with it that happy gift of pleasing which she only distributes to a small number of favourites and which art vainly attempts to imitate. Your century and your sex, both allied to frivolity, were not only satisfied, but already prepared to applaud this beautiful creature. But your reason made you feel that you had a friend, and that knowledge was its nourishment. What discoveries ! and how few persons in your position would have made them ! The happy facility of your genius aided you in your rapid flight through science, and the favours which you attributed to it returned with usury everything which you owed to it. I like to see you, amid your ignorant companions, conceal yourself behind a modesty which can only be the fruit of wise reflection combined with a happy character. For this reason you have absolute need of this modesty ; it is the only protection against your eternal enemy. Envy. . . . I will not continue ; you would be afraid that I was proceeding to flattery. Ah ! but I have not yet complied with all the laws of fairness. I have followed the inclination of

my heart, and this poor sketch in making you known will call forth admiration at the happy union of virtue, science, and beauty. What a misfortune that you did not live in the time of Paris! The Shepherd would not have been embarrassed in his choice, and would have given you the apple; the three Goddesses would have applauded his decision, none doubting that the perfection which distinguished you from the others should have the preference.'

Although no correspondence has been yet discovered between Gibbon and Mlle. Curchod during four years, from 1758 to 1762, with exception of the epistle just quoted, it seems almost certain that such a correspondence took place, and we can ascertain its tenor from Mlle. Curchod's letter of September 21, 1763, for that cannot refer to a letter written subsequent to Gibbon's letter of adieu. Gibbon himself says in that letter of August 24, 1762, that he wrote thrice to her immediately after leaving Lausanne, although, he adds, 'you did not receive my letters.' How could he know this unless she had written to that effect? Again, in her review of their relations to one another, in the letter which concluded this love episode, she says: 'You left (Switzerland); your letter (from England) informed me of Mr. Gibbon's refusal, and shortly (by illness) I was brought to the brink of the grave. My afflicted parents no longer placed a curb upon my sentiments. What did I not write to you? Finally you answered my letters, and, in the words which I have underlined, "*Your soul alone has my homage, how can my inclination be momentary? I shall be only too happy to treat with respect your sensibility,*" I thought I read only the great efforts of your delicate mind; you knew my arrangements with Montplaisir, you did not venture to propose to me to remain at liberty until you could have yours. The idea that you were sacrificing your happiness to mine persuaded me that there was none for me away from you; I even wished to calm your pretended anxiety as to my future; I wrote to you the details of some hopes of fortune which were opened up to my dear parents and which might calm my scruples as to my obstinate refusals. Even your silence only increased my esteem; thus did I explain everything by this idea of perfection with which I was filled.'

It is evident that it was after this silence that Gibbon wrote



the following final letter of adieu, dated from Buriton, August 24, 1762 :

‘ Mademoiselle, I cannot begin ! Yet I must. I take up my pen, I lay it down, I take it up again. You understand from this introduction what I am about to say. Spare me the rest. Yes, Mademoiselle, I must give up all thought of you for ever ! The decree has gone forth, my heart laments over it ; but with my duty before me I must be silent.

‘ On my arrival in England, my inclination and my interest counselled me alike to endeavour to gain my father’s affection and to dissipate all the clouds which had come between us for some time past. I can flatter myself that I have succeeded ; his whole conduct, his kind attentions, the most solid benefits, have convinced me of it. I seized the moment when he assured me that all his plans would tend to make me happy, to ask his permission to offer myself to the woman with whom all countries, under any conditions, would make me equally happy, and without whom they would all be burdensome to me. Here is his reply : “ Marry your foreigner, you are independent. But before doing so, remember that you are a son and a citizen.” He then enlarged upon the cruelty of abandoning him and of bringing him to the grave before his time ; upon the cowardice of trampling under foot everything that I owed to my country. I withdrew to my room and remained there two hours ; I will not endeavour to describe my state of mind ! I came out to tell my father that I sacrificed to him all the happiness of my life.

‘ May you, Mademoiselle, be happier than I can ever hope to be ! It will always be my prayer ; it will even be my consolation. Would that I could contribute towards its completion ! I tremble to learn your fate ; still, do not keep me in ignorance of it. It will be a very cruel moment for me. Assure M. and Mme. Curchod of my respect, my esteem and my regrets. Adieu, Mademoiselle. I shall always remember Mlle. Curchod as the most worthy and the most charming of women ; may she not entirely forget a man who did not merit the despair to which he is now the prey.

‘ Adieu, Mademoiselle ; this letter must appear strange to you in every respect ; it is the reflection of my soul.

‘ I wrote to you twice *en route*, at a village in Lorraine and



from Maestricht, and once from London ; you did not receive my letters ; I do not know if I ought to hope that this one may reach you. I have the honour to be, with sentiments which are the torment of my life, and an esteem which nothing can alter, Mademoiselle,

‘ Your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘ GIBBON.’

Two or three things in this letter give rise to queries. Does it really belong to the year 1762 ? for Gibbon desires Mlle. Curchod to assure her father and mother of his respects, esteem, and regrets. Now, M. Curchod died in January or February, 1760. It is clear, therefore, that either the year in which this letter was written was not 1762, or if this date be exact, it leads one to suppose that no correspondence had taken place after the death of M. Curchod and the writing of this letter.

It has been suggested that perhaps Gibbon did not know that M. Curchod was dead, or that he had forgotten it. If he did not know, it would indicate that no correspondence had taken place during the above interval ; and this idea is confirmed by the reference of Mlle. Curchod in a letter, June 4, 1763, to the fact that upon the appearance of Gibbon’s Essay, she placed on paper the ideas to which it had given rise, and now (1763) ventures to send them to him.

It seems to me incredible that, being, as one of the letters which I publish proves, deeply sensible of Suzanne Curchod’s affection and devotion to her father, in writing to her he should forget that he was no longer alive. We must remember, too, that he speaks of M. and Mme. Curchod in his Memoirs in the highest terms.

M. d’Haussonville has been unable to find a copy of Suzanne Curchod’s reply. He says that she does not appear to have at once felt the resentment which one might suppose she would. She remembered no doubt that she had herself declared to Gibbon that she would not enter into a marriage against his father’s wish. She seemed still to believe in his love, and was eventually confirmed in the idea by Gibbon’s arrival at Lausanne a few months later ; for a day or two after his coming, May 30, 1763, she wrote to him from Geneva :

‘Monsieur, I blush at the step I am taking; I would like to hide it from you, I would like to hide it from myself. Good heavens, is it possible for an innocent heart so far to degrade itself? What a humiliation! I have had far more terrible sorrows, but none which I have felt more keenly. I cannot help it, I am carried away in spite of myself. It is essential to my own peace of mind that I should make this effort; if I lose this opportunity, there is no longer any chance of happiness for me: but have I ever been able to enjoy it from the instant that my heart, ingenious in tormenting itself, thought it saw in the marks of your coldness only the proof of your delicacy of feeling? For the last five years I have been indulging in this idle fancy through my inconceivable folly; finally, my mind, romantic as it may be, has just been convinced of its error; I ask you on my knees to dissuade a foolish heart; sign the complete avowal of your indifference, and my heart will accustom itself to its new state; certainty will bring with it the repose for which I sigh. You would be the most contemptible of men if you refuse me this act of frankness, and God who sees my heart and who doubtless loves me, although He so sorely tries me . . . God, I repeat, will punish you, in spite of my prayers, if there be the least prevarication in your reply, or if by your silence you play with my tranquillity.

‘If you ever reveal my unworthy proceeding to whomsoever it may be in the world, even to my dearest friend, the horror of my punishment would show me the extent of my fault, I shall look upon it as a frightful crime of which I had not estimated the atrocity. I already feel that it is a base action which outrages my modesty, my past conduct, and my real sentiments.’

This pathetic letter is addressed to ‘M. Gibbon, gentilhomme anglais, chez M. de Mezery, à Lausanne.’ The writer afterwards recovered it from Gibbon, and on it is written by her own hand, in English: ‘*A thinking soul is punishment enough, and every thought draws blood.*’

It is a great misfortune that Gibbon’s answer to this letter cannot be discovered. Mlle. Curchod’s reply to it (June 5) is given in Count d’Haussonville’s work, but it is difficult to determine from her letter the exact language of Gibbon’s answer.

But he replied promptly, for her response is only five days later than the letter just quoted.

'It is not,' she says, 'to you that I sacrificed my happiness, but to an imaginary being who never existed except in a wild, romantic head such as mine; for, from the moment I was undeceived by your letter, you became for me one of the class to which all other men belong, and from being the only one whom I have ever been able to love, you became one of those for whom I should have the least liking, because you bear the least resemblance to my chimerical lover.'

It would thus seem that Gibbon had frankly admitted that his passion was ended, and had asked for a continued friendship, for she offers it: 'My conduct and my feelings have deserved your esteem and your friendship, and I count upon both; in future let there be no more mention of our ancient history. . . . At the time that your work [*L'Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature*] appeared, I wrote down the ideas to which it had given rise. I venture to send them to you as the first mark of my friendship. It will not be my fault if I do not give you others.' She hopes to meet him, and in conclusion says: 'I am informed by letter that several English persons are leaving Paris for Motiers; if this be the object which brings you to my country, and if you wish for a letter of introduction to Rousseau, pray let me know, as many of my best friends are in constant and intimate communication with him; in a word, you will oblige me greatly if you will in some way test the sincere esteem which I have for you, and my admiration for your talents.'

She also manages, with artistic casualness, to mention that since her late bereavements<sup>1</sup> Switzerland had become odious to her, and that she had thoughts of seeking occupation in England. This incidental withdrawal of the conditions she had imposed on betrothal, that he should reside in Switzerland, is one of various indications in this letter that Gibbon's reply had left her less tranquil than before. It now appears that the suggestion to Gibbon of a visit to Rousseau was her last hope. Her confidant, the Pastor Moulton,<sup>2</sup> had revealed her sad case to his friend

<sup>1</sup> Her father, the Pastor Curchod, died in 1760, and her mother in 1763.

<sup>2</sup> Paul Moulton (1725-1785), born at Montpellier, was the son of a Protestant refugee. He was the friend of Voltaire as well as of Rousseau, who confided to

Rousseau, and had written to her that it 'interested him [Rousseau] greatly, for he already loved you, and besides he much likes anything rather romantic: he promised me that if Gibbon came he would not fail to speak to him about you, and in a very flattering manner.' The Pastor also wrote to Rousseau on the subject, asking him not to forget Mlle. Curchod, and exclaiming, 'I swear to you, my worthy friend, that I know nothing more pure, more heavenly, than the mind of that girl.' Whereon Rousseau frees his mind, June 4:

'You give me for Mlle. Curchod a commission of which I shall acquit myself badly, precisely on account of my esteem for her. The coldness of M. Gibbon makes me think ill of him; I have read his book again, 'L'Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature:' in it he seeks for a reputation as a man of wit, but his language is forced and unnatural. M. Gibbon is not the man for me; I cannot think that he is the man for Mlle. Curchod: he who does not feel her value is not worthy of her, but he who has been able to feel it and detaches himself from her, is a man to be despised. She does not know what he wants; this man serves her better than her own heart. I should a hundred times prefer him to leave her poor and free among you than take her away to be unhappy and rich in England. In truth, I hope that M. Gibbon will not come. I should like to disguise my feelings, but I should not know how; I should like to act well, and I feel that I shall spoil everything.'

Gibbon did not come, but in after years he read this letter and added a note in his *Memoirs*: 'As an author I shall not appeal from the judgment, or taste, or caprice of *Jean Jacques*; but that extraordinary man, whom I admire and pity, should have been less precipitate in condemning the moral character and conduct of a stranger.'<sup>1</sup>

To Mlle. Curchod's letter of June 5, quoted above, Gibbon returned, June 23, an answer which, considering its nature, was

him most of his manuscripts. He has left some works never published, the most important being a study of the first three centuries of the Church. Before her marriage with M. Necker Mlle. Curchod lived for several years in the Moulton family, and it was to the Neckers that the Pastor Moulton was indebted for his entry into high society.

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon further characterises Jean Jacques in a letter which I publish in the next chapter (p. 360).

a speedy one. 'Must it always be,' he asks, 'that you thus offer me a degree of happiness which reason obliges me to renounce? I have lost your love, your friendship remains to me, and I feel too much honoured to allow myself to hesitate. I accept it, Mademoiselle, as a precious exchange for mine which is already entirely yours, and as an attribute whose worth I know too well ever to lose it. I feel all the pleasure of this correspondence, but at the same time I recognise all the danger of it. I understand it as applied to myself, I fear it for both of us. Permit me to seek safety in silence. Pardon my fears, Mademoiselle, they are founded upon esteem. Upon all essential occasions you will always find in me a friend who asks for tasks as well as favours.'

The remainder of the letter consists of some commonplaces about the position of lady's companion in England in response to her ingenious inquiries, which were a vehicle of conveying to him her willingness to quit Switzerland; and concerning her criticisms of his 'Essai.' But the leading thought is contained in the paragraph just quoted, which with blended delicacy and firmness put passion out of court and established the long friendship which ensued between these two. Mlle. Curchod apparently could not at once make up her mind to accept the decree of fate. After having met Gibbon at one of Voltaire's theatrical soirées at Ferney, where he no doubt considered it prudent to treat her without any particular marks of regard, and possibly went to the extent of cautioning her, she wrote to him from Geneva, September 21, a long and angry review of their love affair from her standpoint.

I have already shown by this letter (printed in Count d'Haussonville's volumes) the existence of a probable correspondence between 1758 and—say 1762. It contains two other remarkable things. In it Mlle. Curchod says: 'One sorrow preyed upon me; you were rich, you might suspect me of making sacrifices for the sake of money. M. de Montplaisir afforded me an opportunity of proving the contrary to you, and in a conversation which I had with you on this subject, being impelled without doubt by the idea which entirely filled my mind, I made known to you all the offers of this man, when to my great surprise you made me similar offers.' As this state-

ment was made in conversation, it is evident that M. de Montplaisir urged his suit with her before Gibbon left Lausanne. The second noticeable statement is this: 'If,' she says, 'you have been told that I listened for a single moment to M. d'Eyverdun, I have his letters, you know his handwriting, a glance will suffice to justify me; during the lifetime of my father I also kept up an exact correspondence with M. de Mont [plaisir]. But what grief when, at the most frightful moment of my life, you, upon whom alone my heart relied, abandoned me to the horror of my despair, while this man whom I had despised—while others who were almost unknown to me—— But let us leave these odious comparisons. . . . Carried away by all the reflections to which your conduct gave rise and by the situation of my dear and respected mother, I submitted to my fate [acceptance of M. de Montplaisir]: all the arrangements being made, I broke off on a sufficiently plausible pretext almost at the moment of their conclusion; and this I can still prove by a succession of letters. My heart, but too ready to justify you, had caused me to plan a kind of life both wearisome and dreary [that of a governess] but which would amply provide for my mother.'

It thus appears that Mlle. Curchod, while engaged to Gibbon, was still regarded at Lausanne as open to offers, even by George Deyverdun, Gibbon's intimate friend, and that she was actually engaged to a wealthy gentleman of rank two years before Gibbon broke off the engagement. The probability is that she had not been very much in love with Gibbon until she read his Essay—she then recognised her lover as a man of genius.

She continues: 'I led this kind of life during three whole years; influenced by a person [Moulton] who was devoted to me, all your conduct confirmed me in my opinion and aided me to bear my lot. If during these three years I have not won the esteem of all the Genevese, if my mother has not shed tears of joy at the marks of esteem which have been showered upon me, if I have not rejected every proposition of marriage and all the attentions of men worthy to be loved, then I will confess that I have cause for blushing.

'I cannot express myself with as much force on the visits, momentary and for pure recreation, which I paid to Lausanne;

the pleasure of being away from lessons and slavery, and, above all, the inexpressible charm, unknown to me during my father's lifetime, of having my mother as a continual witness of my amusements and to rejoice over the little triumphs of my self-esteem; everything, I say, urged me to attract the jealousy of women and the criticism of men which I did not enjoy. But if, among those who pleased me, a single one can be pointed out who has effaced you from my heart, I will again confess that I ought to blush in your presence. Can you have received a false impression? I flatter myself that my character is too well known to you to allow you to place any faith in mere gossip. Two things, however, may still make me uneasy: a miniature portrait taken without my knowledge by a painter of whose existence even I was ignorant;<sup>1</sup> five or six verses called forth by a succession of jests the source of which I can explain and which breathe, nevertheless, in spite of all, the feeling which was still in my heart; but no, these two things are in the hands of a man<sup>2</sup> incapable of a mean or deceitful action. Ah! why search elsewhere for a cause which is too well known to me? What else remains to me at present than to fall upon my knees and thank that Supreme Being who has drawn me away from the greatest of all misfortunes? Yes, I begin to believe it, you would have lamented that I still existed; it might injure your projects of fortune or ambition, and your ill-disguised regrets would have killed me with despair. Should I blush at having written to you, hard heart that I formerly thought so tender? What did I ask of you? Your father still lives, and my convictions are unalterable; what then did I want? To cling to the only sensibility which is left to me. All nature was dead to me; could I wish to see it also disfigured? I tell you again, Monsieur, the heart which has once known mine and has ceased to love it for a moment, was not worthy of it, and will never have my esteem.<sup>3</sup> If I have used any other language to you, if my pen has traced it, I blush for it at the present moment; it was the effect of an indefinable sentiment, a listlessness and

<sup>1</sup> Where is this miniature?

<sup>2</sup> Probably George Deyverdun. See verses addressed to Mlle. Curchod in preceding chapter.

<sup>3</sup> This sentence so closely resembles one in Rousseau's letter of June 4, to Moulton, given *ante*, p. 340, that it is clear that letter concerning her affairs had been shown to her.



indifference under vexation, and, above all, of the repugnance that one feels at having an idol overthrown.

‘My conduct, you say, contradicts this assertion. In what way, I pray you? I act with you as with an upright man of the world, incapable of breaking his promise, of seducing or of betraying, but who, on the other hand, has amused himself by lacerating my heart with the most cruelly prepared and well-executed tortures; I will therefore no longer threaten you with heavenly wrath, an expression which escaped me on a first impulse, but I can here assure you, without prophetic spirit, that you will one day regret the irreparable loss which you have sustained in alienating for ever the too tender and open heart of

‘S. C.

‘Geneva: September 21, 1763.’<sup>1</sup>

The letter has a tragic termination which was not justified by the future relations of this interesting pair. Writing from Buriton to Mr. Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield, October 31, 1765, Gibbon says:

‘The Curchod (Madame Necker) I saw at Paris. She was very fond of me, and the husband particularly civil. Could they insult me more cruelly? Ask me every evening to supper; go to bed, and leave me alone with his wife—what an impertinent security! it is making an old lover of mighty little consequence. She is as handsome as ever, and much genteeler; seems pleased with her fortune rather than proud of it. I was (perhaps indiscreetly enough) exalting Nanette d’Illens’s good luck and the fortune. What fortune? (asked she, with an air of contempt)—not above twenty thousand livres a year. I smiled, and she caught herself immediately—“What airs I give myself in despising twenty thousand livres a year, who a year ago looked upon eight hundred as the summit of my wishes.”’

In writing of this meeting to Mme. de Brenles, a week later, Mme. Necker remarks: ‘I was alive beyond all expression to the pleasure of this visit, not that I retain any tender sentiment for a man who I believe scarcely merits it; but my feminine

<sup>1</sup> Carried away by emotion, Mlle. Curchod in the course of this letter seems to have become somewhat involved in her dates. The obscure points may be readily made clear by certain letters which Gibbon preserved and which were among the Sheffield-Gibbon MSS.



vanity has never had a more complete or a more honest triumph. He remained two weeks at Paris; I had him every day at my house; he had become mild, yielding, humble, decent even to modesty; a constant witness of the tenderness of my husband, of his wit and his gaiety; a zealous admirer of wealth, he caused me for the first time to appreciate that which surrounds me, whereas formerly it had only produced a disagreeable sensation in me.<sup>1</sup>

A year earlier she had written, to the same, from Paris: 'To-morrow I am to bind my lot to the man whom I love most in the world, and I shall be the mistress of my own house, and surrounded by all that superfluity which makes my reason groan without turning it giddy.'<sup>2</sup>

As the years rolled by the friendship between Mme. Necker and Gibbon increased, and nothing can be more appropriately tender and affectionate than her letters to him in the closing moments of his life.

From Coppet, she writes, July 12, 1793: 'At London everything brings you back to worldly thoughts, while here everything removes us from them; near you the souvenirs which you recalled to me were sweet to me, and the ideas of the present which you evoked were reunited without trouble; the linking of a great number of years seemed to bring all periods of time together with electrical rapidity; you were mine at twenty years of age as well as at fifty: far away from you, the different places I have inhabited are nothing more than the mile-stones of my life.'

Again, from Lausanne, December 9, 1793: 'I cannot express to you, Monsieur, what a shock it was to me to hear such unexpected news as we have received of you; in vain M. de Sévery has surrounded it with all kinds of moral reflections which might relieve our sad thoughts; your courage, your gaiety, your amenity; all these qualities, so amiable in former times, weigh upon my heart with the other reasons that I have for liking you. The evening of our life is indeed covered with clouds, since friendship even, sweet friendship, in which we used to find an asylum, is at present a very centre of pain which finds its echo

<sup>1</sup> Paris, November 7, 1765. Golowkin, p. 266.

<sup>2</sup> Golowkin, p. 243.

in every part of my being. I will tell you nothing more, Monsieur ; my weakness accords ill with your heroism, and it is only while speaking to you of yourself that we can cease hearing one another.'

In closing this review of the engagement and subsequent friendship between Gibbon and Suzanne Curchod, afterwards Mme. Necker, I follow my judgment and my wish in declaring that I entertain towards her the highest sentiments of respectful admiration. I consider that she was absolutely exact in what she said about her correspondence with Deyverdun. Here, for instance, is an unpublished letter addressed by her to him about 1761, several years before her marriage, and while she was still engaged to Gibbon, characterized by gaiety and playfulness, but of an entirely harmless nature. It was evidently written by her at Lausanne and delivered by hand, as there is no postmark and the words 'Canton de Vaud' are not on the envelope :

'Monsieur, I live in a country where women do not enjoy many privileges. Dulness and reasoning out trifles are almost the only ones which are accorded to them. Up to the present I have not abused these privileges ; but being kept in restraint they have increased without pity. I have entered so well into the spirit of the nation that I had begun my letter by a slight doubt as to the prudence of my intention of putting my hand to the pen ; you would have laughed at the prude who had traced it. I return therefore to my former frankness, and thank you openly for having informed me of the reason of the silence of my dear friend Guex.<sup>1</sup> If I were jealous of the rights of my sex, I should have had to pardon him for having succeeded in doing that which so many pretty girls have attempted in vain—in giving evidence of your sensibility. But each of us must have his success ; I inspired your mind, it touched your heart, and although it does not appear to be quite regular, I understand that by means of all these operations we shall make a charming cavalier of you. Pardon, Monsieur, pardon ! that does not mean that you are wanting in any qualities for becom-

<sup>1</sup> Guex, frequently mentioned in George Deyverdun's Journal, and in Captain Samuel Deyverdun's Diary as his cousin. The family was originally from Morges.

ing one ; the only thing needed is the fire which develops them ; and it is perhaps a long time since a woman and a preacher have been seen working hand in hand to attain the same result.

‘I do not feel myself permitted to reply at present to all the brilliant sallies in your letter, nor even to give a new turn to the assurances of the great consideration with which I have the honour to be, Monsieur, your humble and obedient servant,  
‘S. C.’<sup>1</sup>

I finish this chapter with an unpublished letter in my possession from the eminent Swiss philosopher and naturalist, Charles Bonnet (1720–1793), to his friend, Georges Louis Lesage (1724–1803), known by his demonstrations at Geneva (in 1774) of the possibility of the electric telegraph. This letter finds here a proper place, inasmuch as we learn from it that M<sup>lle</sup>. Curchod was at Montélimar, and from a memorandum upon it that she left for that place the day after her parting letter to Gibbon.

‘I do not wish, my dear Philosopher, that you should be ill ; but even if you suffer in the slightest manner, I do not wish you to write more than four lines. I have received a note from you which is worth a letter ; I reply immediately. Accept all our best wishes for the re-establishment of the health of a man who is dear to us. Take care of it as we wish you to do, and forget for a time that corpuscles exist so that you may remember only that portion of matter to which a lofty mind is attached.

‘Our friend Lalande still loves me then, in spite of my opinions, which are opposed to those of Buffon. Tell him that he will never be indifferent to me, and that I give him plenary absolution for his negligences, past, present, and to come. It is necessary to act thus in venial cases. But then the poor fellow is ill after a laborious *accouchement*. This big treatise could not have been evolved in his head without great efforts, and these efforts must have hardened his heart, and the friends who had a place there were almost or entirely forgotten. There are more Lalandes than Lesages—more *savants* present in their brain than *savants* present in their heart.

‘You know that I have received the last two volumes of “*Les Etrangers*.”

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

‘ Mlle. Curchod was made for Montélimar,<sup>1</sup> as you and I are made for Versailles.’<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER CXXXIV

FOR the sake of Gibbon and the world at large it was a great misfortune that he did not marry Suzanne Curchod. Her beauty, her intellectual endowments and accomplishments, would have rendered him happy, while the elevation and purity of her character and her deep religious nature would have moulded him in spiritual directions. Having failed to attain and enjoy this beneficent influence, he soon fell into habits of an easy-going philosophy. He was a red-haired man, a man of excitability of sense rather than of enduring passion. The temperament of Gibbon as shown by his hair has never been taken into consideration. Its coarseness of fibre belonged to a sensual organisation, not over refined and destitute of nervousness. In George Deyverdun he found a congenial companion, whose nature was even more indolent and more easy-going than his own.

There was one mark of difference, however, between the two. While Gibbon was constantly obliged to apologise for his utter dilatoriness in correspondence, he consecrated a certain number of hours each day to the most profound study. Deyverdun was equally in epistolary arrears, but he moreover neglected from time to time his usual earnest studies, and gave himself up to the enjoyments of society and the table, in which, however, Gibbon sometimes distanced him.

In his attentions to the gentle sex there was always something ponderous in Gibbon's attitude, even at an early period, and certainly a sense of the ridiculous arises when one thinks of him later in life as wishing to appear engaged in love affairs. We have heard of him as waddling across the room and fixing his round eyes on the object of his admiration. The unreality

<sup>1</sup> ‘ Mlle. Curchod left for Montélimar September 22, 1763, and returned October 31, 1763.’—Memorandum written on the letter.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter, in the author's unpublished collections.

of his gallantries in contrast with his early love affair finds curious illustration in the contemporary variants of an absurd story concerning him. One version of it was given to me by Mme. Bacon de Seigneux, daughter of M. George de Seigneux, an intimate friend of Gibbon :

‘Gibbon was familiarly known in the society of the time at Lausanne as the Potato, on account of his curiously shaped and awkward figure. He was desperately in love with Mme. de Montolieu. On one occasion, he went down on his knees to implore her to love him. She was not inclined to receive his advances, and rang for her servant to assist him to rise, for he was too corpulent to be able to get up without help. Mme. de Montolieu’s sister, Jeanette de Polier, who was as tall as a grenadier, and possessed a beard to match, cried out when she heard of this incident, “Poor man ! he ought to have come to me ; I would not have had the heart to treat him so cruelly.”’

Mme. de Genlis relates the anecdote in a similar manner in her *Memoirs*, but she calls Mme. de Montolieu Mme. de Crousaz ; consequently the incident, if correctly applied to Mme. de Montolieu, must have occurred during Gibbon’s third residence at Lausanne and before 1786, when Mme. de Crousaz married the Baron de Montolieu.

‘I hear from Lausanne,’ says Mme. de Genlis, ‘that Mr. Gibbon, who has established himself there for some time, is very successful and extremely well received. He is (so I am told) much stouter, and so prodigiously large that he has much difficulty in walking. With that strange figure and face so well known as belonging to him, Mr. Gibbon is infinitely gallant, and he has fallen in love with a very amiable person, Mme. de Crousaz. One day, finding himself alone with her for the first time, he wished to seize so favourable a moment, and suddenly threw himself on his knees, declaring his love in the most passionate terms. Mme. de Crousaz replied in a way to remove from him all temptation to renew this pretty scene. Mr. Gibbon’s face bore an air of consternation, yet he remained kneeling in spite of repeated invitations to resume his seat ; he was motionless and silent. “But, Sir,” Mme. de Crousaz repeated, “pray get up.” “Alas ! Madame,” at length replied this unfortunate lover, “je ne peux pas.” In fact, the size of his

body prevented his rising without help. Mme. de Crousaz rang, and said to the servant who came: "Relevez M. Gibbon."

M. J. Polier de Bottens remarks that Mme. de Montolieu 'was on terms of friendship with the Countess de Genlis before the latter acquired so great a reputation. Mme. de Genlis was at that moment the Marquise de Sillery, and her acquaintance with Mme. de Montolieu was the friendship of two amiable young women who suit one another. Their intimacy was of some duration, and only ceased after the great upheavals which shook France and Europe. Mme. de Montolieu was too frank, too loyal, to adopt the different opinions of Mme. de Genlis, and their correspondence terminated.'<sup>1</sup>

There is an unpublished letter from Mme. de Valence, the daughter of Mme. de Genlis, to Mme. de Montolieu, which I owe to the kindness of M. Emile de Crousaz, the latter's grandson. The following passage therefrom seems to prove that Mme. de Montolieu was not the lady in question:

'I agree perfectly with you, dear friend, that nothing is more disagreeable than this story my mother relates about Mr. Gibbon, and which is certainly due to a confusion of persons on her part. I am told that you have protested against it in the *Gazette de Lausanne*, and I must confess that you have done well not to preserve in the minds of your compatriots the prejudice of so bitter a raillery on a man of such great merit, and who moreover was your friend. I would suggest that you write a few lines about it to my mother; it will serve for a new edition. I do not take upon myself to write to her, as it would make her angry with me.'<sup>2</sup>

The year after Mme. de Crousaz, under the auspices of Gibbon and Deyverdun, published 'Caroline de Lichtfield,' she wedded (1786) the Baron de Montolieu, born and brought up in Languedoc, but established at Lausanne. We learn from his biographer that he was a man who recalled the chivalric virtues of

<sup>1</sup> *Notice biographique sur Mme. la Baronne de Montolieu, née de Polier de Bottens*, par M. J. de Polier de Bottens, 20 Avril 1835.—Jacques Maximilien Georges Henri de Polier de Bottens, son of Antoine de Polier de St. Germain, the Orientalist, married first in 1829 Annette van Berchem, his first cousin, who died 1833; and secondly in 1837 Maria, Countess de Zeppelin. He died August 1842.

<sup>2</sup> Dated from Paris, April 20. Unpublished manuscript collections of M. Emile de Crousaz.

the ancient French knights, and the courteous age of Louis XIV. Himself possessing much wit, he was enchanted with that of Mme. de Crousaz, and above all by her charming character. He wrote verses with facility, and had a tinge of serious philosophy, but his modesty prevented any composition reaching the public, although it would have secured success. His malady, prolonged during five years, received from Mme. de Montolieu the most assiduous and distressing care. After his death, her sorrow sought relief in literary work, chiefly in translations from the German.

In this connection we may recall Gibbon's reference to Mme. de Montolieu. Writing to Lord Sheffield, in 1787, he asks: 'Has my Lady read a novel intitled "Caroline de Lichtfield," of our home manufacture? I may say of ours, since Deyverdun and myself were the judges and patrons of the manuscript. The author, who is since married a second time (Madame de Crousaz, now Montolieu), is a charming woman. I was in some danger.'

The following extract from the 'Gentleman's Magazine' shows that it was not Mme. de Montolieu to whom Gibbon declared himself, and substantially identifies the charming woman who received his addresses:

'One of the anecdotes obtained from the Duchess (of Devonshire) by direct information to M. Artaud ("C'est de sa bouche que l'a entendue l'auteur de cet article") places our eminent historian, Gibbon, in rather a ludicrous position. While yet Lady Elizabeth Foster, and her first husband still living, she accompanied her predecessor in the higher title, the mother of the present Duke of Devonshire, on a continental tour, and in June 1787 spent some time at Lausanne, where Gibbon, a fixed resident, formed a welcome part of their society. Beautiful in person, fascinating in manner, still under the age of thirty and wholly unsuspecting of all amorous intentions from a man of the mature years, ungainly figure, and love-repelling countenance of her learned countryman, she checked not the exuberance of her admiration of his genius. She had unconsciously, however, made a deep impression on his imagination, and one morning, more especially, just as he had terminated his elaborate performance, and fully elated with the achievement, as he so glowingly



describes the sensation in his "Life" (p. 289, Milman's edition), he invited the seductive lady to breakfast, when, in a bower fragrant with encircling acacias, he selected for her perusal various attractive passages of the concluding sheets. Enchanted with the masterly narrative, her ladyship complimented him on the completion of his task, with a charm of language and warmth of address which the author's prurient fancy, much too licentiously indulged, as his writings prove, converted into effusions of tenderer inspiration. Falling on his knees, he gave utterance to an impassioned profession of love, greatly to the surprise of its object, who, recoiling from his contact, entreated him to rise from this humiliating posture. Thus recalled to cooler feelings, but prostrate and helpless from his unwieldy form, he vainly sought to regain his feet; and the delicate female, whose first astonishment soon yielded to irrepressible laughter at the ridiculous scene, was equally powerless at affording relief; until at length, with the aid of two robust women, he was reseated in his arm-chair, from which, it was pretexted, he had accidentally slipped. This incident 'in no wise interrupted her friendly intercourse with Gibbon.'<sup>1</sup>

My view is further corroborated by the following, from the 'Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti:'

'In this year (1823) Mezzofanti made the acquaintance of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire during one of her visits to the north of Italy. The success of her magnificent edition of Horace's Fifth Satire—his journey to Brundisium—had suggested to her the idea of a similar edition of the "Eneid." The Duchess was the Lady Elizabeth Hervey, daughter of the episcopal Earl of Bristol; and after the death of her first husband (Mr. Foster) had married the Duke of Devonshire. She is the true heroine of Gibbon's ludicrous love scene at Lausanne described by Lord Brougham, but by him related of Mlle. Curchod, afterwards Mme. Necker.'

In a letter of April 12, 1777, to his friend Holroyd, Gibbon says Mrs. Hester Gibbon is afraid that in Paris 'I shall sacrifice moral character by making love to Necker's wife.' His mention of such a thing indicates a knowledge in both men that nothing of the kind was possible. M. Necker was also evidently acquainted

<sup>1</sup> *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xx. (1843), p. 506.



LADY ELISABETH FOSTER  
AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF Y.

GIBBON

THE ...

on that point, and Gibbon, as we have seen, writes with humorous indignation of the statesman securely retiring and leaving his wife alone with her old sweetheart. 'I am busy with the Neckers,' he wrote in May, 1776. 'I live with her just as I used to do twenty years ago, laugh at her Paris varnish, and oblige her to become a simple reasonable Suisse. The man who might read English husbands lessons of proper and dutiful behaviour is a sensible and good-natured creature.' To the last his early love remained to the historian the 'pure and exalted sentiment,' as he described it in his *Memoirs*, whatever may have been the levity of his relations with other ladies.

That Gibbon's ideas were theoretically lax, after his romance had ended, is sufficiently shown by the subjoined passage from an unpublished letter of his in my possession, addressed to M. Victor de Saussure, Justicier, à Lausanne, under date of Buri-ton, September 23, 1766. The theory it presents is referred to in several of his published letters, but in this one to de Saussure it is stated with a fulness which induces me, in consideration of the exactness required in a matter so delicate, to print it in Gibbon's own and rather faulty French.

'J'ai vû cette lettre digne de Richardson que vous ecrivites à d'Eyverdun, au commencement de l'année. J'ai vu que vos fers étoient enfin rompûs. De tout mon cœur je vous en félicité. Je vous applaudis d'avoir regagné une liberté dont peut-etre vous ne jouissez plus à present. Cette malheureuse passion m'a toujours fait une peine infinie. Du tems qu'elle regnoit en Tyran sur votre ame je n'ai jamais essayé de la combattre par la raison parcequ'on ne doit pas raisonner avec le vent du Nord. Lorsque je vous vis partir pour Gottingue j'esperois tout du tems de l'absence, d'un genre d'occupations tout different, et surtout de vos reflexions qui ne seroient plus etouffées par la vue de cette Enchanteresse. Je songeois peu à la fortune de la Demoiselle, encore moins à la Mesalliance, je savois que c'étoit par le cœur que vous seriez heureux ou malheureux, et je soupçonnois toujours que vous seriez malheureux avec une femme qui ne payeroit votre passion que d'un froid retour d'estime et de reconnoissance. Après votre depart j'ai continué d'étudier le Caractere de votre Marianne,<sup>1</sup> et de lever

<sup>1</sup> Marianne d'Illens. In his published *Journal* (*Misc. Works*, i. p. 176)

le Voile que le prudence et la pudeur sembloient jeter sur ses vrais sentimens. Cet examen m'a convaincu que la Nature en formant cette belle personne a oublié de lui donner un cœur et n'a substitué [sic] à sa place qu'un fond de raison sous la direction de l'honnêteté de la bienséance et d'une prudence mondaine très bien entendue. Je pourrois vous alléguer cent preuves de la Verité de ce sentiment, je vous parlerois surtout d'un moment à jamais illustre dans les fastes de la Maison d'Illens. Notre ami Guise juroit, Vanberchen trembloit, Nanette pleuroit, sa mere bavardoit; au milieu de l'orage Marianne gardoit sa tranquillité indifferente, un sourire meme paroissoit quelquefois sur son front serein. Mais quel besoin de preuves après le dénouement de la piece, dans lequel elle s'est donnée de la meilleure grace du monde conformément aux loix de son pays et selon les intérêts de sa famille. La voila partie, bon Voyage. J'espere mon cher ami que vous ne vous etes pas rejeté a corps perdu dans la fureur amoureuse. Croyez moi; vous n'avez que trop bu du flacon pourpre, goutez à présent du flacon couleur de rose. Je vous conseille de préférer toujours les fantaisies aux passions. Laissez toutes les Epines et ne cueillez que les fleurs. Je ne sai si vous goutez mes principes et la préférence que je commence a donner au Physique de l'Amour sur le Moral. A la Cour de Cythère comme dans toutes les autres ne vaut il pas mieux faire des Dupes que de l'être soi-meme? Cette façon ramene tot ou tard un homme sensé mais honnete et delicat au commerce des femmes mariées. Une femme ne peut jamais méconnoitre vos vues, et vous n'aurez point la douleur de vous reprocher le malheur d'une jeune personne qui n'est été trop credule que parcequ'elle vous a trop aimé. Monsieur le Mari (je parle des pays Civilisés et la Suisse commence à l'être) se sent soulagé d'une partie du fardeau qu'il ne portoit qu'a regret, et ne sait comment témoigner sa reconnoissance à son bon ami qui veut bien rechercher comme un plaisir ce qu'il lui paroissoit un devoir

Gibbon mentions a quarrel between Guise (afterwards Sir William Guise, member of the Roman Club) and Van Berchem, who were both devoted to Mlle. d'Illens, and were consequently jealous of each other. The dispute ran high, and it was only through the good sense of Gibbon and his friend Holroyd that a duel was averted. Van Berchem was related to the d'Illens. Captain Samuel Deyverdun speaks in his unpublished Journal (1757) of M. de Illens.

pénible. Votre chère Marianne ? (pardonnez au sacrilège). Ne sauroit on point fondre cette glace ? J'aurois seulement peur qu'en regrettant un beau songe, vous ne vous ecriassiez, " Hélas ! N'est ce que cela ? Mais elle ressemble aux autres femmes. Je l'aurois ma foi payé bien cher." Cependant tout compté et tout rabattû, je préférerois Madame la Baronne. Elle est charmante vive coquette et sûrement Galante. Au plaisir du deduit, vous joindriez les agrémens d'un commerce.'

In judging the sentiments expressed in this passage, which is entirely unrelated to the rest of the letter (given on a farther page), we must not forget that its writer belonged to a time when, on the Continent, this was practically the philosophy of society, and men of prominence prided themselves on their conquests all the more when spiced with a dash of intrigue. Gibbon therefore agreed with the freedom of his associates, but many circumstances render it probable that in his case the idea was merely theoretical. No particular scandal was ever associated with him, for the anecdote of his kneeling can hardly be taken seriously. The impression he left on the refined ladies of the circle in which alone he moved was by no means that of a morally loose character. A very aged lady told me many years ago that the ladies of Lausanne were very proud of the historian's attentions, but she hinted that no question of passion ever entered their minds.

## CHAPTER CXXXV

THE remainder of the letter in the preceding chapter is of great interest in connection with the important work (' Introduction à l'Histoire générale de la République des Suisses ') on which Gibbon was at this time engaged with George Deyverdun, who was staying with him in England. The manuscripts and books for which he asks are to be sent to the Rev. Mr. Bugnion, whose acquaintance we shall make, and who temporarily occupied La Grotte a few years later. The passage concerning Rousseau in England is also interesting, important, and useful, as it gives an accurate miniature of Jean Jacques.

' Sir, and very dear Friend,—You have doubtless for a long

time past thought me either dead or insensible to that friendship of which you have given me so many proofs, and to which I have so ill replied by outward signs. The first reason (although rather an unfortunate one) would do me the more honour. But justice must be rendered to every one; you must impute my silence neither to the fact of my being dead, nor to the loss of all sense of what is due to you. I am alive and well, and still love you. Believe me, my dear Friend, the sole cause is laziness—a fearful monster vomited from hell to be the plague of reason, duty, and friendship. Its seductive voice has silenced even that of pleasure; I know of no purer desire than that of conversing with a friend, opening our soul to him and communicating to him our actions and our plans, our sentiments and our ideas. A thousand times have I wished to give myself this pleasure, but this crafty demon has always insinuated a thousand reasons for deferring it a day, a week, a month; and by permitting me to anticipate it in an agreeable future, has never allowed me to enjoy it. You will tell me that this picture is full of contradictions. It is quite possible, but it is nevertheless full of truth. As for the contradictions, you must only accuse human nature in general, or, if you wish, the particular nature of your friend Gibbon. You have loved this creature in so far as you have known him. I think that you must continue your friendship for him on the same footing.

*“Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.”*

I promise you, however, to work for my conversion, and I hope that my relapses at least will be both shorter and less frequent. I already have the primary disposition necessary to a sinner—contrition.

‘So, my dear Friend, you have been rendered to your country. Your letters and the accounts of friend Deyverdun had assured me that your stay at Gottingen has not been useless to you, and that from day to day you carried out the object of a journey dictated by prudence but rendered distasteful by disinclination. This news did not at all surprise me. I believed you in fact to possess that character which allows itself to be carried away too unresistingly in the whirlpool of pleasures, but which regains its force and vigour in solitude. It is by these traits that I recognise genius. None exists without that vivacity, shall I say,

or that ardour of the passions which sometimes leads it astray but which always strengthens it. Its outbursts, rapid but of short duration, resemble but slightly the slow, feeble, and continuous gait of the ordinary man. But, my dear Friend, what are you doing at present? Are you a citizen? Are you contented to be nothing but an amiable man? In a word, do you sacrifice to reason or taste? I hope that this letter will find you pleasantly occupied in the *Forum*, or giving your opinions in the Senate. Whatever our coxcombs may say, this profession of Cicero is not contemptible. "But Cicero," you will tell me, "delivered his orations at Rome in the Capitol; I speak at Lausanne in the Townhall. He sent proconsuls into Spain and Syria; as for me I am one of the châtelains of Ouchy or Lutry.<sup>1</sup> He saved the State from the audacious designs of a Catilina; I merely restrain a few Englishmen who forget the profound respect which they owe to the sacred characters of our Boursier and our Watch." I must agree that this parallel is not exact in every point; but it is as good as one of those comparisons of Homer, whom I adore as I ought, while anathematising the sacrilegious Perrault, who dared to call them "comparisons with long tails." You have even a few advantages over the said Cicero. In great States there is no leisure for thinking of the welfare of others. I would prefer to give my vote for the repairing of a bridge rather than for the declaring of war. I have never read without a sort of indignation the insolent contempt of our Addison, when in his *Travels* he speaks of the high occupations of your consuls of Bremgarten and Mellingen. How worthy of a Philosopher to measure grandeur by extent of territory! But where am I? . . . Oh, exhorting you to become a Councillor and Burgomaster as soon as you can, and assuring you that I shall respect the first magistrate of a free people a hundred times more than the first of the gilded slaves of a despot. But, by the way, you are not free. . . . It is a misfortune which spoils a fine phrase; let us pass on to another matter.

[HERE OCCURS THE EXTRACT GIVEN IN FRENCH IN  
THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.]

<sup>1</sup> I fear I am making a blunder. I have some idea, it seems to me, that the town of Lutry is a separate republic, which exists of necessity and by itself, the châtelain of which is dependent only upon God and his own sword.

‘I am informed of the existence of a manuscript in your neighbourhood which might be of use to me. It is at Neuchâtel, in the Library of that town, and contains a greatly esteemed history of the Burgundian War. The services which you could render me in this matter have urged me to annoy you with this detail; but they did not urge me to write to you. If you doubt for a moment my motive, take no notice of this affair, and you will have treated me precisely as I have deserved. I wish then to procure a copy, a translation, or an extract, according to its importance, &c.; but as I have only a vague knowledge of this manuscript I should much like to have it examined more closely either by myself or by the eyes of a friend. If you consent to lend me yours, I know none that are more piercing. Here are the principal points on which I desire most to be enlightened: 1° Whether the manuscript is in German or in French. I would decide to have a copy made of a good original, rather than a translation. 2° Whether this manuscript is still complete and unpublished, and whether the later historians (Lauffer especially) have not made use of it. 3° What is its nature and authority, the time at which its author lived, the extent he has given to his work, the method he has followed, &c. . . . I am ignorant of the character of the Pastors of Neuchâtel; they are perhaps not more communicative than they are tolerant. If there is a means of having this manuscript sent to Lausanne, I would rely with pleasure on your judgment; and I pray you to send me without loss of time the copy or the translation of the work, as you may consider advisable. If you are obliged to depend upon the reports of strangers, please ask your correspondents to send you an example of the material—the battle of Grandson for instance, or that of Morat. It will be easy to find a [copy of] Schilling at Lausanne. You know German and will have the goodness to compare the two texts. In any case, I would prefer to have a superfluity of material rather than be wanting in essentials. With regard to Schilling, the copy of his work which has been sent to me is somewhat defective. The title-page mentions three prints or plans of battles. Deyverdun assures me that the German word is ambiguous, and our difficulty arises from this ambiguity. Three prints would be worthless except for children. Three plans would be very



useful to understand these combats, in which a sort of confusion reigns, attributable partly to the Swiss generals and partly to their historians. If plans are meant and they have any merit, I pray you to include them with what you send me of the manuscript; together with Scheuchzer's large Map of Switzerland.<sup>1</sup> Separate maps of the environs of Basle, Grandson, and Morat would be very agreeable to me, but I much doubt whether anything of the kind exists. . . . My dear Friend, if you are not already tired of my commissions I would ask you for your last Military Code. Major Grand told me three years ago that it had already been published in German, and that it was daily expected to appear in French. I should see with pleasure your Ecclesiastical Code; it seems to me that it was republished afresh not long ago. As for printed books, the documents of the controversy of *William Tell, a Danish Fable*, would perhaps be useful to me, as well as a piece by one of the combatants (M. Felix of Lucerne) on the literary history of Switzerland. The Harangue of Professor Spreng of Basle on the battle of St. Jacques [1444], the *Heroes Helvetici* of Grasser, the *Methodas legendi Historiæ Helveticæ* of Hottinger, the *Memoirs on the Consensus*, and those of Monsieur de Bochat on the ecclesiastical differences of the Canton of Lucerne, and the collection of documents on the succession of Neuchâtel. These, Sir, are the books which I would beg you to place in the package, addressed to the Reverend Mr. Bugnion, in Cranbourne Alley, Leicester Fields, London.

'Do not be alarmed, my dear Friend, at all these commissions with which I have burdened you with so little modesty or pity, and above all do not execute more of them than you can attend to without difficulty. With the exception of the manuscript of Neuchâtel there is nothing of primary importance in all the rest that I have mentioned. In fact, some of them are only the outcome of a greedy curiosity which attempts to stretch beyond its object. But in all this matter I ask you to preserve profound secrecy as to my name and my plans. There is something so ridiculous in the idea of an Englishman wishing to write about Swiss history that I shall not dare to confess my audacity unless it is in a measure justified by success. If Major Grand is at

<sup>1</sup> Jean Jacques Scheuchzer (1672-1738), geographer, of Zurich.

Lausanne, he will have the goodness to refund you the amount of any expenses which you will incur in this matter ; if he has not yet returned, I will send you a more regular letter of exchange.

‘ Rousseau has met with little success in this country. He withdrew to the heart of a desert, where he was allowed to vegetate so peaceably that he was compelled to quarrel with all our men of letters in order to become notorious. We have perhaps sufficient philosophy to admire his eloquence without being the dupes of that part which he has so long played. We know that nothing so much resembles this philosophy as caprice, a superciliousness which is in contradiction with itself from time to time, and a misanthropy too pronounced not to be affected. Rousseau complains of the persecutors, when he is the foremost of them ! We should soon see a Consensus drawn not from the Catechism of Heidelberg, but from that of the Savoyan Vicar.

‘ Speak more softly, my Friend : I can plainly hear you say to yourself : “ How insufferable these Englishmen are ! They either do not write at all, or else they write volumes.” Make your mind easy : you have now reached the end. I prescribe nothing as to your conduct. If you do not reply I shall recognize the justice of your silence ; if you do reply I shall recognize your goodness ; and goodness is a virtue which approaches man to the Divinity. Believe, my dear Friend, that I shall be all my life your very faithful servant and friend,

‘ GIBBON.’<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER CXXXVI

IN the course of my researches at Lausanne I came upon the hitherto unknown portraits of Gibbon and Deyverdun, reproduced in this work by the kind consent of Mme. Constantin Grenier. They were found in the garrets of La Grotte, attached to each other by a ribbon in the form of a bow. No other portrait of Gibbon in his early youth is known to exist, and this one is of the highest value because it reveals his original colouring and temperament.

I have already mentioned that in early life he had red hair. This tint appears through the powder in the picture at La Grotte.

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter in the author’s unpublished collections.

Gibbon's hair preserved at Sheffield Place, cut off immediately after death, is a deep chestnut, the hue that auburn hair often assumes in later life ; it is also coarse, and displays here and there silver lines. A lock of Gibbon's hair in the possession of M. de Sévery, of Mex, cut off at an early period, confirms the portrait.

In the youthful La Grotte picture, the eyes are large and dark and grey, unlike the light orbs painted by Sir Joshua. There is a fine reddish colour in the lips and cheeks, and he seems to have possessed that delicate complexion which often accompanies auburn hair. As in the portrait by Sir Joshua, he here wears a red coat with a black velvet collar ; he appears to have been always partial to red.

Lord Sheffield says : ' M. Pavilliard has described to me the astonishment with which he gazed on Mr. Gibbon standing before him : a thin little figure, with a large head, disputing and urging, with the greatest ability, all the best arguments that had ever been used in favour of Popery. Mr. Gibbon many years ago became very fat and corpulent, but he had uncommonly small bones, and was very slightly made.'

By this La Grotte portrait, however, painted at the age of twenty-one, one can trace in the round face and figure and coming double-chin, the general outlines of the man in later life. M. Pavilliard's language applied to the earliest period of Gibbon's residence in his house.

This youthful portrait, though not from the brush of an artist of eminence, bears those marks of authenticity and individuality which sometimes characterise even inferior work. It appears to have been taken during the latter part of his residence with M. Pavilliard at Lausanne.

Gibbon writes : ' At the flexible period of youth, from the age of sixteen to twenty-one, my opinions, habits, and sentiments were cast in a foreign mould ; the faint and distant remembrance of England was almost obliterated ; my native language was grown less familiar ; and I should have cheerfully accepted the offer of a moderate independence on the terms of perpetual exile. . . . I took my leave of Lausanne on the 11th of April, 1758, with a mixture of joy and regret, in the firm resolution of revisiting, as a man, the persons and places which had been so dear to my youth.'

It was probably at this particular moment of their separation that the portraits of Gibbon and of his friend Deyverdun were painted. Deyverdun is depicted as a man of about twenty-four—his age at the time of the departure of Gibbon, then twenty-one. His slender figure, dark, handsome features, and aristocratic air, are in strong contrast with the somewhat negligent appearance of Gibbon, whose apparel, unlike his dress in later years, would seem to be in entire keeping with the description of himself while dwelling with M. Pavilliard.

We can see in Warton's picture of the historian at the age of thirty-seven the large well-opened eyes which distinguished his more youthful representation; but they have a vivacity in strong contrast with the expression of the earlier production. The difference in dress is likewise very marked. The more recent costume, with its rich fur and lace, is that of a man of fashion. The powdered hair and the *queue* betoken the care of a skilled perruquier; while in the other case, though the hair is similarly rolled over the ear, the effect, like that of the dress, is one of extreme carelessness. What could be more primitive, also, than the plain neck-cloth, with its ill-arranged folds?

I naturally recall in this connection my visit (August 16, 1894) to Sheffield Park and the inspection of the Gibbon portraits and MSS. in Lord Sheffield's possession.

I drove the twenty miles from Brighton in the early morning, and arrived about nine at the 'Sheffield Arms,' where I found the Secretary of the Royal Historical Society (Secretary also of the Gibbon Centenary Committee), upon whose invitation I had come. Presently Mr. Thomas Colgate, Lord Sheffield's steward, made his appearance, and placed himself at our disposal—a quick-moving and very intelligent man, much interested in the matter which had brought us.

Repairing to his ancient cottage, he took from his safe Gibbon's watch, which I find mentioned in the unpublished correspondence between Lord Sheffield and M. de Sévery. It is a substantial gold repeater, with a bull's-eye open face, and bears the monogram 'E.G.' on the back. It has an insignificant steel chain attached to it, with some little trinkets, which I imagine did not originally belong to it.

There was next placed in our hands Gibbon's solid and

heavy gold snuff-box. Oval in shape, in Louis XVI. style, with the gold in two colours, it has upon its lid two Cupids on either side of an altar, sacrificing to Friendship or Love, whose flame burns high.

We next proceeded to Lord Sheffield's mansion, a castellated building of the last century, erected by Gibbon's friend when he was still Mr. Holroyd, about 1769, at which time he purchased the estate from Lord de la Warr for 81,000*l*. I noticed the picture of the old mansion which formerly stood on this site, and partly utilised in the new structure. The flag-stones on the south front form a walk extending the entire length of this the principal side of the house. They remain in the same condition as when Gibbon's short legs traversed their slightly undulating surface.

The entrance hall forms a billiard-room, whose walls are covered with books, and opens on the left into the library, so loved and frequented by Gibbon, who constantly mentions it in his autobiography. On its shelves are many rare Latin and French classics, some of them from Gibbon's collections at Lausanne. It has three windows facing south, and a door at either end. It is a large and somewhat lofty room, adorned with family portraits, among them one of Lord North, George III.'s Minister, wearing the Garter. Either under this title; or as Earl of Guilford, he pervades the house. There is a heroic bust of him on the grand staircase.

In the housekeeper's room are family portraits brought from Yorkshire in the last century. I noticed in ascending the *escalier d'honneur* the full-length portraits of Lord Sheffield's three wives: the first of whom was Abigail, only daughter of Lewis Way, of Richmond, Surrey; the second, Lady Lucy Pelham, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Chichester; and the third, Lady Anne North, second daughter of Frederick, second Earl of Guilford, K.G. (Lord North). From the latter descends the present owner of Sheffield Place, to whose hospitality I owe the view of this historic spot.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As early as 1880 Lord Sheffield very kindly placed his Gibbon MSS. at my disposal, even giving me permission to take to London those I particularly wished to study. Unfortunately the necessity of returning to America deprived me of the opportunity of availing myself at that time of Lord Sheffield's most liberal and courteous offer.

Over the library are the bedroom and sitting-room which Gibbon occupied. They have been unfortunately greatly altered since his day, and even the view from the windows is changed, for *parterres* of flowers now glow where formerly the waters of a pond glittered, although a portion of the lake is still visible to the extreme left, if one stretches his neck sufficiently to allow his eyes to catch its sheen.

The bed in which Gibbon slept is sadly mutilated. It was originally a large high four-poster, but the front posts have been cut down, and are less than four feet high; the lower part of the posts having also been cut off to reduce the height of the bed. By its side there was an old pair of steps by which the historian mounted to his place of repose.

The large drawing-room, also on the south front, is opposite the library, and is approached from the entrance hall on the right. Here are the portraits of Gibbon and Lord Sheffield, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Beyond is the dining-room, which remains the same as when the historian, turning from labour to refreshment, enjoyed the pleasures of a table whose triumphs combined French and English dishes. It is particularly distinguished by its immense bow-window, which gives it a very cheerful aspect.

Gibbon, as represented by Sir Joshua, possessed a small mouth, apparently light grey eyes, a convex forehead, large ears, with great height of head above them, and, as the French would say, a large *pomme-de-terre* nose, up-tilted. His face was oval, with a prominent chin of handsome contour, which, however, was dwarfed by the large double-chin beneath. His complexion is ruddy. The picture is a kitcat, and the historian is in his red coat and lace. In the lower left-hand corner of the canvas, near the frame, are painted the words 'Sir Joshua Reynolds,' in the right-hand corner appears the name 'Edward Gibbon.'

In a letter of May 1779 to his friend Mr. Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield, Gibbon thus speaks of this portrait: 'I can guess but one reason which should prevent you from supposing that the picture in Leicester Fields<sup>1</sup> was intended

<sup>1</sup> Now Leicester Square. He refers to Sir Joshua's studio in his house there.

for the Sheffield Library: viz., my having told you some time ago that I was under a formal engagement to Mr. Walpole. Probably I should not have been in any very great hurry to execute my promise, if Mr. Cadell had not strenuously urged the curiosity of the public, who may be willing to repay the exorbitant *price* of fifty guineas. It is now finished, and my friends say that, in every sense of the word, it is a good head. Next week it will be given to Hall the engraver, and I promise you a first impression.' In a note to this passage Lord Sheffield says the portrait is 'one of the best of Sir Joshua's.'

On October 18, 1784, writing from Lausanne to the same, Gibbon remarks: 'You must negotiate *directly* with Deyverdun; but the State will not hear of parting with their only Reynolds'—alluding, says his editor, to his portrait.

On May 15, 1790, again writing from La Grotte to his friend, he acknowledges the receipt of Lord Sheffield's picture, also by Reynolds: 'Your portrait has at last arrived in perfect condition, and occupies a conspicuous place over the chimney-glass in my library. It is the object of general admiration; good judges (the few) applaud the work; the name of Reynolds opens the eye and mouth of the many; and were I not afraid of making you vain, I would inform you that the original is not allowed to be more than five and thirty.'

The two friends' portraits, hanging on the same wall at Sheffield Park, regard one another, and the contrast is very striking. Gibbon, although represented at the age of forty-seven, has an air of solidity which generally belongs to more advanced life; while Lord Sheffield, who is depicted at the age of fifty-five, presents the appearance of a man of wiry and slender figure, with a keen, intelligent expression in his brilliant eyes, and a prominent nose, which seems to indicate inquiry, and even a love of debate, reminding one of Wellington's profile. Gibbon was fortunate in this most intimate and confidential friend; the practical, business-like qualities of Sheffield assumed the direction of the historian's private affairs, and left him leisure to complete his great work. No doubt also many discussions arose between them, as Gibbon walked up and down the old library, and Lord Sheffield's sagacious counsel could contribute many a useful hint for the history.



Gibbon, continuing his letter of May 1790, says to Lord Sheffield: 'In spite of private reluctance and public discontent I have honourably dismissed *myself*.' [By this, evidently appreciating his portrait.] 'I shall arrive at Sir Joshua's before the end of the month; he will give me a look, and perhaps a touch; and you will be indebted to the President one guinea for the carriage. Do not be nervous; I am not rolled up; had I been so you might have gazed on my charms four months ago.'

Although Lord Sheffield spoke of the Reynolds portrait as one of the artist's best, in a note appended to an earlier letter from Gibbon, dated at the Borromean Islands, May 16, 1764, he pronounces the portrait painted by Warton (1774), an engraving of which appears in Gibbon's 'Miscellaneous Works' (1814), 'the best likeness that exists of Mr. Gibbon.'

In this same letter occurs Gibbon's well-known description of himself. Speaking of the society at Turin, he says: 'The most sociable women I have met with are the king's daughters. I chatted for about a quarter of an hour with them, talked about Lausanne, and grew so very free and easy, that I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice (a crime never known before in the presence chamber), and continued my discourse in my usual attitude of my body bent forward and my forefinger stretched out.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following anecdote is related in *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 8, 1857, p. 108: 'My old friend, C. O. Cambridge, Esq., who lately died at Whitminster House, Gloucestershire, aged ninety-four, was a son of the late R. O. Cambridge of Twickenham Meadows, of well-known celebrity as a writer and wit of the time of Johnson, Gibbon, Garrick, Walpole, &c. He told me that Gibbon being one of a party assembled in his father's library before dinner, he, my friend, then a young man, came in from hunting, and was giving to Gibbon, with juvenile satisfaction, an account of the chase, which he described as an almost continued gallop, during which he *stood up* in his stirrups for a considerable time. On this Gibbon (whose horsemanship was bad, and whose heavy person made his riding a very quiet and slow affair) said to my father, "I thought, Mr. Cambridge, until now, that *riding* was a *sedentary* occupation;" and tapping his snuff-box, he took a pinch of snuff, as was his wont when he let off any smart saying.

'His person look'd as funnily obese  
As if a Pagod, growing large as man,  
Had, rashly, waddle'd off its chimney-piece,  
To visit a Chinese upon a fan.  
Such his exterior; curious 'twas to scan!  
And, oft, he rapp'd his snuff-box, cock'd his snout,  
And, ere his polished periods he began,  
Bent forwards, stretching his forefinger out,  
And talk'd in phrase as round as He was round about.'

—*The Luminous Historian, or, Learning and Love*, from *Eccentricities for Edinburgh*, of George Colman the younger; re-printed in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, March 10, 1866, p. 203.



‘This attitude,’ suggests Lord Sheffield, ‘continued to be characteristic of Mr. Gibbon, and an engraved representation of it was affixed to the first edition of these Memoirs; but having been considered by several persons as a very unfavourable likeness (which it undoubtedly is), and rather as a caricature of Mr. Gibbon, it is now omitted; it is, however, certain that Mr. Gibbon did not consider it in that light; he gave it to me himself. In its place is substituted an engraving of the best likeness that exists of Mr. Gibbon’—namely, Warton’s.

In judging Reynolds’s picture, we must remember the great friendship between the painter and the historian. What more conclusive proof do we require than Gibbon’s exclamation, in 1792, upon the former’s death, ‘Lord Guilford and Sir Joshua Reynolds! two of the men, and two of the houses in London, on whom I the most relied for the comforts of society!’

To my mind, however, the enamel miniature of Gibbon in the possession of Mr. Hallam Murray, which undoubtedly owed its inspiration to Reynolds, is in some respects the best portrait of him in his prime. It is far more lifelike, more animated, more real than even the Reynolds. In following its revelations of delicate and rich colour, its vivacity of expression, its very vividness produce the belief that you are in the presence of the man himself. His face is so animated, his eyes so alight, that you almost hear the imagery which adorned his conversation not less than his works.

The Gibbon manuscripts at Sheffield Place are preserved in a large tin box, on the under side of the lid of which are two black silhouettes of Gibbon engaged in taking snuff and in taking tea.

The first document which I noticed lying on the top of the others was Gibbon’s diploma as a Master Mason. Among the unpublished manuscripts was a quarto volume of thirty-seven pages, and four duplicate ones, entitled ‘Journal de mon Voyage dans quelques Endroits de la Suisse, September 21st to October 20th, 1755;’ ‘written,’ says a later note, probably by his friend Lord Sheffield, ‘partly by Gibbon himself, and partly by some other person, on detached sheets. This journal is mentioned as unpublished by Gibbon in his Autobiography, p. 99, edition 1814.’ Singularly enough, as I have previously noted, I found

the original of this manuscript in La Grotte. It is entirely in Gibbon's hand, and is given in Chapter CXXXI. of this volume.

My attention was next arrested by the complete series of volumes of Gibbon's Journal at a later period, including his second sojourn at Lausanne before his voyage to Italy, together with his daily experiences at Lausanne during the last ten years when he resided at La Grotte.

We went to look at the Sheffield Mausoleum, where Gibbon is buried, in the old Church. His coffin, entirely intact, is still covered with rich velvet, scarcely touched by the hand of Time.

I studied at Sheffield Place with extreme interest a view of the south front of La Grotte at Lausanne, taken while Mr. Gibbon was residing there, as I had carried with me the inside plans of the house, copied from the ancient plans in the possession of Mme. Constantin Grenier; also one of the same in 1879; both of which were prepared for me by M. Henri Grenier.

I remember a long time ago, while spending an afternoon at Holland House, Lady Holland said to Lord Houghton: 'Now I wish you to show the General, as only you can do, the whole house, and point out to him its interesting features and relics.' As we wandered through the rooms on the second floor, I suddenly espied a drawing of Gibbon, by Lady Diana Beauclerk, sister of Topham Beauclerk, who was a member of The Club, to which Gibbon belonged. I expressed the wish for a copy and was permitted to reproduce it.

At the Athenæum Club, the same evening, I fell into conversation with the late Dr. Percy, who was distinguished not only as a scientific man, but as a collector. He likewise possessed several portraits of Gibbon, by Lady Diana if I am not mistaken, and generously consented that I should use them as illustrations. But after his death his collections were sold. I was not then in England, and know not where these Gibbon relics rest.

The late Henry Reeve, Esq., formerly Clerk of the Privy Council, editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and a foreign associate of the Institute of France, in sending me a private description of The Club, March 9, 1880, wrote: 'I marked the account

of *The Club Private*, to show that it is a private document, and I must particularly request that no part of it be published either in Europe or in America. You are of course at liberty to mention that Mr. Gibbon was a member of The Club and the date of his election, and that the form of reception drawn by him is still in use.' In accordance with Mr. Reeve's injunction, I am unable to present certain interesting facts which I have not met with in any other document.

The Club was founded in 1764 by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Samuel Johnson, and among its eight original members were Topham, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, and Burke. It first met on Monday evenings, but later on Friday. The opinion formed of a new work by The Club was speedily known throughout London, and had great influence. Hallam, Macaulay, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Stanhope the historian, and Bishop Blomfield have been members of it, and Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, was in the chair at the centenary dinner, June 7, 1864.

Gibbon was elected a member March 4, 1774, and continued such until his death. His relative, Lord Eliot, was elected January 22, 1782.

Another account says: 'Mr. Gibbon was of the Literary Club, which has lately lost two of its distinguished members, the very respectable Bishop of Peterborough, and the not less celebrated Mr. Gibbon. This Club . . . has now subsisted thirty years; and during the last twenty hath been deprived of the following eminent characters: Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Samuel Dyer, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Garrick, Lord Ashburton, Dr. Johnson, Mr. T. Warton, Dr. Adam Smith, Bishop Shipley, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Bishop Hinchcliffe, and Mr. Gibbon.'<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER CXXXVII

As we have seen, Gibbon returned to England in the spring of 1758, after an absence in Switzerland of nearly five years, and repaired to the paternal manor of Buriton.

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan. 16, 1794.

It was upon his arrival that he made the acquaintance of his step-mother, his father since his departure having married a second wife, Miss Dorothea Patton. Gibbon confesses that he was in the first instance prejudiced against her. But many admirable traits of her character soon won his respect and affection, and he celebrates her understanding, knowledge, conversation, assiduous and fine sensibility, as well as her care to gratify his wishes.

Of the two years (May 1758–May 1760) which preceded his service in the Militia, he passed about nine months in London, and the remainder in the country. Frequenting the theatres at a propitious era of the stage, he formed the acquaintance of Garrick, whom he greatly admired, and whose portrait afterwards hung at La Grotte. He now became intimate with the Mallets, and attended the dinners of Lady Hervey, the mother of the Earl of Bristol, who loved ‘the manners, the language, and the literature of France.’ He nevertheless passed many solitary evenings in his London lodgings with his books, and sometimes sighed for Lausanne.

In speaking of Buriton he says the house was regulated by the taste and prudence of Mrs. Gibbon, who prided herself on the elegance of her dinners, and he rejoices in the change from ‘the uncleanly avarice of Madame Pavilliard’ to the ‘daily neatness and luxury of an English table.’ Not far away also were noble seats and hospitable families with whom the Gibbons cultivated friendly intercourse.

Gibbon was always an early riser, and passed his mornings in the study. It contained much trash but also some valuable editions of the classics and the Christian fathers, besides English publications of the day. From this slender beginning, the historian tells us, he gradually formed a large and select library, the foundation of his works, and the best comfort of his life at home and abroad. He says that he is not conscious of having ever bought a book from a motive of ostentation, and that every volume was read or examined before it was deposited on the shelf. The comforts of his retirement did not depend on the ordinary pleasures of the country. ‘My father could never inspire me with his love and knowledge of farming. I never handled a gun, I seldom mounted a horse ;

and my philosophic walks were soon terminated by a shady bench, where I was long detained by the sedentary amusement of reading or meditation.'

Having dwelt with Gibbon at La Grotte, visited him in Bentinck Street, and resorted to the spot where he died in Saint James's, I resolved early in the summer of 1880 to make a pilgrimage to his Hampshire home.

It was market-day when I alighted at Petersfield, and the statue of King William looked down upon an animated scene quite in keeping with the sign of 'The Fighting Cocks Inn' near by.

The approach to Buriton, where Gibbon lived and his father lies buried, is by a country-lane branching from the Portsmouth road. Beyond the green hedgerows on either side lay wheat, barley, and grazing lands. The crops were smiling under the influence of a gentle rain, and trees and shrubs eagerly welcomed the glistening shower. After a two miles' drive with my thoughts in the eighteenth century, we descended the village street, and turning suddenly a corner by the parsonage, beheld on a slight eminence the gray church and ivy-covered tower. A sluggish pond lay to the right, with the graveyard beyond, under the shadow of Gibbon's 'hanging woods'. . . called by the present inhabitants 'the hanger.'

The rooks were wheeling above as I crossed the courtyard of Buriton. 'The old mansion, in a state of decay,' which Gibbon says had been converted by his father into the fashion and convenience of a modern house, has in a great measure relapsed, and is now occupied by a farmer.

Gibbon was right in his idea that the site was not happily chosen, 'at the end of the village and the bottom of the hill.' The main building, erected by the elder Gibbon, is three storeys in height. As Voltaire would have done, I counted the windows, which on the front are eleven, besides three walled up, perhaps to escape the old 'tax on light.'

Gibbon says he occupied a 'pleasant and spacious apartment; the library on the same floor was soon considered as my peculiar domain.' The latter room, now empty, has three windows. The ceiling is low, as indeed are all the ceilings. I was struck by the fact that the arrangement in the now empty

library for raising and lowering the few remaining shelves was precisely similar to that adopted by Gibbon at La Grotte. The bedroom of the historian looked on the courtyard; the library, on the other hand, commands a fine view of the woods. The trees in the foreground are particularly attractive, especially a copper beech and a green tulip tree beside it.

Perhaps I looked more attentively at the library door, but it seemed to me to be almost the only ornamented portal in the manor-house.

The old dining-room is on the main floor, looking south, with bay windows framing the woods, the church, the village, and the parsonage—now (1880) occupied by a son of Archbishop Sumner. There are two alcoves with buffets, and the body of the room is eighteen by twenty feet.

As I wandered about this now sad-looking domain, my imagination restored its departed state, and there passed before me the polite and gracious elder Gibbon, and his sympathetic wife, in close discourse with Gibbon the younger. From the open windows came the vinous laughter of Gibbon's fellow-officers; and a little later I beheld the slender Deyverdun, elegant in form and features, standing beside the already thickening figure of his friend, discussing with learned speech their joint '*Mémoires Littéraires*,' stopping now and then to interlard his serious mood by light and pleasant jest.

The historian's account of his country habits is confirmed by a servant who lived seven years with Gibbon's father at Buriton, and declared that the author (who once flogged him severely for beating his dog) 'was always fond of reading and seldom seen without a book in his hand. He did not cultivate an acquaintance with the young people in his neighbourhood, nor even afford his father or mother much of his company; his beloved books riveted his attention, and to books he sacrificed all the amusements of youth.'<sup>1</sup>

Less than a year after his return to England, Gibbon had completed his '*Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature*.' It was not, however, until the spring of 1761 that, yielding to his father's authority, he placed the manuscript in the hands of the printer;

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, June 3, 1854.

so that he had the satisfaction of seeing his work published in the following summer.

As early as June 1759 he had received his commission as captain in the Hampshire Militia, his father being major, and Sir Thomas Worsley lieutenant-colonel. 'We had not supposed that we should be dragged away, my father from his farm, myself from my books, and condemned, during two years and a half (May 10, 1760–December 23, 1762), to a wandering life of military servitude.'<sup>1</sup>

In his published Journal of this period he records his acquaintance with Colonel Wilkes, and passes a severe judgment on his character.

In 1760 the elder Gibbon conceived a plan of procuring a seat in Parliament for his son, and was willing to incur the necessary expense of fifteen hundred pounds. Gibbon, in reply, wrote under his father's roof a letter to the latter, in which he fully opens his mind. 'I promised myself that by the means

'By the arbitrary, and often capricious, orders of the War Office, the battalion successively marched to the pleasant and hospitable Blandford, . . . to Hilsea Barracks, . . . to Cranbrook in the Weald of Kent, . . . to the sea-coast of Dover, . . . to Winchester camp, . . . to the populous and disorderly town of Devizes, . . . to Salisbury, . . . to our beloved Blandford a second time, . . . and finally to the fashionable resort of Southampton . . . where the colours were fixed till our final dissolution.'

The following account, belonging to the period of Gibbon's service in the Militia, is among the unpublished manuscripts in the possession of M. William de Charrière de Sévery, of the Château of Mex:

'Blandford, June 28, 1760.

An Account of a Week's pay Due To Captain Gibbon's Company of Militia, commencing the 28 day of June and ending the 4 day of July following, Both Days included.

	£	s.	d.
To One Sergeant a Week's pay . . . . .	0	6	10
To Two Corporals a Week's pay . . . . .	0	9	1
To Two Drummers a Week's pay . . . . .	0	7	0
To 44 privat a Week's pay . . . . .	7	10	4
To paying the Company . . . . .	0	8	0
To a pr. of Breeches for Edward Druly . . . . .	0	8	0
Total . . . . .	8	19	8

Received the Contents of the A Bove Bill of Captain Gibbon . . .  
pr. me John Harding,  
Sergeant.'

The following order was enclosed in the above account:

'Mr. Smith  
please to Let the  
Bearer Thos. Jenings  
Have a pr. of Shoes  
JOHN HARDING, Sergeant.'

These papers are in an unlettered hand. Gibbon had probably preserved them as a souvenir of his youthful military experiences.



of this seat, I might one day be the instrument of some good to my country. But I soon perceived how little a mere virtuous inclination, unassisted by talents, could contribute towards that great end; and a very short examination discovered to me that these talents had not fallen to my lot.' He asks his father rather to expend the money on him for a tour through Italy. 'Should you grant my request, and not disapprove of my manner of employing your bounty, I would leave England this autumn and pass the winter at Lausanne with M. de Voltaire and my old friends. . . . In the spring I would cross the Alps, and after some stay in Italy, as the war must then be terminated, return home through France to live happily with you and my dear mother.'

His father consented to his wish, but the 'rash engagement in the Militia' upset all his plans.

Gibbon spent the summer of 1762 in study at Buriton. It was probably at this time that he wrote the letter to Mlle. Curchod already cited. His visits to London during his military 'servitude' were frequent, and on November 24 of this year he mentions his attendance at the Cocoa Tree Club. Two days later, breakfasting with Garrick and Mallet, he assists at a very private rehearsal of Mallet's new tragedy, 'Elvira,' at Drury Lane, and admires Mrs. Pritchard's histrionic talent.

Five weeks after the disbandment of the Militia he reached Paris (January 28, 1763), where he spent three and a half months at the 'Hôtel de Londres, rue de Colombier, Fauxbourg St. Germain.' In the French metropolis he studied little, his time being occupied in social enjoyments, in observing Parisian manners and customs, and in deriving instruction from the conversation of some of the greatest men of the century. He names d'Alembert and Diderot as the foremost in rank, or, at least, in fame, with whom he became acquainted. His letters of introduction secured him access to the houses of Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. Helvétius,<sup>1</sup> Mme. du Bocage (a poetess of some

<sup>1</sup> *Née* de Ligniville, the niece and protégée of Mme. de Graffigny, and a woman of remarkable beauty and lofty mind. Claude Adrien Helvétius (1715-1771) was the author of *L'Esprit*, an ultra-materialist work, which created a great stir throughout Europe, and brought him into contact with the most eminent foreigners of the day. In 1764 he visited England and was graciously received by the King; and in the following year accepted the invitation of Frederick the Great, who gave him apartments in the palace and admitted him



merit), and the Baron d'Holbach. He writes to his father, February 24, that his 'Essai' had been of great use in increasing the number of his acquaintances. He divides them into two classes, almost entirely distinct: one, who, dining at home, receive their friends and converse agreeably until about nine o'clock; the other, the most fashionable, who give large suppers, and game both before and after. But of passing events of history he says nothing. As Mr. Cotter Morison remarks in his acute, succinct, and able life of Gibbon, it is not a little singular that the future great historian seems to have detected no signs of the great upheaval so near at hand,—for what is thirty years in the life of a nation?

Gibbon set out for Switzerland May 9, 1763, and in passing through Besançon was kindly entertained by his cousin Acton. At Lausanne he took up his residence at the house<sup>1</sup> of M. and Mme. de Crousaz de Mézery, of whom he speaks most highly. His correspondence with his old friend Deyverdun had been somewhat interrupted, but he knew before his coming to Lausanne that Deyverdun was in Germany, and rather wished, he says, than hoped to obtain him for the companion of his Italian tour. The first foreigner of importance with whom he now became intimate at Lausanne was Prince Louis of Wurtemberg, at whose country seat, Renens,<sup>2</sup> near Lausanne, he frequently dined; and he remarks in his Journal, 'Il paraît que

to his table. Frederick was a great admirer of Helvétius, without sharing his views on philosophy. After her husband's death Mme. Helvétius lived at Auteuil, near Paris. Turgot and Franklin were both her ardent admirers. She said one day, while walking in her garden with Bonaparte shortly after his return from Egypt, 'You do not know how much happiness can be found in three acres of ground.'

Gibbon mentions that he made the acquaintance of the Comte de Caylus, Abbé de la Bleterie, Barthélemy, Raynal, Arnaud, de la Condamine, du Clos, de Ste. Palaye, de Bougainville, Caperonnier, de Guignes (Orientalist, 1721-1800), Suard, de Fonce-magne, Marquis de Mirabeau, Mme. Bontems.

<sup>1</sup> Now the Hôtel Bellevue.

<sup>2</sup> The Prince afterwards resided at La Chablière, now (1896) the property of M. Georges Gaulis.

Prince Louis of Wurtemberg founded at Lausanne, in 1766, La Société Morale, in imitation of one that he had founded at Zurich. He associated with himself learned and recommendable persons whom he found at Lausanne; his intention being mutually to benefit one another by means of conversation and correspondence, and to contribute by their results to the perfection of the Society. The Minutes of this Society appeared each week in the form of a Journal entitled *Aristide, ou le Citoyen*, of which two volumes appeared. The unpublished letters of the Prince to Voltaire are in the author's possession.

le Prince de Wirtemberg me goute beaucoup.' He supped with Pavilliard (August 17), who does not seem to have felt hurt at Gibbon's desertion. On the following day he saw the Count and Countess de Golowkin.<sup>1</sup> The Countess was the daughter of Professor Baron de Mosheim, of Gottingen.

It was at Mézery that he first met Mr. Holroyd, 'my best friend,' of whom he says, 'Our mutual attachment was renewed and fortified in the subsequent stages of our Italian journey.'

In September he was mortified at his failure to be elected (in place of M. Frey), *directeur des étrangers* of the club,—M. Roelle being appointed.<sup>2</sup>

Gibbon notes in his Journal that he passed the afternoon of September 25, 1763, with Mme. de Bochat, whom he had not visited for eleven days. He is grieved that his absence has not been perceived, and fears that he is looked upon as belonging to the fast set of his compatriots who love wine and disorder.

Gibbon heard with admiration the Grand Minister Polier de Bottens preach at the Cathedral, December 1, on occasion of the presentation of the bailiff and the taking of the oath of allegiance by Lausanne. George Grand's grenadiers were of little service in preserving order. Fifteen days later he received the visit of M. de Chandieu Villars, who had served in the French army with distinction, and was the father of Mme. de Sévery, mother of Wilhelm de Sévery, afterwards Gibbon's *protégé*.

December 18, being a Communion Sunday, leads Gibbon to remark that such a day offers a very edifying spectacle. Even whist, 'so necessary to the existence of a Lausannois,' is for-

<sup>1</sup> Count Golowkin lived at Le Cèdre, now residence of the Bugnion family. It was from one of its balconies that, after an excellent dinner, the silver service was dropped into the lake to wash it, by the assembled guests, among them, I am told, the father of Bugnion *père*. The second wife of M. Mestral d'Aruffens was a Countess Golowkin, sister of Count Golowkin. She served all her youth in the regiment of her father, and only threw off the uniform when by reason of developing womanhood she could no longer conceal her sex.

<sup>2</sup> M. Roelle, originally from Holland, married the sister of Comptroller-General Secretan, and was consequently a connection of George Deyverdun. Among the documents which I discovered in the garrets of La Grotte was a legal paper by which George Deyverdun agreed to let that house to M. Roelle for nine years, and to renew the lease for a like period. In case he wishes to sell, or if he dies, his heirs must give the preference to M. Roelle, for the price of 32,000 francs. In the event of failure to carry out this agreement, he or his heirs will pay to M. Roelle the sum of 6,000 francs damages. It is signed 'Deyverdun,' and dated December 23, 1780, and was the cause of delay in Gibbon's occupancy of La Grotte in 1783.

bidden. He had lately lost some thirty-two pounds at play, and moralises sadly upon the event.

Soon after his arrival, towards the end of June, he made a short excursion to Geneva, and was much in de Saussure's company. It was during this visit that he encountered Mlle. Curchod, who was greatly wounded by his coldness and inattention, which drew forth the correspondence already given. From this moment he settled down to a hard course of reading, taking great pains to prepare himself for his Italian journey by a close study of the classic authors and the Italian language—although of this he never acquired a ready use.

On April 6, 1764, occurred the quarrel of Van Berchem and Guise (afterwards Sir William Guise), the happy termination of which we have seen. In this connection, he says of Guise, his future companion through Italy, he was 'brave, genuine, and reasonable, but of an impetuosity all the more dangerous from being ordinarily kept in restraint ;' and of Holroyd, 'I have conceived a genuine friendship for Holroyd. He has a great deal of good sense and honourable sentiments, combined with a heart which could not be better placed.'

On the eve of his departure with Guise for Italy (April 17, 1764), he gave an excellent dinner with much wine to Dupleix and many others. Afterwards they paid a few visits to the Grands, the de Seigneux, and the d'Illens. He supped at Mézery, and a certain number of his morning guests were invited, together with Bourgeois and Pavilliard, for the latter of whom he entertains the warmest sentiments. He regrets leaving Holroyd behind, who will, however, follow him to Italy a little later.

The Italian tour extended over a period of thirteen months (April 1764 to May 1765), and was agreeably employed. He climbed Mont Cénis, 'not on the back of an elephant, but on a light osier seat, in the hands of the dextrous and intrepid chairmen of the Alps ;' visited Turin, Milan, the Borromean Islands ('an enchanted palace, a work of the fairies in the midst of a lake encompassed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men'); Genoa, where he met M. Celesia, former Genoese envoy to England, and his wife, the daughter of the poet Mallet, frequently dining with them; Parma, Modena, Florence, where he reposed from June to September, and where

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes the use of surveys, interviews, and statistical analysis to gather information and draw conclusions.

3. The third part focuses on the ethical considerations surrounding data collection and analysis. It highlights the need to protect individual privacy and ensure that data is used responsibly and for its intended purpose.

4. The fourth part discusses the challenges and limitations of data analysis. It acknowledges that while data can provide valuable insights, it is not always perfect and may be subject to various biases and errors.

5. The fifth part concludes the document by summarizing the key points and emphasizing the importance of ongoing research and innovation in the field of data analysis.

*[The page contains approximately 20 lines of extremely faint, illegible handwritten text.]*

these striking words: 'Our free conversations, on every topic which could interest the heart or understanding, would have reconciled me to a desert or a prison.' Deyverdun had previously spent four years (1761 to the early part of 1765) on the banks of the Oder, as governor to the grandson of the Margrave of Schavedt or Schevedt, of the royal house of Prussia; but 'an unhappy, though honourable passion drove him from his German court.'

At this epoch, Gibbon tells us, he himself still contemplated at an awful distance the Decline and Fall of Rome, and to occupy his time began, with Deyverdun's approval and help as translator of the original German documents, a history of the Liberty of the Swiss, in French. His letter of September 1766 to de Saussure shows (*ante* p. 358) that he was then collecting materials for this purpose. Two years were spent in preparation, and it was not until 1767 that 'the more agreeable task of composition' commenced. But the effort met with little success, and, although warmly commended by David Hume, was severely condemned by a circle of foreign critics in London, to whom he submitted the first book.

George Deyverdun's pecuniary means at this time were most precarious, although afterwards he was in a prosperous monetary condition. 'The waste of a decent patrimony by an improvident father obliged him, like many of his countrymen, to confide in his own industry;' and if Gibbon's purse was 'always open' to his friend, it was also 'often empty.' For Gibbon also experienced financial anxiety from his knowledge of his father's impoverishment. The property was heavily mortgaged, and the sale of the house at Putney doing little to improve matters, he began to apprehend that he might be left in old age 'without the fruits either of industry or inheritance.' But he never relaxed in filial devotion, and when his father died (November 10, 1770) at the age of sixty-four, he preserved the memory of his graceful person, polite address, gentle manners and unaffected cheerfulness, adding that his failings were compensated by the virtues of head and heart, by the warmest sentiments of honour and humanity.

After great trouble Gibbon succeeded in securing for Deyverdun a position as clerk in the office of the Secretary of

State. He tells us that Deyverdun, in spite of several years' residence in England, was never able to use the English language with a proper pronunciation or proficiency ; but his critical knowledge ' was such as few foreigners have possessed ; and few of our countrymen could enjoy the theatre of Shakespeare and Garrick with more exquisite feeling and discernment.'

The second joint literary venture seems to have originated with Deyverdun ; for Gibbon remarks that ' the consciousness of his (Deyverdun's) own strength, and the assurance of my aid emboldened him ' to imitate and improve upon Dr. Maty's *Journal Britannique*, which had ceased to exist. The first volume appeared in 1767, under the title *Mémoires littéraires de la Grande Bretagne*. Among other things it contained an article by Deyverdun entitled *The Bath Guide*—of which Gibbon says : ' A master of both languages will applaud the curious felicity with which he has transfused into French prose the spirit, and even the humour, of the English verse.' He continues : ' It would be impossible for me to ascertain the respective shares of the two associates. A long and intimate communication of ideas had cast our sentiments and style in the same mould. In our social labours we composed and corrected by turns.'

A second volume was published in 1768, and a third was almost completed but never saw the light, as Deyverdun left England. ' They introduced my friend ' (Deyverdun), says Gibbon, ' to the protection, and myself to the acquaintance of the Earl of Chesterfield, whose age and infirmities excluded him from the world ; and of Mr. David Hume,' who was Under-Secretary of State. ' The former accepted a dedication (April 12, 1769) and reserved the author for the future education of his successor.'

Shortly after, Gibbon recommended his friend as governor to Sir Richard Worsley, son of Sir Thomas Worsley, his old lieutenant-colonel ; and Deyverdun did not return to England until 1773.

On September 22, 1769, the Rev. Anthony Bugnion writes from London to George Deyverdun, at the Hôtel des Prouvaires-St. Honoré, Paris, a letter (unpublished)—afterwards forwarded to Marseilles—which shows that Deyverdun, and not Gibbon, was the responsible author of the *Mémoires littéraires*.

M. Bugnion begins with the usual complaint of Deyverdun's neglect in replying, and gives an account of his efforts made in conjunction with M. des Ruines, upon the request of Mme. de Vufflens and Mme. de Bochat, to obtain a place in India for M. Jean Louis Deyverdun, a younger brother of George. He mentions the amount required, and tells him what it would be necessary to do with regard to the departure of Jean Louis. He continues :

' Here is another affair which concerns you personally and on which I require also a prompt and decided reply. Heydinger came to ask me for the payment of the printing of the Journal (*Mémoires littéraires*). I addressed him, in compliance with your instructions, to Elmsley, who replied that he had no order to pay him, and that he was only charged to furnish the paper and sell the book. I myself spoke later to Elmsley, who, by the way, is a difficult subject to deal with. He replied the same thing to me, and produced the account of the paper supplied, which amounts to £9 3s. 9d., and a few shillings for advertisements, from which must be deducted a dozen copies sold, which leaves about £8. If I am not mistaken, Veid's account is £20, on which he admits having received 7 guineas. He asked for twenty-five copies at 1s. 6d. for Germany, and I thought myself authorised to give them to him, since the lofty phrases of M. Suard produce nothing. Here, then, are £18 to pay, and these people will become pressing. What must I do? Meunet, moreover, came to speak to me about a bill for £15 which you gave him on M. Teissier, payable at Christmas. He humbly asked Teissier if he wished to accept it for that date. Teissier replied that he had no order to that effect, and that you had not spoken about it at all. . . . '

Enclosed with the preceding is what appears to be a continuation of the letter :

' . . . We (Bugnion and Lord Chesterfield) spoke at length of his *Drolle*<sup>1</sup> (he does not give him any other name), and I was much surprised to learn that Mylord forbids him by his will to go to Italy before the age of thirty, and this in order to steer him clear, he says, of the three most dangerous rocks for

<sup>1</sup> Lord Chesterfield's heir.

a young Englishman . . . women, music, and atheism. I had occasion since your departure to hint to Mylord Chesterfield (when he was speaking to me as to what he would do for you if he lived), that his wishes would certainly be respected on this point as well as on any other, if they were known. I even spoke to him of Mylord Grantham, who had named in his will Colonel Chatelain as governor of Mylord Forditch, his grandson. M. Dayrolles, to whom I had communicated this idea, seized upon it with eagerness, and also brought it forward on this occasion ; but neither of us has contributed much to it, especially on account of the death of M. Stanhope, father of the young man. M. Stanhope having named Mylord Chesterfield and another person tutors of his children, Mylord proposed to the other tutor to take sole charge of the daughter, while he himself would act in the same manner towards the son ; and this having been accepted, Mylord is all the more assured that his choice will not meet with any opposition, and has placed it on paper. You know, my dear Friend, that he has a brother to whom the title will pass on his death, but this will not long deprive your young Lord of it, for he is almost as old as Mylord.

‘ Thus, my dear Friend, you are governor of a peer of Great Britain, if anything in this world can be counted upon. The public (in talking about Lord Chesterfield’s will) adds 500*l.* sterling as a contingent annuity, but Mylord has spoken neither to M. Dayrolles nor to me about it, so that this point remains obscure ; but I am sure that you will be satisfied. I have only to wish you a long life to enjoy all the compensations which Fate owed you. Whatever my lot may be, rest assured that no one will be happier at your good fortune than myself. Do not leave Paris without writing to Lord Chesterfield and without entering into details, of which he did not precisely charge me to inform you. You can and will, I firmly believe, thank him for the continuation of his kindness, but you will not mention my name.

‘ M. Dayrolles, who called upon me yesterday, told me that he had written a short time ago to Mme. de Bochat to inform her of the good news. One always likes to rejoice, and it appears that he is sincerely pleased. Besides the letter which



I expect from you at Paris, I hope that you will write to me from the first country-town where you stay.

‘ Adieu, my dear Friend. Entirely Yours,

‘ A. BUGNION.

‘ . . . You will find your youngest pupil *chez* M. Gilbert l’aîné, Quai des Augustins, where Emsley sent him ; as for the other, he will be in Switzerland when you arrive.’<sup>1</sup>

He also mentions having made inquiries concerning documents on Hervey, which Deyverdun probably required for his friend, the Doyen Bridel, who published in 1779 an imitation in verse of the Rev. James Hervey’s ‘ *Meditations among the Tombs.*’

The arrangements suggested in the above enclosure having been carried out, it is not to be wondered that Gibbon declined to interfere with Deyverdun’s prospects by the publication of Lord Chesterfield’s Letters. Although Deyverdun was the responsible editor of the *Mémoires littéraires*, it appears from a letter (printed in *Notes and Queries*, May 9, 1857) that Gibbon interested himself in the details of the publication. He writes to Mr. Becket, the bookseller, December 23, 1767: ‘ I must desire you would immediately send me Macpherson’s Dissertations printed for yourself. If you have them already bound, they will be most agreeable in that form, but at all events I must have them at farthest Saturday night by the Machine. To speak plainly, they are designed for the Journal [*Mémoires*] which notwithstanding some delay occasioned by my stay in the Isle of Wight will be soon ready, and will I trust prove an honourable and profitable work for you. . . .’

## CHAPTER CXXXIX

GIBBON appears to have spent the summer months mainly at Buriton, and the winter in London, where, some time between 1765 and 1770, he originated the ‘ Roman Club,’ among whose

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte. (MS.)

members figure Sir William Guise and Mr. Godfrey Clarke, M.P. for Derbyshire, whose early death Gibbon greatly regretted.

After Deyverdun's departure Gibbon indulged in his first publication in English, an anonymous trenchant criticism of Bishop Warburton's 'Dissertation on the Sixth Book of Virgil' in which he did not spare the eminent author or his theories. In after years Gibbon could not forgive himself for 'the cowardly concealment' of his name and character.

It was two years after his father's death before he succeeded in setting his affairs straight. In 1772 he went to London, and in the autumn took the house No. 7 Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, where he established his library. He was now, if not entirely free from pecuniary worries, at least in more settled circumstances, and able to devote himself with an easy mind to his great life work. He passed the larger part of the year in town, running down from time to time to Sheffield Place. He became a member of the fashionable clubs—Boodle's, White's, Brooks's, Atwood's, Almack's, and 'The [Literary] Club' already described.

In 1772 he formed one of a party with the Holroyds in an excursion to the Isle of Wight. In January 1773 he sold his estate of Lenborough for twenty thousand pounds.

Upon establishing himself in London, in the autumn of 1772, he commenced the first volume of the 'Decline and Fall.' Although devoted to his work he did not neglect society. 'I sometimes give the prettiest little dinners in the world,' he writes to Holroyd, August 7, 1773; and in the same letter. 'One of my pleasures in town I forgot to mention, the unexpected visit of Deyverdun, who accompanies his young lord (very young indeed!) on a two months' tour to England.' Deyverdun spent a fortnight with him in London. 'I think it doubtful whether I shall see him again before his return to Leipsic,' he continues; but in April 1774 he was 'in the present enjoyment of Deyverdun's company.' In fact, Deyverdun did not leave England until April 1775, when Gibbon writes to Mrs. Gibbon: 'Though, I flatter myself, he broke from me with some degree of uneasiness, the engagement could not be declined. At the end of four years he has an annuity of one hundred pounds for life, and may for the remainder of his days enjoy a decent inde-

pendence in that country [Switzerland], which a philosopher would perhaps prefer to the rest of Europe.'

In September 1773 Gibbon made a short visit to Port Eliot, Cornwall, the seat of Mr. Eliot, who had married Gibbon's first cousin, Miss Elliston.

While engaged on his first volume he was elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Liskeard. He thus describes how the seat was offered to him: 'Yesterday morning [Sept. 9, 1774], about half an hour after seven, as I was destroying an army of Barbarians, I heard a double rap at the door, and my friend Mr. Eliot was soon introduced. After some idle conversation he told me, that if I was desirous of being in parliament, he had an *independent* seat very much at my service.'

His published correspondence, both before and after he took his seat, contains frequent references to the absorbing topic of the day, America. His views were those of Lord North, but he gave no proof of them in the House by speech; he contented himself with silently supporting the Ministry. 'Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice.' He writes to Mrs. Gibbon, March 30, 1775: 'As yet I have been mute. In the course of our American affairs, I have sometimes had a wish to speak, but though I felt tolerably prepared as to the matter, I dreaded exposing myself in the manner, and remained in my seat, safe but inglorious.'

In August 1775 he informed Holroyd of the approaching publication of the first volume of his History, which 'Batt and Deyverdun had read and observed.' He offered it to his friend Mr. Elmsley (whose name occurs several times in Mr. A. Bugnion's letters to Deyverdun concerning the *Mémoires littéraires*), who declined the 'perilous adventure;' and the volume, entrusted to Messrs. Thomas Cadell and William Strahan, appeared in the spring of 1776.

Gibbon now dispatches from London, May 7, 1776, an unpublished letter, written in French, excepting the first paragraph, to 'Monsieur Deyverdun, Gentilhomme Suisse, chez M. Huber, Professeur des Belles-Lettres, à Leipsic, en Allemagne.' It begins by his usual phrases of excuse for dilatoriness in writing,

and is particularly interesting from its references to the publication of the first volume of his History.

‘ My long silence (for I must commence in English, even if I feel disposed to fall back upon French), my long silence has been occasioned, as far as I understand the anatomy of my own mind, by various reasons. During the summer it was mere idleness and procrastination ; from the meeting of Parliament, when it became necessary to finish my book and to subdue America, I found myself really involved in a greater hurry of public, private and litterary [*sic*] business than I have ever known in any part of my life : materials of correspondence have insensibly accumulated, and from the despair of saying everything I have wisely persisted in saying nothing.

‘ In the meantime it is not necessary to inform the dear reader that I love him precisely as much as if I wrote to him every week. On what subject then shall I open this epistle? Can such a question be asked of an author who has just published his book? I will speak of myself, and I will taste that pleasure which renders the conversation of friends so delicious, the pleasure of speaking of one’s self to some one who is interested in the speaker. It is true that I would much prefer conversing with you while pacing up and down my library, where I could without blushing make all the avowals which my vanity would exact from me. But in this unhappy distance from London to Leipsic we cannot dispense with a confidant, and the indiscretion of the paper might one day reveal the little secrets which I am obliged to confide to it. Know then that the History of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire has had the most complete and the most flattering success for the writer. But I must begin a little further back. I do not know if you remember that I had arranged with my publisher for the printing of five hundred copies. This number was sufficiently modest, but I wished to sound the taste of the public and to reserve for myself an early opportunity of making in a second edition all the changes which criticism and my own reflections might suggest to me. We had proceeded, perhaps, as far as the twenty-fifth sheet when my printer and my publisher, men of sense and taste, began to perceive that the work in question might well be worth something, and that the said 500 copies

would not at all suffice for the appetite of British readers. They stated to me their reasons, and very humbly but very earnestly begged me to permit the printing of 500 copies more. I acceded to their request, fearing, however, that the youngest offspring of my numerous family would be condemned to an inglorious old age in the depths of a warehouse. In the meantime the printing was continued, and in spite of paternal love I sometimes cursed the cares I was obliged to bestow on the education of my children to cure them of those little defects which the negligence of their preceptors had allowed to pass without correcting them. Finally, in the month of February I saw the decisive moment arrive, and I confess to you that it was not without some kind of uneasiness. I knew that my book was good, but I wished it to be excellent. On that point I ought not to rely upon my judgment, and I feared to depend upon the public, that tyrant which so often pronounces without listening and which annihilates at a glance the work of ten years. At length, on February 16, I gave myself to the universe, and the universe—that is to say, a small number of English readers—welcomed me with open arms. In a fortnight the entire edition was so completely sold that not a single copy of it remained. Mr. Cadell (my amiable publisher) first proposed to me a new edition of a thousand copies, and in a few days he considered he had sufficient reasons for begging me to allow him to raise the number to fifteen hundred. It will appear at the beginning of next month, and the honest personage already ventures to promise me that it will be sold off before the end of the year and that he will be compelled to importune me a third time. The volume (a handsome quarto) costs one guinea unbound; it sold, according to the expression of the publisher, like a threepenny pamphlet on the affairs of the day. I have contented myself up to the present with citing to you the least equivocal fact in favour of the history. It is said that the horse alone does not flatter Kings when they decide to mount it. Should it not be added that the publisher alone never flatters authors when they take the fancy into their heads to get their books printed? But you well understand that on such a large number of voracious readers a means is always found to come in for some praise, and I confess to you

that so far as I am concerned I much like these praises. Those of women of condition, especially of young and pretty ones, without being of the greatest weight, do not fail to amuse me infinitely. I have had the good fortune to please these creatures, and the ancient history of your learned friend has succeeded like the novel of the day.

‘ Let us pass on to more respectable suffrages, and without fatiguing you with a long enumeration let us choose those of my masters. Listen to Robertson in a letter which was not intended to fall into my hands :

“ I have read Mr. Gibbon’s history with much attention and great pleasure. It is a work of very high merit indeed. He possesses that industry of research without which no man deserves the name of an historian. His narrative is perspicuous and interesting, his style is elegant and forcible, though in some places I think rather too laboured, and in others too quaint. But these defects are amply compensated by the beauty of the general flow of language, and a very peculiar happiness in many of his expressions.”

‘ Lend your ear now to the good David [Hume]: “As I have run through your volume of history with great avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear discovering something of the same impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable present, and in expressing the satisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I consider the dignity of your style, the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem. I know it will give you pleasure (as it did me) to find that all the men of letters in this place [Edinburgh] concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious desire of your continuing it.”

‘ Do you know, moreover, that the Tacitus and the Livy of Scotland [Robertson and Hume] have been of service to me in more than one direction? Our good English people groaned for a long time past at the superiority which these historians had acquired, and as national prejudice is kept alive at very little expense they hastened to hoist, by dint of acclamations, their unworthy compatriot to the niche of these great men. Besides, I have had the good fortune to escape the most danger-

ous reef in this country. Up to a certain point a historian is always a politician, and each reader, according to his particular opinions, seeks in the most remote centuries the sentiments of the writer on the different men, Kings, and governments. A *sous-ministre*, who is greatly attached to the prerogatives of the Crown, made me the compliment that I had everywhere inculcated the most healthy maxims. Mr. Walpole, on the other hand, and Lord Camden, both declared partisans of Liberty and even of the Republic, are persuaded that I am not far removed from their ideas. It is at least a proof that I have observed an honest neutrality. Let us consider at present the reverse of the medal and respect the means which it has pleased Heaven to employ for the purpose of humiliating my pride. Could you imagine it possible, my dear Sir, that injustice could be carried so far as to attack the purity of my faith? The Bishops, and a great number of ladies equally respectable by their age and by their accomplishments, have raised an outcry against me. They dare to set forth that the last two chapters of my pretended history are only a satire on the Christian religion—a satire all the more dangerous because it is disguised under a veil of moderation and impartiality, and because the emissary of Satan, after having long amused his reader with a very agreeable narration, insensibly conducts his steps into the infernal snare. You perceive, Sir, all the horror of this proceeding, and you well understand that I shall oppose nothing but a respectful silence to the clamours of my enemies.

‘And the translation?’ Are you going soon to have me read and burnt in the remainder of Europe? After a short suspension, the reasons of which it is scarcely necessary to explain, I have continued sending the sheets as they left the press. They passed regularly by Gottingen, whence M. Sprengel will have been careful to forward them to you, and the English original in its entirety must long have been in your hands. What use have you made of it? Is the translation finished? At what time, in what place, under what form, do you propose to have

<sup>1</sup> Deyverdun had agreed to translate the history into French, but writing to Mme. Necker, November 26, 1776, Gibbon says that this plan had fallen through owing to his friend's laziness; and the work was committed to M. Leclerc de Septchênes, succeeding volumes being continued by MM. de Meunier and Cantwell.



it appear? I cannot help fearing the accidents which may have happened to it on the road, and above all your indolence or even your distractions; the more so because I have heard in several ways that you are occupied with a translation of I know not what German work. In spite of my silence you might have informed me of the state of things. In any case you have not an instant to lose, and for this reason. M. le Duc de Choiseul,<sup>1</sup> who is infatuated with my work, has communicated to Mr. Walpole his intention of having it translated at the earliest moment. I believe I have put a stop to this plan by assuring them that your translation was already being printed at Leipsic, but I cannot long answer for events, and it would be equally annoying to be anticipated by a fine wit of Paris or by the manoeuvre of a Dutch publisher.

‘There you have a sufficiently honest epistle. I know, however, that you ought scarcely to give me credit for it, as it turns entirely upon myself. I have a thousand other things to write to you about and as many questions to ask you. Count upon another letter in a week. Come, do not be afraid. I have sworn by holy friendship, and my oath shall not remain without effect.

‘Entirely yours,

‘E. GIBBON.’<sup>2</sup>

Among the collection of letters and documents loaned to me by M. Ernest Chavannes, I also found a contemporary copy of the above letter in the handwriting of M. Clavel de Brenles, who thus annotated it:

‘As a literary document, this letter is not without interest. A celebrated author gives an account to his friend of one of the most flattering moments in his life for his self-esteem. After having laboured with fame in perspective for ten years, he has just delivered to the public the first volume of his great work. Its success surpasses his hopes, and he asks his friend to share the joy which he feels. A portion of this letter is especially remarkable—that in which he speaks of the reproaches addressed

<sup>1</sup> ‘I have met the Duke of Choiseul at his particular request.’—Gibbon to Holroyd, June 16, 1777.

<sup>2</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte. Facsimile made for the author by M. Buttner-Thierry.



to him on the score of irreligion. The subject perhaps merited being treated with less levity and irony; and assuredly he would have employed different language if he had been writing to any other than a friend. Moreover, it is evident that he did not think a serious defence on this point useful to the interests of his fame. We already knew, by a work of Gibbon's youth, that he wrote French correctly. A slight foreign *nuance* in this letter does not render the style disagreeable to the reader.'

On May 22, 1776, Thomas Falconer, the learned author of 'Chronological Tables from Solomon to Alexander,' says to Charles Gray:

'Gibbon's decline of the Roman Empire is a very ingenious work. . . . His two last chapters against Christianity are I dare say little more than compilations from various authors, for he can hardly have consulted so many as he mentions. If it was enquired into I strongly suspect he has filched a large portion from old Dodwell's whimsical dissertation *De paucitate martyrum*. . . . Our Bp. of Chester (an excellent military historian) is very angry with him about his account of a legion, but being less versed in the minutiae of Roman history, I do not know where the error lies.' He is pursuing his work on Strabo.<sup>1</sup>

In the same month M. and Mme. Necker made a visit to London, and Gibbon was their constant host and attendant. On their side the Neckers pressingly invited him to visit them, and late in the spring of 1777 he set out for Paris, returning to England six months later. At this time he made the acquaintance of everybody worthy of note, and especially mentions his meeting with M. de Buffon and his dispute with the Abbé de Mably. 'Mr. Walpole,' he says, 'gave me an introduction to Madame du Deffand, an agreeable young lady of eighty-two years of age'—whom Voltaire called 'l'aveugle clairvoyante'—which recalls the familiar story: This lady, being blind, when passing her hand over the historian's face, as was her custom on the introduction of a new visitor, was betrayed into a misapprehension, more ludicrous in occurrence than delicate in

<sup>1</sup> From the MS. collections of James Round, Esq., M.P., of Birch Hall, Essex, communicated to the author by J. Horace Round, Esq.

recital, but which she resented as an offensive advantage taken of her misfortune.<sup>1</sup>

‘ A dame whose blindness was a piteous case,  
And whose soft hand his countenance explored,  
No features in so fat a mass could trace,  
But said it was a thing below the human face.’<sup>2</sup>

Whatever the truth of this may be, the correspondence between the two continuously shows that they entertained nothing but feelings of friendship towards each other.

Gibbon says at this time: ‘ The more I see of Paris, the more I like it.’ He mentions dining by *accident* with Franklin. Upon his return to London he tells us: ‘ I never found my mind more vigorous nor my composition more happy than in the winter hurry of society and parliament.’

He had written from Calais, October 31, 1777, to Mme. Necker, the subjoined being a translation :

‘ We agreed the other day, Madame, that the feeble language of words is incapable of rendering the truth of sentiments. I experience it so well at this moment that I have torn up with indignation several lines which I had just traced. Let us therefore preserve silence: our souls know how to speak and reply to each other without calling to their aid the pen and the post. We have been at Calais since the day before yesterday, and half the British nation is shut up with us in this port by tempests and contrary winds. I know so well your sensibility that I fear to leave to it the anxiety of exaggerating another difficulty which concerns me personally; I wish to speak of a slight attack of gout—the fruit perhaps of the dinners and suppers of Paris—of which I have this morning felt the first twinges. It shows itself, however, under so mild and even kind a form that it merely proves the goodness of the temperament in which it has deigned to take up its abode. After having passed a good night I may very well find myself delivered to-morrow morning of this unfortunate visitor, and I should then not be without hope of sleeping in my own country. If the enemy insists on attacking the stronghold I shall find at Calais everything that

<sup>1</sup> *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1844.

<sup>2</sup> *The Luminous Historian, or, Learning and Love*, from *Eccentricities for Edinburgh* of George Colman the younger.

my condition may require in the way of aid and even amusements. I am writing in the apartments of Lord Spencer, where I pass the day in a comfortable armchair. I hear already the noisy crowd returning from the Comedy. If I were less assured of your friendship I would beg you to preserve it for me. It is the consolation and the glory of my life. Assure Monsieur Necker of my entire esteem; in applying it to him I give a very great extension to this word. You will shortly receive news of my voyage or my stay.' <sup>1</sup>

In 1778 he wrote his '*Mémoire Justificatif*' in support of the British policy towards France, which he composed at the request of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and Lord Weymouth, Secretary of State. Beaumarchais praised the manner in which it was written, and ascribed it to Lord Stormont, British Ambassador to France.

In February 1779 he made his defence against the attacks on his offensive fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, and entitled it '*My Vindication*.' It was 'expressive of less anger than contempt,' he says in his *Memoirs*, and even this anger gave way to 'pure and placid indifference.'

Later in the year he was appointed a Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, through the influence of his friend the Attorney-General, Mr. Wedderburn, as a reward for his good offices to the Government. It was not a difficult post, and he 'enjoyed many days and weeks of repose, without being called away from my library to the office.' This sinecure increased his income by some £750 a year.

Fox alleged that Gibbon had said, eleven days before his acceptance of office, 'that there was no salvation for this country until six heads of the principal persons in the administration were laid upon the table.' Gibbon himself, rather cynically, informs Deyverdun (May 20, 1783): 'You have not forgotten that I entered Parliament without patriotism, without ambition, and that all my views were bounded by the convenient and respectable place of a Lord of Trade.'

Writing to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Eliot in this year (1779), he complains of continued pecuniary embarrassment, his expendi-

<sup>1</sup> In French, unpublished. Loaned to the author by Count d'Haussonville; the original is in the archives of the Duke de Broglie.

ture being far above his income. He had been unsuccessful in disposing of his landed property, and was uncertain whether he would remain in England or withdraw 'into a kind of philosophic exile in Switzerland.'

He had held office only three years when the Board of Trade was temporarily abolished, but he still retained his seat in Parliament. He appears to have had hopes of securing the place of Commissioner of the Excise; and in 1783 he sought the post of Secretary of Embassy at Paris, to which was attached a salary of £1,200, but his friend Mr. Fox decided in favour of Mr. Anthony Storer. Gibbon lost his seat for Liskeard about the same time, although at the general election he became member for the Borough of Lymington, Hants; but he abandoned his parliamentary career after Lord North's retirement.

In spite of interruptions he was diligently continuing his History. He writes to Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, Sept. 17, 1779: 'I begin to reckon, and as well as I can calculate, I believe, that in twelve or fourteen months I shall be brought to bed, perhaps of twins; may they live, and prove as healthy as their elder brother!' His calculations were correct; the second and third volumes were published in 1781 and were received with even greater eagerness than the first.

In April 1781 Gibbon wrote to Mme. Necker: 'After a silence of three years I venture to send you, Madame, a letter of thirteen hundred pages, the second and the third volume of my History, which you will receive, addressed by the post to M. Necker.'

He visited Mr. Hayley at Eartham in this same year, and in the autumn spent several weeks at Brighton. The following summer (1782) he was installed at Hampton Court Villa, and he thus describes his mode of living: 'Every morning I walk a mile or more before breakfast, read and write *quantum sufficit*, mount my chaise and visit in the neighbourhood, accept some invitations, and escape others, use the Lucans as my daily bread, reserve for study an hour or two in the evening, lie in town regularly once a week, &c., &c., &c.' On September 28 he dined at Sir Joshua Reynolds', where he was a frequent guest.

In a letter to his friend and neighbour Francis Hugonin,

June 6, 1782, after speaking of his pecuniary embarrassments since the loss of his offices, he refers to the political situation : ' We are all in confusion and amaze at Mr. Fox's resignation. We shall hear his reason next Tuesday, but I think it an act of passion rather than prudence, as he does not carry his whole party with him. Mr. W. Pitt will be a minister at three-and-twenty. The Duke of Richmond and General Conway stay with Lord Shelburne. Lord Keppel is out ; perhaps Howe succeeds him, but everything is uncertain.' <sup>1</sup>

Gibbon's failure to obtain a post under Government, combined with his expensive manner of living in London, turned his thoughts seriously towards Lausanne as a place where he might enjoy comfort and even luxury on his present income. His friends looked upon this step with displeasure, and endeavoured to dissuade him from carrying it into effect, but without success.

He writes to Deyverdun, May 20, 1783 : ' If I decide upon exile, my choice will not be doubtful. Lausanne has had my first-fruits ; it will always be dear to me by the sweet souvenir of my youth. After thirty years, I remember the rascals who are now judges, the little girls of the société du Printems, who have become grandmothers.' But Mézery would neither suit

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, Feb. 21, 1857. General Conway, M.P., made the motion to discontinue the war against America, which passed the House of Commons Feb. 27, 1782, by 234 to 215.

Gibbon's friend Hugonin was descended from the Swiss François Louis Hugonin, who in his youth settled in England and became a captain in the Indian army. One of his descendants became a general, and another was the wife of the late Sir Roderick Murchison. (Letter of M. Jules Cuénod, of Vevey, April 27, 1881, to the author.)

We have had occasion to refer to the family of Hugonin in connection with Mme. de Warens. It possessed already in 1399, under the name of Borgonyon (Burgondi), the right of bourgeoisie at La Tour de Peilz. Louis Hugonin, the first who bore this name—which was the prénom of his father—was Châtelain of the Château du Châtelard in 1473. He died in 1502. His son Jacques Hugonin, married in 1510, noble Guillauma, daughter of noble Barthélemy d'Arbignon, coseignior of the Val d'Iliez. Jacques was vice-Châtelain of Nyon in 1516. Charles, Duke of Savoy, gave letters of nobility to him and to his brother Humbert at Chambéry, January 3, 1518. Noble Jacques received with his wife a part of the Seignior of the Val d'Iliez. From 1529 to 1535 he was Châtelain of Vevey, la Tour, and Blonay for François de Luxembourg, Vicomte de Martignes. Pierre Hugonin succeeded his father in this latter office. He had three sons by his second and last marriage. One of them, Daniel, was, in 1587, Châtelain of Châtelard for the noble brothers Jean and Jean-Baptiste Rotaz, Barons of Châtelard. The family of Hugonin has never ceased to hold high position at La Tour de Peilz, Vevey.

his age nor character. 'I must have a commodious and pleasantly situated house, a state above that of the bourgeoisie, a learned husband, a wife who would not resemble Madame Pavilliard, and the assurance of being received like an only son or rather like the brother of the family.'

## CHAPTER CXL

HAVING brought Gibbon to this point, let us now see what Deyverdun has been doing in the meanwhile. We have mentioned in a previous chapter Deyverdun's travels with young Sir Richard Worsley, some of whose unpublished letters I found in La Grotte, with others from E. Sheldon.<sup>1</sup> One of Deyverdun's friends, Sandeforth Streatfeild, in a letter of November 30, 1770, expresses his warm regard :

'Our Family is in the same situation as when you left England. . . . We frequently regret your absence at Wands-  
worth, which place the Family will now shortly leave for the  
Winter. We laid out a good deal of money in the Spring in  
repairing our house there. . . . I read in the Publick News  
Papers the Death of Edw. Gibbon, Esq<sup>r</sup> of Berriton near  
Petersfield in Hampshire; is it the Father or the Son, y<sup>r</sup> old  
acquaintance?'<sup>2</sup>

Gibbon writes in French from London, December 2, 1770, a letter (unpublished), of which I subjoin a translation. He gives an interesting and touching account of his father's last illness and his own constant devotion. He also begins to talk of his possible removal to Lausanne and his desire to have the constant companionship of his friend Deyverdun, who is now in La Grotte at Lausanne with his aunt Mme. de Bochat; and he takes occasion in passing to hazard the friendly advice that Deyverdun should immediately return to his young charge, Sir Richard Worsley, who as we see in a letter from him to

<sup>1</sup> One written in December 1769 is addressed to Deyverdun at Nancy (Lorraine).

<sup>2</sup> In English. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier. From Mr. Streatfeild descend the present family of Streatfeild-Moore of Woodcock Hill.

Deyverdun,<sup>1</sup> was making a journey in the south of France, where he expected to remain three months.

‘It is difficult, my dear Friend, to break a long silence. It is much more difficult to justify it. You already know all the reasons, or more correctly all the excuses, which I can bring forward. You know Man in general, and you know the man Gibbon in particular. “He loves me always,” you have told yourself a thousand times, “and his laziness, which stifles all the proofs of friendship, cannot influence friendship itself. When he was in his solitude of Buriton he found himself, or thought he found himself, unprovided with material. The Capital furnished him with a superabundance, without allowing him the leisure of setting to work upon it. Shame lent new strength to his laziness, while resolutions became weaker every day. When I think of my happy situation and facilities for writing, as well as the variety of scenes through which I have passed, is it not he, even this ingrate and idler, who still has the right to reproach me?”

‘But during the whole of this year the causes of my silence have been, my dear Friend, both more serious and more sad. My father, whom you left full of health, saw himself overwhelmed with infirmities. His eyesight, which began to grow dim, was entirely lost—a privation which removed from him all the pleasures of the country and condemned him to a life of languor and weariness. At the commencement of the summer he felt the approaches of a dropsy accompanied by all the symptoms of a near decline. Art can do nothing when nature is totally worn out. To abridge a recital which must afflict you, my father died about three weeks ago. During the whole time of his illness I did not absent myself from Buriton a single day, I hardly quitted his room a single instant: everything, even my course of reading, was interrupted, and I taste the sad consolation of having fulfilled my filial duties up to the moment when they ceased. There remain to me, I know, many other motives of consolation. I see them, but to feel them I need time to add its strength to that of reason.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Worsley at Marseilles to George Deyverdun at Lausanne, May 26, 1770.—Unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.



‘ You understand, though you cannot sufficiently understand, the chaos of business in which I see myself plunged. A thousand domestic arrangements to be decided, this immense farm to manage or rather allow it to be managed under my name and at my expense. A sufficiently large succession to make my lot happy, but burdened with a thousand worries from which I must extricate myself. What a situation, for me among all literary men by whom matters of interest, of rustic economy, &c., are the least understood! I cannot form the least solution relative to the kind of life suitable for me to embrace, nor the choice of the country where I could establish myself, before seeing clearly the funds upon which I can count. Be persuaded, my dear Friend, that the idea of living with you will enter for a large part in my plans. Friendship, philosophy, and taste will always speak to me in favour of Switzerland. But will they be sufficiently powerful to carry the day against the whirlpool of London, wretched questions of convenience, the importunities of a kith and kin who persecute me with an admirable tenderness, and views of fortune and ambition which they persist in presenting to me. I myself do not know and am ashamed of my ignorance. However, you will have returned in about fifteen months; I count the instants and am impatient at the slowness of their course. In your counsels and even in your presence I am assured of finding the intelligence and the consolation which I need.

‘ Let us speak of yourself. You are in the midst of your country in that Lausanne of which I think with pleasure; you have found again the tenderness of Madame de Bochat, the friendship of our de Saussure, and the charms of a society which must, however, have suffered changes. In the middle of the summer, at a time when all my attention was fixed on a single object, I learnt by very indirect means the fact, which I traced finally to Captain Worsley, that you had left the Chevalier<sup>1</sup> in order to visit your country, while he wandered through the southern provinces of France. This information, which was confirmed to me here, has not failed to make me

<sup>1</sup> Young Sir Richard Worsley, Bart., of Appuldercombe, 1751–1805, M.P. for Newport, and Clerk of the Privy Council. He married in 1775 the daughter of Sir John Fleming, Bart. The title became extinct in 1825.



uneasy. These separations, my dear Friend, however short they may be, nearly always give rise to rumours or at least to unfavourable suspicions concerning both the governor and the pupil. In your case my fears are all on one side. I am quite sure that Worsley is satisfied with you; I doubt if you are satisfied with his conduct. Without seeking to look into mysteries which you do well, perhaps, in concealing, I make use of the rights friendship gives to hazard a counsel which it will be easy for you to apply and see if it is suited to the actual circumstances. Unless you have sufficiently powerful reasons for a complete rupture with this young man, rejoin him at the earliest moment. Perhaps you have already done so, and will laugh with him at my foolish fears. So much the better.

‘So poor de Saussure has known with sad rapidity everything that a sensitive heart can experience of felicity and misfortune! Embrace him from me, assure him that I shall always count him among that small number of friends whose memory is too deeply engraved in my heart for time, absence, and distance ever to efface it. At the same time assure all my *acquaintances* of the sentiments which are respectively due to them.

‘I conclude. A mind more gay and more free would be needed to entertain you with the gossip of the town, the theatre (which is not equal to the very pretty marionettes we have here), and of our Muses which are mute since you cease to animate them. A *Tancrède*, that of Voltaire, is announced (after the fêtes), for thank God we still know how to translate. Our dissensions are disappearing. Wilkes has quarrelled with the remnants of his party. Everything seems to unite against the common enemy. It is thought that Lord Chatham will guide the British Thunder. Adieu. Entirely yours,

‘GIBBON.’<sup>1</sup>

As I have already remarked, Deyverdun now became the governor of young Philip Stanhope, the kinsman of Lord Chesterfield and his successor in the title. Philip Stanhope, now seventeen, writes to Deyverdun, both being in London, June 15, 1772, the subjoined characteristic letter:—

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte. Facsimile in the author's possession.

‘SIR,—Nothing could be more in accord with my sentiments than your letter. It was always my intention to propose that you should be my friend and not my tutor, for, to speak frankly, I do not like this latter name, and even though I might follow willingly the counsels of a friend, I would not perhaps submit myself to those of a tutor. If we agree upon all other matters as upon this, I do not doubt that I shall have a most pleasant journey with you. With respect to the domestic servant, Mylord orders me to tell you to do what seems to you best. . . .

‘I shall not be able to accompany you this evening to the ball, as Mylord is not at all well and I do not know whether I shall go; but as the ball does not begin until 9 o’clock I may perhaps be there after he is in bed.

‘I bought this morning a good coffer which I shall have the honour to show you the first time you call here. Adieu.

‘P. STANHOPE.’<sup>1</sup>

Deyverdun and Stanhope having proceeded to the University of Leipsic, the Earl of Chesterfield writes to the former a letter which has not been published. The last lines give a hint as to the young man his heir, and show Lord Chesterfield’s high opinion of Deyverdun:—

‘Chesterfield House; November 4, 1772.

‘I must make the same excuse for this Letter that I troubled you with in my former, My Secretary not being Master enough of French to answer you in that Language.

‘I had a very good Letter, if a true one, from your Pupil. He applied Himself to Lectures when at Leipsig, and is now going to Dresden with a very pretty young fellow, who will neither give Him bad advice or bad example. Going into that of Company will scrape of [f] some of the English Dirt, that He carried abroad with Him. I will not conceal from you that I observed in Him while here not so great a desire of pleasing, or

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections discovered by the author in La Grotte. I found in La Grotte an account-book of the Deyverdun family, one page headed, ‘Account of what I bought while Mr. Stanhope was staying with us.’ The date is not attached, but the other items refer to the years 1739–1747. This was undoubtedly the natural son of Lord Chesterfield to whom his letters were addressed.

rather none, as I could have wished; without that desire no man can please, with that desire every Man will please to a certain degree. Therefore I recommend to you to inculcate that truth in Him, as Strongly as possible, which nobody can do better than yourself, both by precept and Example. Nothing will do this effectually but the frequenting of good Company, and the People *du bon ton* wherever He goes. I confess that I have this at heart to a degree of weakness, and whoever has lived in the world as long as I have, which is very near four score years, have found themselves shocked by the ill breeding of many of their acquaintance. Adieu, Sr, You have in your Hands what I hold the most precious and valuable to me, and I am convinced It cou'd not be in better.

‘ I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, Sr,

‘ Your most obedient Humble Serv<sup>t</sup>,

‘ CHESTERFIELD.’<sup>1</sup>

The Earl died March 24, 1773, and Deyverdun's pupil succeeded, as announced in the following letter from Sir Charles Thompson, one of the executors, to George Deyverdun :

‘ Old Bond Street : March 25, 1773.

‘ SIR, —I think it my duty to announce to you the death of Mylord Chesterfield; and to inform you that, having found from his Will that he had thought well to confide to the Earl of Huntingdon and to me the general care of the education of Monsieur Stanhope, now Earl of Chesterfield, I shall have occasion to write to you again as soon as I receive the reply of Mylord Huntingdon, or perhaps sooner if there should be found among the papers of the late Lord his last thoughts upon your conduct and that of Mylord, to whom I am writing to-day.’<sup>2</sup>

The new Lord Chesterfield's career afterwards justified his predecessor's high opinion of Deyverdun's useful influence. Born in 1755, the fifth Earl of Chesterfield married first in 1777

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

Anne, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Thistlethwaite, D.D.; and secondly in 1799 Henrietta, third daughter of Thomas, first Marquess of Bath. He became Master of the Horse and was Knight of the Garter. His eldest son, born in 1805, succeeded as sixth Earl August 29, 1815.

Almost at the same moment, April 1773, Monsieur S. Dayrolles writes confidentially from London, to 'Monsieur Deyverdun, chez Mylord Chesterfield, à Leipsig,' concerning his pupil and the death of the late Lord Chesterfield :

'The last letter which you did me the honour to write to me is dated March 15. It reached me only three days after the death of Mylord Chesterfield. I could have replied earlier, but I waited until we were informed of the decision which your pupil would take on learning this news, especially as it was feared that he might be inclined to come at once to England ; and, as I have only just returned to London from a short visit to the country, it was not until last night that I learned he had no intention yet of leaving Leipsic.

'As the executors had seen the letter which you addressed to the late Lord Chesterfield, I have thought that I ought, in your own as well as in your pupil's interests, to communicate to them this one which you wrote with the intention of its being seen by the late Lord. This was necessary in order that they might be informed of the disagreeable situation in which you are placed with regard to M. de Grothausen. This connection was displeasing to his uncle Mylord Stanhope ; and the Chevalier Thompson thinks with me that the only means of breaking it off would be by removing your pupil from Leipsic, and nothing could be better than his return to England for a few weeks.

'Mr. Stanhope, and Sir George Saville, one of his tutors under the will of his father, would not oppose this plan, except perhaps from the fear that once here it might be difficult to send him back to the Continent. In this connection Mr. Stanhope, who spoke to me about it last night, told me that he would be delighted if you would write to the Chevalier Thompson and inform him of everything regarding his (Mr. Stanhope's) nephew, with the request that he would communicate it to the other executors ; and that you might write this on a separate sheet of

paper enclosed in your letter, for we are persuaded that the Chevalier Thompson will not abuse your confidence.

‘Lord Chesterfield’s death has been an irreparable loss to me, but what adds to my grief is the wrong done to his reputation by a Will which seems to have been calculated expressly for the purpose of discontenting all those interested in it with the almost single exception of myself. He has left me, as a proof of his friendship, £100 for the purchase of a ring—a very particular distinction, as I am the only one to whom he has left anything outside of his relatives, his servants or his executors. . . .’<sup>1</sup>

Judge Victor de Saussure writes in French from Lausanne to George Deyverdun at Leipsic, June 11, 1773, and therein warns him against his imaginative and impulsive nature :

‘I learn from Mlle. D. that you are alive and enraged against everybody because no one writes to you. I do not know how this may be, but the girl wrote you at least four letters without receiving a reply. Mlle. de C. wrote one, to which it is true you do well not to reply ; and I, the most indolent being and the least ready of penmen, I wrote twice this winter without being able to get a single word from you. . . . I informed you in my last that Mme. de Bochat was very anxious about you, especially since the death of Mylord Chesterfield.

‘I sent you the account of your affairs for which you asked. I informed you of their state and especially of your vines, which I hope you will find surprisingly prosperous. I took the liberty of addressing to you some little exhortations, recommending economy and exactitude ; but I see that what you need is a contented mind. Fortune does everything for you and you will do nothing for her. You murmur, so Mlle. D. told me. And at what, I pray you ? Because you are not in the exact position you would wish to occupy ! And who is, I pray you ? You would not be six months in that which your imagination represents to you as so pleasing, when perhaps you would regret that which you had just left. Beware of an imagination which runs too fast ; beware of yourself, of your heart, of your humour, and

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished manuscript collections of M. Louis Grenier. M. S. Dayrolles belonged to the family of M. Jacques de Teissonière d’Ayrolles, British Minister to the United Provinces in 1723, uncle of Mme. de Loÿs de Bochat and grand-uncle of George Deyverdun.

of an enthusiasm which, I confess, can give rise to noble actions, but also to follies.

‘Your health is poor, you say. My dear friend, I sympathise with you extremely; it is a real evil. . . . Lausanne is full of princesses, of nobility, of French ladies, who have come upon us like hail. Write, I conjure you, to Mme. de Bochat, who is alarmed, anxious, and murmurs, but who loves you. . . .’<sup>1</sup>

M. de Watteville, afterward Bernese Bailiff at Vevey, writes from Berlin to George Deyverdun at Leipsic, April 3, 1773:

‘I have arrived here, my dear Friend, without accident; my stay at Potsdam only lasted a week, and during that time I amused myself greatly. The Prince was very gracious towards me. On arriving here I paid a few visits, and now I am fêted every day and amuse myself royally, in company, at the play, or in the park watching the manœuvres. Boaton salutes you.’

He supped with M. de Zimedorf, and heard that Ec(k), ‘our prophet,’ had been deposed from his professorial chair at Leipsic.

‘How are your domestic affairs progressing? Your present condition troubles me exceedingly, and to-day more than ever, since Mylord [Chesterfield] must be on his deathbed. - But, my dear Friend and good Deyverdun, if ever you are obliged to leave Stanhope and return home, do not forget a friend who is to-day amusing himself at Berlin; come and join him in this capital and believe that you cannot give him greater pleasure or mark of friendship than by occupying a seat in his carriage in a journey to Paris. Mlle. Schmeling has entirely recovered. She sang before the Queen the day before yesterday. She leaves at Easter for St. Petersburg, although the King offered her eight thousand crowns; she wants ten, and for less she will not remain in Prussia. . . . I conclude, praying you to salute Mr. Stanhope and M. de Grothausen.’<sup>2</sup>

With the preceding letter was one of the same date from M. de Boaton to Deyverdun, thanking him for sending a piece of poetry entitled ‘Le Tableau de Bougi,’ of which Deyverdun

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

was the author. He will take the liberty of having it published in a sheet of M. de Francheville. He also thanks Deyverdun for the works on freemasonry. He had written a short time before to 'our friend Grand.'<sup>1</sup>

M. de Watteville, dating from Berne, addresses his letter, November 6, 1774, in the following quaint style: 'To George Deyverdun, Esq., at Mr. Gibbons, Bentink Street, Oxfort Street, Westminster, London':

'My dear Friend,—Here you are then in your dear London! From what I have just learned through our friend Bugnion, your Mylord wishes to become a member of parliament. I wish him success with all my heart, and you also, provided it procures us the pleasure of seeing you again in Switzerland soon. . . . I hope that your journey was a good one, and that you arrived in time to cast your vote in favour of your dear friend Wilkes as Lord Mayor. My brother left for Paris three weeks ago, and I accompanied him as far as Besançon, a town I had never before visited.' His friends 'worry him to death' to marry a young heiress, but as she is not pretty he does not wish it. 'Do not forget, I pray you, to bring me back four English prints, and if you can conveniently carry an English round black hat you will give me great pleasure.'<sup>2</sup>

George Deyverdun, writing to his aunt, Mme. de Bochat, at Lausanne, January 6, 1774, assures her of his affection. It is by sensibility for her that he has not communicated to her the unpleasant news of the position in which he has been. He confesses that order and economy are not among his qualities, but these defects will diminish with age. He has done some little honour to his country and his friends, and has always lived as a gentleman. 'Without doubt, I love the pleasures of society, but I have sometimes proved that I could do without them. When one is successful in society, it is quite natural to like it. Do you also not like it, Madame? . . . The letter which you have had the kindness to send to me was from Gibbon—a charming letter in which he invites me to join him this summer. . . . I hope, my dear aunt, that this rigorous weather will not have

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



an evil influence upon your health. The year has commenced tragically at Lausanne with the catastrophe which has happened to young Rosset.'<sup>1</sup>

Professor Michel Huber (1727-1804), a German *littérateur* who lived for some time at Paris, writes from Leipsic to George Deyverdun, February 6, 1774 :

' . . . Knowing that you are completely separated from Mylord Chesterfield, I think it would be prudent for me to give up all hope of ever possessing the famous engravings which he promised me repeatedly, and which I thought to have. . . . I am awaiting impatiently the work from your pen which you announce. From my knowledge of your character I am afraid that I shall be compelled to refute the dangerous paradoxes it is sure to contain. The proximity of the old sinner of Ferney has again spoiled you ; for your own salvation you ought always to frequent people as pious as ourselves. Our friends have produced nothing new, except Clodius, who has composed some Latin verses in praise of our Mécenas, Prince Jablonowsky. Engel has taken it into his head to catch the jaundice. . . . Your story [concerning young Rosset] is indeed tragic, but unfortunately it is not new. It appears that the people of your country get rapidly to work and are hot-headed. If I regret the young man who has followed too closely the impulse of nature, I cannot help pitying the relatives who are too much attached to human institutions. According to your principles, which smack somewhat of the stake, you ought to blame the poor relatives without restriction. My friend, let us not kill ourselves so easily ; do not listen to passion alone, but pay a little attention to reason, and as a last resource let us read the ' *Traité du Suicide* ' of our mutual friend, M. Dumas.'<sup>2</sup> M. Blondin, his wife and son, salute him tenderly. ' Nothing new here this morning except that a young lady of our acquaintance threw herself into the river and was drowned. But with you these things cause no sensation.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Dumas of Leipsic, a Protestant pastor, of French origin, who died in 1799. The *Traité du Suicide* was written to refute a part of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.

<sup>3</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.



Lord Chesterfield writes from Hanau August 29, 1775, to George Deyverdun (*poste restante*, Göttingen), who, having left Lord Chesterfield, had taken under his charge Brodrick Lord Middleton and Mr. Alexander Hume :

‘ On arriving at Frankfort the other evening, I had the pleasure of receiving two of your letters, my dear Deyverdun. I was sorry to learn that I shall not have the pleasure of embracing you, as it is impossible for me to pass through Leipsic. My route runs by Manheim, Carlsruhe, Strasburg and Munich. If you will write to me I shall find your letter if addressed to the *poste restante*, Munich. Up to the present we have had a very pleasant journey, spending fifteen most agreeable days at Spa. We are now beginning our round of the courts here, where I arrived yesterday, proposing to pass four or five days. We agree pretty well. St. Germain is rather sharp-tempered. At first it grieved me, but now I am accustomed to it, and it does not worry me. My cousin is a charming travelling companion ; always gay, and always wishing to be in company, so that I do not doubt we three will make an agreeable tour. . . . It is said that your Bear<sup>1</sup> is very silent ; he did not give much satisfaction at Frankfort ; on the contrary, he is never mentioned except to be laughed at, and this causes me pain on your account. I have said all the good things I could, and attributed his silence to his small knowledge of the French language and to the fear of exposing himself by speaking in a language with which he was not thoroughly acquainted. I believe, however, that you will make something of him.

‘ I suppose that you suffer from *ennui* at Göttingen. I know your character so well that I pity you most sincerely. Tell me in your next letter if you have any news of Polier. He is a very nice fellow and I take a deep interest in his future. I hope he is satisfied with his Irish situation, and has no love affair in his head.

‘ You will say that my letters are not only long but prolix. By the way, when you write you always forget the top of the page. Instead of leaving it blank I pray you to fill it at least with the scandal of Göttingen.

<sup>1</sup> Brodrick, Lord Middleton.

'Grothaus(en), St. Germain and the little one send you a thousand compliments. Do not forget me to Mr. Hume, and believe me always

'Your faithful Friend,

'CHESTERFIELD.'<sup>1</sup>

From Leipzig, where he had become one of the founders of the French Academy established in that city, Deyverdun proceeded to Göttingen, remaining some fifteen months. Afterwards at Lausanne he read a paper on the latter University before the Samedi or the Mercredi—societies which assembled at the house of Mme. de Charrière de Bavois.

He says that he only knew of one professor who received young people at his table—M. Georges Louis Boehmer [1715-1797], the famous professor of law, brother of Samuel, privy councillor of Frederick II., and himself a famous jurist. They had inherited their tastes and talents from their father, Juste Henning Boehmer. Of course, as a general principle, a table frequented in this way is dearer than others, the fact being that at the best one consumes as poor food and drink as is to be had at Göttingen. As for the lodgings, they can be found in the houses of the professors. M. Boehmer has fine apartments, but very dear. He continues: 'We lodged with two friends in the house of M. Agred, professor of law, and we gave twenty *vieux louis* a year for three rooms with a small cabinet on the second floor, and a servant's room on the third. If one wishes to be well placed and breathe good air, he should seek to find rooms in what is called the Allée, which is a promenade planted with trees on both sides, and garnished with handsome houses where various professors live, and which is greatly frequented by the English, who are supposed to have more to pay with than other people. Besides these, there is in the same place the house of the camlet-maker Gretzel, who has a charming wife. He is very ugly and brutal, and very jealous of his wife, and frowns upon any attentions paid to her. Mr. Murray, the botanical professor, whose wife is the daughter of the celebrated Linnæus, has also a house very well known. His avarice is stronger than his jealousy, and allows him to receive students. All the lessons

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

called *Collegia privata* are in German; those who do not understand this language are obliged to learn it, or else take up the 'Collèges privatissimes,' in Latin, even in French and English if necessary. These lessons are very dear, and the professors thereof are so besieged by pupils that they do not trouble about them. In such cases one has recourse to the 'Magistri legentes,' who give the lessons at a lower price, and often quite as well. M. Heyne, the celebrated professor in Greek and the librarian, asks me twenty *vieux louis* for a 'privatissime' of three months upon Greek authors. This price varies infinitely, as when there are several students the sum is divided between them. For history there are many able men. The most sought after and the one who merits the highest encomium is a M. Schlozer, who has a peculiar talent for teaching, and an attractive way of speaking. He delivers lectures on history and politics, and of all the professors that I have heard in the universities of Germany he is the one who has given me the greatest pleasure. He would certainly give 'privatissimes' in Latin or French. He is very fond of foreigners, and especially of the Swiss. I do not know who replaces M. Achemvale, the famous author, in Germany, but the course of lectures which he gave and which his successor will read, related to the present state of the different powers of Europe, and they are most interesting and instructive. In physics we have M. Hollmann; in fine arts, M. Dieze, who will give 'privatissimes'; in mathematics, Kästner, and a number of others; in logic and metaphysics one has abundance; in law there is a large choice, for one finds here the ablest men of Germany. For the matter of that, when one is on the spot one can more readily be informed, as much may have changed since yesterday. As for pleasure, there is scarcely any. The amusements in which the students indulge, such as horses, sleighing, or play, are dangerous and expensive. There are many *demi-mondaines*, but scarcely any virtuous women; and nine hundred or a thousand young men who have just picked their way out of the shell of innocence go on at a great rate. Very few of the professors' wives are visible, either from jealousy or other reasons. One sees others on Sundays in their strict and ceremonious assemblies, which are infinitely wearisome. Clothing is very dear; the less one buys the better. The people

who sell are all more or less thieves if one buys on credit. The riding school is good and tolerably cheap. In general, I consider that a young man with his governor who wishes to live honourably at Göttingen, ought to have from four to five hundred pieces a year. The library at Göttingen is the largest and best composed in Germany and perhaps in Europe. One finds here all the books that are required, in all languages and on all subjects. Each student has the right to carry home volumes for use, when he has been recommended by a professor, and permission is always granted by the authorities to those whom they know.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Abraham Hume writes from Wormleybury to Deyverdun at Leipsic (at Professor M. Huber's), January 17, 1776, a confidential letter concerning his brother Alexander. He asks him to sound his pupil as to his feelings towards the youngest daughter of Colonel Egerton, and gives the latest news from America, where affairs are going from bad to worse.<sup>2</sup>

Lord Chesterfield writes to George Deyverdun, from La Retraite, April 18, 1776:

'How goes the gout with good compère Deyverdun? I picture him to myself stretched on a sofa, reading Milton, and with one foot swathed in flannel. Seriously, I fear that you are ill, and cannot go out, otherwise you would have visited the boors of Ratzwitz. Keep yourself well indoors, and do not go out during this damp weather. Councillor Dubese, who did us the pleasure of coming to waken us this morning, recommends blankets and a microscope. If you come out to-morrow, you will go to the Opera, and in that case I send you a ticket.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

<sup>2</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections discovered by the author in La Grotte.

Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., F.R.S., F.S.A., of Wormleybury, Herts, eldest son of Abraham Hume, Esq. (created first baronet in 1769), commissary-general of the army, and grandson of Robert Hume, married Amelia, daughter of Right Rev. John Egerton, Bishop of Durham, and had two daughters, Amelia, who married Charles Lord Farnborough, and Emily Sophia, who married the Earl of Brownlow.

His younger brother, Alexander, a wealthy squire of St. Clare, co. Kent, born about 1758, married Frances, daughter of William Evelyn, Esq., and took the name and arms of Evelyn. She died without issue 1834.

Sir Abraham died in 1838, when the baronetcy became extinct.

The Hume arms were: Vert, a lion rampant argent.

<sup>3</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

George Deyverdun interested himself in collections of minerals, and M. Roques de Maumont, Professor Royal, at Zelle, offers to Sir Abraham Hume his minerals from the Hartz Mountains.

M. P. F. Seidel writes from Weimar to George Deyverdun, Jan. 4, 1776, with regard to the latter's proposed translation of *Werther*.<sup>1</sup> We shall see by a later letter that Deyverdun did, in this case, carry his project into execution.

Monsieur D. Chodowiecki (1726-1801), celebrated as a painter and engraver, and as the author of many of the illustrations in the work of Lavater, writes from Berlin to Deyverdun at Leipsic, March 16, 1776, asking for more time to deliver the two engravings which had been ordered of him.

'As to where you should place your engravings, I think they would be better after the title-page than at the beginning of the book. It seems to me that when they are at the beginning of a work the title-page should be ornamented. . . . I do not think that your *Werther* will be completed by the time your engravings will leave. If you are agreeable I will also keep back *Le Cabinet d'un Peintre* and the little *Têtes de Lavater*. . . .'<sup>2</sup>

A week later he sends the engravings and a few proofs for his friends. '*Werther* is not yet finished; Berger has just brought the first proof to me for correction, and it will not be the last. I shall be delighted to hear that you are as pleased with the engravings as you were with the drawings. You will see, Sir, that I have had to place *Werther's* bed further back. I have darkened the room by means of a roller-blind which I imagine to be almost entirely lowered. I have also placed the second pistol on the desk, and I think that both will be recognisable. In the other room Lotte is represented cutting bread. I think that Lotte's face has gained in the engraving. The price of the two engravings is forty thalers. I hope that your printer will receive them in time to complete his work before the fair. In any case he could have begun it, having the size. . . .'<sup>3</sup>

Sir Abraham Hume, Hill Street, London, writes to Dey-

<sup>1</sup> In German. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

<sup>2</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

verdun, April 27, 1776, an interesting letter, from its allusions to Gibbon and the 'Decline and Fall,' and to social gossip:

'I embrace this opportunity of sending you two copies of our friend Mr. Gibbon's book, with some English Prints of this and the last year, which I beg you will present with my best compliments to Mons<sup>r</sup> le Professeur Huber, as I understand from you that they would not be unacceptable to him, and as I should be glad to show *d'avance* my obligation for the favor he intends me of sending me his book. The Books come from Mr. Gibbon for you; I had the pleasure of seeing him two days ago, when I acquainted him with the opportunity which now offers of conveying a parcell to Leipzig. He communicated to me your being now employed in translating his book into French; which I am glad he did, as it will be the means of preventing its being done by another person, whose name I do not know, tho' at all events you have the start of him. I am happy you are engaged in an undertaking which must give you so much rational entertainment; its merit has insured its success here, and I think I may venture to say it will lose little by the translation. I hope you and my Brother continue well; my best wishes attend you both; that he may read our friend's work with attention and retention, is not the least of them.

'The D<sup>e</sup> of Kingston's Tryal is over, she no longer keeps that name, being proved to be wife of Lord Bristol. England is Purgatory to her at present; she has left it, and is now seeking a refuge from herself where milder climes, and the more indulgent laws of St. Peter's successors, will preserve her health and her conscience whole for a few years longer—sed coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt. I hope the Prints will please. I expect a letter daily.'<sup>1</sup>

The following unsigned letter from George Deyverdun's banker in London, Monsieur Louis Teissier, to him at Lausanne, August 27, 1776, is interesting from its references to America and the employment of Hessian troops by the British government:

'I will not talk about politics, as I suppose you are informed by the newspapers that up to the present our operations in

<sup>1</sup> In English. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

America have not been very favourable. We have there, however, immense forces before which our chiefs flatter themselves the rebels ought not only to bend, but also surrender themselves bound with their own chains. All this appears to me very problematical.

'You know, my dear Friend, that I have often told you that we could all of us, in every condition of life, be useful to one another, and I will instruct you in what way you might be able to render me a notable service in which it is still possible you might succeed. This is what I had thought of—you are in touch with all the courts of Germany which furnished us with troops; these troops must be paid, and their chiefs receive the money through merchants here whom they appoint for the purpose. This is worth a very handsome commission. When I tell you that if a single house could have all this in its own hands, it would be worth several thousands of pounds sterling a year, and without risk, I do not exaggerate. The question is to receive the money from our treasury and send it to each prince or princelet to whom it is due. You were familiar with different princes and princesses of Germany with whom you lived; could you not use your influence to have me appointed their agent here? All these things hardly ever come to a head unless a little oil is rubbed in the palm of the hand of the minister, *le favori* or *la favorite* of the Prince with whom the choice hangs. It would therefore be necessary for you to agree with him or her who assures this appointment, that he or she will receive annually a quarter of the profits resulting from the operation; you, my friend, another quarter; and I, the remaining two-quarters for my trouble in conducting the matter. See if anything can be got out of this idea. The Hessians are the best, but there are other princes who should not be neglected. Pay attention to the fact that I desire the thing to be offered to me, that is to say, that I do not wish to expose myself to the risk of writing unless I am appointed. I have reasons for following such a line of conduct.'

<sup>1</sup>

Kenneth Ferguson, at Dresden, writing to Deyverdun, at Leipsic, September 9, 1776, mentions Ernst and Just (referred to *post*, p. 426, by William Morton Pitt), and adds:

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.



‘There is no Court here. The Elector is at his summer Palace, and returns after three weeks. The grand Review is to be at Prague the 13. Every body is posting there, and we mean to post it with the rest. The Ambassador tells us ’twould be pity to neglect such an opportunity, and he goes himself, but incog. . . .

‘The Friendship which you have shown me, pray continue; for my part I think myself happy in the opportunity that brought us together. Messrs. Ogilvy of Preston present their best respects to you and Mr. Hume. Please remember us to Mr. and Mrs. Huber, to the Count and Mr. Dorrien. There is here a Mr. Stanhope, a sea officer, of your acquaintance, who proposes soon paying you a visit at Leipsic.’<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER CXLI

DEYVERDUN carried on a correspondence with his friend Christian Auguste Clodius, the German poet and Professor at Leipsic, the son of Christian Clodius (1694–1775), rector at Zwickau and Annaberg. Auguste, born at Annaberg 1738, was intended for the church; but a dangerous illness kept him at home, where he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Major Kleist, who inspired him with his enthusiasm for poetry. Upon arriving at Leipsic Clodius became the friend of Gellert and devoted himself entirely to literature. He obtained the chair of philosophy in 1764, of logic in 1778, and of poetry in 1782. At the time of his death, November 30, 1784, he was perpetual secretary of the Academy of Leipsic (known under the name of the *Société de Jablonowski*); and three years later his wife, *née* Juliani Frédéric Henriette Stözel, published the continuation of one of his works. She also published a translation in prose of the poems of Elizabeth Carter and Charlotte Smith, full of vigour and sensibility. Madame Clodius died at Dresden March 3, 1805, aged 53.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In English. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

<sup>2</sup> C. A. Clodius’s grand uncle, Jean, a Protestant theologian, born in 1645, died June 14, 1738, being at that time the ‘father’ of all the pastors in the electorate of Saxe. His works are remarkable from the singularity of the subjects with which they deal: ‘De genuina et propria significatione Cameli, ad Matth. xix. 24,’ wherein he discusses the question whether a camel or a cable is intended:



Clodius writes to Deyverdun, July 1778:

‘ . . . Up to this moment I am ignorant, thanks to your inexactitude, whether you have received my letter of fifteen quarto pages which I confided to Besnelle when you were in London, and which was filled with anecdotes of everything that could please you. I should even be sorry if it were lost. . . . Regarding your separation from Mylord, I am sincerely sorry, because it upsets all my plans. Filled with the desire of seeing Mylord and you, I imagined that you could return here or that Mylord would send me one day a purse of ducats for a voyage to Genoa.

‘ So you are leaving for England. When you return from London bring with you several English lords to render my *pension* even more pleasant, although it begins to be so even now. At the same time you would resuscitate our Literary Academy, which regrets you very much, and which would receive a new impulse from your talents.’<sup>1</sup>

He mentions the Historical Institute, founded by Prince Jablonowski, with a capital of eleven thousand crowns. The only condition the Prince makes is, that he, Clodius, shall be named Perpetual Secretary.

‘ Ernesti, your intimate friend, is in the Consistory. The apocalyptic visionaries tremble at this news, and the candidates learn with displeasure that they must in future be acquainted with more Greek and Latin in order to preach the Gospel. The celebrated Ludwig is dead ;<sup>2</sup> his son is beginning to distinguish himself in experimental physics. . . . The eminent Arab, M. Reirr,<sup>3</sup> is very ill, or at least very feeble. . . . Platner distinguished himself in philosophy and surgery, and follows in the footsteps of his father. Weire is continuing his journal. . . . Dr. Muller became my governor after your departure. Our friend Er[nesti] does us the honour to become a member of the Literary Society, and works with success. . . . Ernesti is working

‘ De tuissatione Dei et vossitatione hominis,’ wherein he searches for the origin and the reasons of the use of the second person singular in addressing the Deity in prayers, while diplomatic protocols use the plural in speaking of mortal sovereigns.

<sup>1</sup> One of Professor Michel Huber’s letters is addressed to ‘ Monsieur Deyverdun, the greatly renowned founder of the French Academy established at Leipsic.’

<sup>2</sup> He died July 5, 1778.

<sup>3</sup> He died a few weeks later.

at his edition of Cicero. I will promise you an accomplished production. Among the foreigners of distinction who have passed lately through here I admired Diderot. His conversation with some of our savants enchanted us. The matter was interesting, being a discussion on the Liberty of Man, which he grappled with much philosophy and still more eloquence. A certain Abbé Georgetti, of Rome, is distinguished for his profound erudition. I lived with him a fortnight. . . . Chodowiecki, of Berlin, spent a few days at Leipsic. He has just brought out a little almanach, with some admirable copper-plate engravings. . . .

‘Richter, the owner of a picture gallery and a rich patron of artists, has just died, and leaves a poor widow with a hundred thousand crowns that you ought to marry. Winkler increases his collection every day.

‘Diderot, in love with a Rembrandt, writes in the catalogue: If a certain Rembrandt is stolen, it must be looked for at Paris chez Diderot. . . .

‘The death of my father-in-law has greatly afflicted me. I have lost an excellent man, who died too soon for himself and for us. . . . Well, patience. I immerse myself in my books; I write in verse and prose, and I find relief in the embraces of a cherished family which is my delight. My son becomes more amiable every day; my wife adores me. I am a philosopher; friendship is my happiness. Preserve me yours.’

He also speaks in this letter of M. Sège, M. de Vanderbach, M. Oeser the sculptor, M. Bauer the painter and engraver, the Prince of Gonzagua, the mother of the Grand Duchess of Russia, and of the celebrated professors Semler and Thunemann, whom he visited for several days.<sup>1</sup>

A second letter is also undated, but evidently belongs to the autumn of 1778. He is vexed that his letters have gone astray. ‘A Bremen merchant dines with me and says that he is going directly to Lausanne. I hand him my letters; he leaves, and while on the road changes his plans and route, and makes me desperate when he sends back my papers five months later, with a cool excuse which makes me furious. This is the true account. Deyverdun, of an adventure for which I am as sorry as for the

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

loss or delay of a letter which I sent by M. Besnelle. In any case, you have not replied to the twelve or sixteen pages of anecdotes that I sent you.' He presses Deyverdun with questions concerning his approaching visit to Leipsic, and expresses the joy he experiences at the thought of soon meeting him. 'Deyverdun can never forget Clodius, and Clodius can never mistrust Deyverdun.'<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER CXLII

THE decease of our old friend Mme. de Bochat is alluded to in the following letter from M. Anthony Bugnion at London to George Deyverdun at Lausanne, April 1, 1778. Deyverdun himself appears to have been at this time something of an invalid, requiring a Bath chair.

M. Bugnion is glad to hear that Deyverdun was with his aunt at the last moment. He urges him not to sell La Grotte.

'As for the house, I hope that no consideration will induce you to part with it. If my conclusions are correct you are able to pay a large rent without depriving yourself by so doing of any other luxury, and I believe there is nothing superior in the decline of our years to the comfort of being well lodged.' Besides, since he himself has a property at Ouchy, they will be neighbours, and in order to induce Deyverdun to visit him, 'I promise that I will get a little Bath chair in which you can be taken home up the hill. I have often spoken to you of a small apartment that I ought to have in this house; but it is now the occasion to tell you that it was only a little pleasantry on my part, and that I should never be exacting on that point. It is none the less true that if you think some day of letting for some other use that which is at present the *chambre à vin*, I would ask to have the preference. My sister has put into my head an idea which may perhaps be as agreeable to you as to me, namely, that in case you thought of closing this house during your journey in Italy, we might be allowed to have the use of it in your absence, if the repairs to my house at Ouchy are not finished.'

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

A certain English nobleman has been endeavouring to procure a pupil for him, but so far without success. He thinks of coming to Lausanne in the middle of May, 'if the French will be kind enough to let me cross over at Calais or Ostend. . . . There is nothing more to be done at present, and I shall spend the year with the masons while you are making the acquaintance of Greek and Roman architecture.'<sup>1</sup>

George Deyverdun agreed to let his house, La Grotte, to M. Bugnion during his Italian tour with Alexander Hume. Mme. W. de Chandieu Villars was also desirous of renting La Grotte from July 1, 1779. She writes, December 21, 1778, from the house now occupied by M. Auguste Grenier, that the Burgomaster (Polier de St. Germain) has given her notice to quit in order that he may lodge M. and Mme. de Corcelle there. She knows that M. Bugnion is still in M. Deyverdun's house, but it is only while he is building his own house at Ouchy, and while his wife is in England and his sister in the country.<sup>2</sup>

The two next letters give further proof of George Deyverdun's power of attaching persons of all ranks to him.

Colonel de Saugy, Governor of the Duke of Brunswick, writes from Du Plan, near Moudon, to Deyverdun at Lausanne, June 16, 1778:

'An opportunity which I had hardly foreseen furnishes me, my dear Sir, with that of recalling myself to your memory, and I seize it eagerly. The Prince of Gotha, always your true friend, has just spent two days under my humble roof on his return from Italy, where he has made his second tour. He passed one night at Lausanne, without imagining that you were there also, and he appeared very sorry when he learnt later that you were in town at that moment. He especially requested me to remember him to you, to express his thanks for the present of your excellent translation of *Werther*, which has given him the greatest pleasure, and his regrets at the *contretemps* which deprived him of the pleasure of having you at Gotha at the moment when you would have been able to give up a part of your time . . .'

Writing again, September 25, 1778, he regrets that he had

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

not the pleasure of seeing Deyverdun before the latter's departure from Lausanne, in spite of his promise to give up a day to M. de Saugy and his ladies. He sends him letters of introduction to Mme. de Wurembram, who can be of the greatest service during his Italian tour, and to M. de Reiffenstein, who is the foremost antiquary of Rome. If he had the time he would also send two letters for Milan—one for the Countess Visconti, *née* Countess de Sassi, and the other for the Marchioness Andrioli, *née* Countess de Pressing, 'an old coquette who knows her Paris by heart. . . . I must ask you not to give my address to Mme. Andrioli, so that I may not be overwhelmed with her letters.' At Milan he will also find Father Frisi, formerly a Barnabite monk. 'At Naples, the Abbé Galliani, author of the charming dialogues on the commerce of wheat in France, the wisest and most amiable mortal who exists, will be a most desirable acquaintance. . . .'<sup>1</sup>

Professor Huber writes again to Deyverdun, June 25, 1778 :

'Blitz, Hagel und Donner! You will not write to me, then? Ah, you know that those who are negligent by nature are more easily angered than others when they are neglected.' He speaks of the great embarrassment in which Deyverdun has placed him with Chodowiecki concerning the six portraits of the King of Prussia and other matters by not writing. 'Your travelling companion has soon become spoiled. He promised to write but has not done so—so contagious is a bad example. Some time ago I sent to Mr. Hume that which you know of. I wrote to him without reproach a letter of honest length, but never a reply from him. But do you know what he has done? Instead of answering, he has sent me six of the finest new English engravings, three *au burin* and three *en manière noire*. He has done this probably to show that acts are of less trouble to him than words. Moreover, having received the roll without a letter of advice, I am not quite sure from whom this present comes, and I shall return no thanks until the sender has declared himself.'<sup>2</sup> The noble Lords and other Members of the Parliament of London would do well to imitate this example.'

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> These are evidently the engravings mentioned in Sir A. Hume's letter to Deyverdun, April 27, 1776 (*ante*, p. 412), and only forwarded by the latter two years later. This is another and a curious proof of his habitual indolence.

He sends the compliments of the Prince of Dessau, 'who has been here with the Duke of Weimar, and who asked about you. Adieu; write, or, may the devil take me, I will no longer be your

' HUBER.

'I am also desired to say that your friend Grothausen was here last week. He made the journey from Hanover to Leipsic on foot. He did not come to see me, although I heard that he had compliments to present to me from Mylord Chesterfield, whom he went to see last winter. His partisans begin to think that he is not exempt from a little lightness of the head.'

M. Anthony Bugnion writes from Lausanne, March 4, 1779, to Deyverdun, who is journeying in Italy with his pupil Hume and staying with the Marquis Belloni at Rome. It is evident that Deyverdun is beginning to feel the approaches of the disease which finally carried him off—apoplexy:

'I had some hope, Sir, and dear Friend, that you would treat your *concierge* better than your old correspondent, who has had so much to complain of concerning your epistolary laziness. But I am on my third letter since your departure—one was sent to Turin fifteen days after you left Lausanne, and the other to Florence at the end of two months. I have received only one letter from Turin, and I was impatiently awaiting Holy Week to write to you at Rome, where you would be sure to get my letter, as you would not fail to go there to receive your share of the benediction *urbi et orbi*. . . . And then I heard from Naples that you had suffered from vertigo, which has still further increased our anxiety. . . . Dr. Vulliamoz, who has just left me, made me promise to add to his compliments the special injunction from the Faculty to abstain from Italian wines with the exception of Orvieto, which he permits you to take from the description I gave of it to him. He also recommends you to beware of sunstrokes.

'Everything at your place is in as good a state as it has been possible to preserve it.' He speaks of a few alterations and repairs that he has made to the two chimneys of the library

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

and the *cabinet de la tour*. As for the exterior of La Grotte, he has improved upon Deyverdun's idea with regard to the arbour at the end of the terrace, where he has planted some very fine yoke-elm, and in spite of severe frosts the green-house has not suffered.

As for his own house at Ouchy, he is proceeding with the repairs. He has made a gallery, and the place for Deyverdun's pipe is already marked out ; but he does not intend inhabiting it before the month of August, and this for several reasons, the principal one being 'that you may find your house open if you come here in June or July, as you counted upon doing at your departure. You will inform me in your first letter if you are always of the same opinion ; and if you wish Mr. Hume to stay here with you it will perhaps be possible to arrange the matter. I am still a widower, but I have excellent news of my wife, who will rejoin me towards the end of May. . . .

' M. Bourgeois has married Mlle. Levade, to the great mortification of his family, although plenty of time was given for the preparation. M. Polier de Bottens has done the same with Mlle. de Loÿs, but to the lively satisfaction of both families ; his brother Charles leaves Lord Tyrone to become the governor of the sons of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, with many honours. M. de Chapelles has afflicted all his friends by allowing himself to die, and has been succeeded in the councillor's seat by Captain Seigneux. Your friend, M. le Juge [Victor de Saussure], has performed several good services this winter by a speech in the Two Hundred, the eloquence and force of which captured all the votes on a very important wine question. Madame la Professeuse Rosset was buried on Sunday, and Madame de Montagny-Vivian will shortly be confined. This is all the news of any moment. I was almost forgetting the divorce of M. and Mme. de Pölnitz. M. de P. has not since then left Lady Piercy, who was the cause of it, and it is said that he will marry her. Still another item which will interest you more ; M. Roell has at last sold his country-seat by instalments. T. has bought the house, the terrace, the gardens and the summer-house, for eight thousand louis. It cost twenty-five thousand. Other persons have taken the rest at equally low prices ; but M. R. wished to get rid of it at any price. . . .



‘The loss of Renens will render my gallery all the more interesting to you, and M. Roell will also have his pipe by the side of yours. I saw him yesterday, and he charged me with a thousand compliments for you, as did also M. de Chabot, with whom I have been very neighbourly for the last six weeks. In sending those of Madame Faure I forgot to tell you that she complains greatly of not receiving a reply to the letter which she addressed to you two months ago at Rome.’

He continues that Mme. de Chandieu, who wished to rent La Grotte, has bought the house of M. de Mézery in the Chêne.

‘M. Brandouin, whom we knew at London and who is now established at Vevey, has come to beg me to allow him to have those two coloured engravings of Rome. I put him off until I can hear from you. He advises you to buy many of this kind; he would take several if you had any to dispose of.’<sup>1</sup>

M. Louis Teissier writes from London to George Deyverdun at Lausanne, May 28, 1779:

‘I am sorry to hear that you and Mr. [Alexander] Hume have been ill, and I hope that this letter may find you perfectly restored to health. . . . Do not start from Lausanne, my good friend, to come here without the original Will of Mme. de Bochat, and all necessary documents, so that you may be able to transfer the funds to your own name and receive the interest.’<sup>2</sup>

These funds already attracted our attention in Mme. de Bochat’s time.

He writes a second time, June 15, 1779, that M. d’Apples (Tissot’s nephew), who was recommended to him by Deyverdun, delivered a letter from the latter, dated May 26; and he repeats the advice of the preceding letter with regard to bringing the necessary documents to legalise his position as heir to Mme. de Bochat, his aunt.<sup>3</sup>

And again, September 28, to say that he has received Deyverdun’s letter of September 12, and that the bills which he

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier. Brandouin was a distinguished artist, whose pictures painted for Gibbon hung in La Grotte. We shall meet with him later.

<sup>2</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*



and Mr. Hume have drawn upon him will be honoured. He is surprised that Deyverdun has not received his letters of May 28 and June 15, and encloses copies. 'I observe that you do not count upon coming further than Ostend, where I address the present letter, under cover to MM. Romberg, begging them to render you any services and courtesy, if you are in need of such. You are wrong, my good friend, not to come here first. This [London] climate is milder in winter than that of Lausanne, and consequently more suitable for re-establishing your health, in which I am particularly interested not less than in every other matter which concerns you.' Once again he repeats his advice with regard to the affairs of Mme. de Bochat.<sup>1</sup>

After a lapse of nearly seven months M. Teissier loses patience. He writes to Deyverdun at Lausanne, April 18, 1780: 'I am tired, my good friend, of writing to you when you do not deign to show any signs of life, although I only importune you about your own affairs.'<sup>2</sup>

These letters illustrate in the most striking manner the utter thoughtless, happy-go-lucky character of Deyverdun. He cares nothing for the transfer of the funds of Mme. de Bochat to him, her heir. He is smoking his pipe, or taking a glass of good wine with a friend, or perhaps flirting with a pretty woman. Why should he bother himself?

I found in La Grotte two undated copies of a 'Notice and Advertisement' concerning Deyverdun's younger brother, M. Jean Jules Deyverdun, who had been last heard of in India. Probably many others were drawn up for distribution; but all trace of the younger Deyverdun was lost.

## CHAPTER CXLIII

UNDER date of June 4, 1779, Gibbon writes in French to 'Monsieur Deyverdun, à Lausanne, dans le Canton de Berne, en Suisse.' Of this letter, which has never been published, I

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

give a translation from the facsimile prepared for me by M. Buttner-Thierry :

‘ Mutual affection can exist even in the absence of any correspondence. It is a maxim as beautiful as it is convenient. It has become with me a truth of sentiment and experience, and at the end of twenty-five years you must not dream of disputing it with me.

‘ On sufficiently vague indications furnished to me by the Chevalier Hume I address this letter to you at Lausanne. I make it very short for several reasons. As to the first, you have no difficulty in guessing it, and if I had been seized sooner with so wise a resolution my indolence would not have opposed invincible obstacles to our correspondence. My second reason is the uncertainty of your address. I would never pardon myself at having taken so serious a step in pure loss. As for my third reason, it is drawn from the immensity of the materials which have accumulated, *melius de Carthagine silere quam pauca dicere*.

‘ *Your affairs and mine* : I believe that you rise and that I fall.

‘ *My travels* : I have spent six months in Paris.

‘ *The literary man and the Statesman*. Let it suffice you to know that the decline of the Two Empires, the Roman and the British, advances with equal steps. I have contributed, however, much more effectively to the former. In the Senate I have always remained such as you left me, *mutum pecus* ; but in my dealings with the public I have a sufficiently talkative pen.

‘ Finally, my fourth reason is founded on the expectation of your approaching visit, which the Chevalier announces to me for the month of September. While half a sheet was being written we would talk folios. Let us therefore postpone to the moment of our meeting everything that we have mutually to tell each other. Why then did I not remain silent until that most happy moment? Do not think that I rely upon the feeble merit of a tardy repentance. I am sufficiently hardened to sin to await you with a bold front and to make reproaches rather than excuses. But I wish to inform you with regard to your old lodging in Bentinck Street. It is awaiting you with

impatience, and in the name of the sentiments which time; nor absence, nor silence, can ever weaken, I exact your preference for it above all others, and your descending there without ceremony immediately on leaving the chaise. I am ignorant of your plans, but I suspect that after having granted the winter to England you will return in search of repose and happiness to that beautiful country which is their natural home. Let us anticipate nothing, but there are dreams of our youth which may perhaps be realised. Adieu. I shall count the months, the days, and the hours. Entirely yours,

‘E. GIBBON.

‘London, June 4, 1779.

‘If you have any difficulty in pardoning me, know that my wrongs are even greater towards Madame Necker, the Marquise de Genlis, the Vicomtesse de Cambis, the Princesse de Beauveau, &c.’<sup>1</sup>

On returning from Italy, Deyverdun had accompanied his pupil, Alexander Hume, as far as Ostend, thence retracing his steps to Lausanne. The subjoined letter of Sir Abraham Hume to him, October 1, 1779, contains another example of Deyverdun’s excellent influence in forming character :

‘I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that my Brother arrived here safe, and well, on Thursday Evening last. Our mutual joy was better felt than can be described, but I must confess the not having the pleasure of seeing you with him, rendered mine incomplete. This is not the language of compliment, it arises from a sense I have of your merit in forming him, which I am conscious, from what I have seen of him already, must daily increase, as I am better acquainted with him. His character seems to be *decided*, which is a great deal at one and twenty, especially as you assure me he has no vicious inclinations whatever, and there is a clearness and accuracy in the description he gives of what he has seen, that does honor to his understanding. . . . We earnestly hope your health will allow you to favor us with a visit in England next summer.’<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

<sup>2</sup> In English. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

Mr. William Morton Pitt writes from London to George Deyverdun at Lausanne, January 7, 1780 :

‘ My dear Sir,—I ask a million pardons for having delayed so long replying to yours of the 11th of September dated from Ostend. For nearly six weeks I was expecting a visit from you in London. Finally, I saw Lord Chesterfield by chance, and he told me that you had already left for Lausanne. As you had not informed me that you would stop at Ostend, I did not write to you, knowing that at Uchvitsluys, Dunkirk, and Calais even, travellers usually stay as seldom as possible, and I imagined that the rule *held good* for Ostend also. I often receive letters from your friend Just, from Sweden. He is an amiable and excellent fellow. We have spoken together of you a great deal, and with Count Bosc and poor Beylon, who died a short time ago at Stockholm.

‘ It will always be with the greatest pleasure that I shall look forward to seeing Mr. Deyverdun again, and receiving news from him.’<sup>1</sup>

I found in La Grotte the original copy of a Journal of a voyage undertaken (July 29, 1780) by Deyverdun, Roell, and Bridel, published by the latter in the *Conservateur Suisse*, with additions; the object of the tour being a visit to the country of Gruyère. It was during this tour that they visited Sion, of which I have already given Bridel’s account.

M. Guex *fils*, of Morges, writing to Deyverdun at Lausanne, on ‘ the last Monday of the year 1781,’ invites him to witness the representation of a comedy by the Society. ‘ My cousins the Roells also wish to come. . . . I shall therefore expect you on Monday. We start at 4 o’clock precisely. . . . I have just learnt that you have been suffering from your eyes. I hope

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier. William Morton Pitt, Esq., M.P., of Kingston House, co. Dorset, was the son of John Pitt, Esq., M.P., of Encombe (who died in 1787), and of Marcia, daughter of Marcus Morgan, Esq., and the grandson of George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfield-saye, M.P. for Hants, who was a maternal ancestor of the late Lord Rivers, and the descendant of John Pitt, Esq., Clerk of the Exchequer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who was also the ancestor of the Earls of Londonderry, the Earls of Chatham, and the Lords Camelford. The family is now represented by the distinguished General Pitt-Rivers, of Rushmore, Dorset.

Sophia, the daughter of William Morton Pitt, Esq., married Charles, Earl of Romney, and was the ancestress of the present Earl of that name.

that this malady, if not already cured, will cease with the year, and that your sight will be as good as twenty years ago.'<sup>1</sup>

This letter is annotated: 'M. Guex *filz*, the friend of Mme. Necker.'

M. Knittner at Basle to George Deyverdun at Lausanne, April 1, 1782:

'Here at last is Servan'<sup>2</sup> in German. I have the honour to present it to you as a work in which you had a large share, and which I recommend to you as a child to whom you have in a manner given birth. It will always be a very happy souvenir of your good-nature and the friendship which you have shown in giving me advice and help. . . . Have the kindness, Sir, to hand the other copy to M. de Montolieu and present my respects and souvenir to him. I wrote you two letters during the last two months: to neither of them have you replied. . . . And your little works which you wished me to translate? Ah, Sir, I well understand that you have other things to do, and, after all, it is more agreeable to occupy one's self with one's garden and enjoy the finest view which exists, than to put one's papers in order. As for me, I am deprived of all those pleasures, and I should be pleased to undertake the translation of some good work, especially during next winter, which I fear somewhat, as Basle is not exactly the most sociable town in the world, and the more so as M. Bourcard, who does not like it, sees no one. He sends you a German picture and requests me to present his compliments to you. . . . Have the kindness, Sir, to present my homage to the Roells. . . . M. Roell, to whom I wrote lately, will have given you a few details as to a journey which I made to Montbéliard with my pupil, in the month of August. . . . May your harvest be gay and abundant, may your garden be filled with young girls, and your terrace with amiable women! May your flowers never wither, and may the verdure remain on your trees even in winter! These wishes are quite Oriental in

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

<sup>2</sup> Servan (1737-1807) was the friend of George Deyverdun, and later of Gibbon, and shared the former's views concerning magnetism, which had as strong a party in its service as was engaged in the discussions on music a short time before. Servan was naturalized in Switzerland before July 1, 1787.

character, but they are as sincere as the attachment with which I have the honour,<sup>1</sup> &c.'

Deyverdun having asked M. Kuittner for a short biography of himself, he replied, December 24, 1782, that he was born in 1753, and passed seven years at Anneberg. He completed his studies there in 1771 and then went to Leipsic, where during five years he frequented the lectures of Morus, Ernesti, Clodius, Jarve, and Platner for philosophy. He came to Basle in 1775, and spent some three years at Vevey, Lausanne, and Geneva. He was for a time charged with the education of the son of M. Bourcard. His favourite studies are history, the literature of the learned languages, political geography, mathematics, and philosophy. He is acquainted with the lives and works of the great painters, but does not understand tight-rope dancing. He adds:

'Your last letter, your almanachs, the news which M. Bridel<sup>2</sup> gave us of you, amused us greatly, and we have all been laughing since Sunday. If you only knew the sensation your letters cause at the Kirshgarten you would send them more frequently.'<sup>3</sup>

Louis Teissier writes to George Deyverdun, April 1, 1783:

'I know not what to think, my good Friend, of your silence. I wrote you three letters, which you have not acknowledged—one on the 29th of November enclosing a bill at sight for 2,321 livres, 4 sols, 9 deniers, my own draft upon Grand to close the account of £101 11s. 1d. which I owed you on that date; the second on the 31st of December, informing you that our lottery ticket came out blank; and the third on the 28th of January of this year, in which I told you that Sir Abraham Hume has just paid into your account four hundred pounds sterling. I recall these facts to you and beg you to let me know what I am to do with this latter amount, which is lying idle at my house, whereas I could invest it in the funds with advantage for you. For

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

<sup>2</sup> George Elie Bridel, the third of the five brothers of that name (1760-1822), named later the Doyen Bridel.

<sup>3</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.

In 1781, Kuittner was at Renens, near Lausanne, and recommended a natural son of the Prince of Dessau to George Deyverdun on behalf of M. Bourcard.—Unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

heaven's sake, my good Friend, without being miserly, watch your own interests, not only in this matter but also for the arrears which you have to receive from the funds in the south. In this world one must be neither parsimonious nor extravagant. We ought all to observe a happy medium. Once more permit me to solicit you to rouse yourself. My wife and children are quite well, and I also.' <sup>1</sup>

This letter again illustrates the easy-going character of the 'Compère Deyverdun.'

## CHAPTER CXLIV

IN a letter to Gibbon from Strasbourg, June 10, 1783, answering one of May 20, Deyverdun informs him that since his return from Italy he has lived on the first floor of La Grotte, and has let the second to a family of his friends, 'who nourish me and whom I lodge.' But the house will be at Gibbon's disposal in the autumn; he has made many important changes, and he can offer 'all the *grand appartement*, which consists at present of eleven rooms, large and small, looking to the east and south, furnished without misplaced magnificence, but with a sort of elegance with which I hope you will be satisfied.' At the end of the terrace is 'a gallery in gilt wood, whence one may see everything which goes out of or comes into the town by the Porte du Chêne, and everything which is going on in this Faubourg. I have acquired the vineyard below the garden,' and made a small park of it, and he has also planted a quantity of excellent fruit-trees.

As for society, 'we shall have around us a circle the like of which it would be impossible to find elsewhere in so small a space. Mme. de Corcelles [*née* de Chandieu, widow of M. d'Aubonne], Mlle. [de] Sulens, and M. de Montolieu (Madame is dead), Messrs. Polier and their wives, Mme. de Sévery, and M. and Mme. de Nassau [*née* Anne de Chandieu], Mlle. de Chandieu, Mme. [de Saussure] de St. Cierge, and Monsieur, with their two pretty and amiable daughters, Mesdames de Crousaz [who

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.

married, 1786, the Baron de Montolieu], Polier, de Charrières, &c.—such is the good company of which one does not tire, and which pleases M. Servan so much that he always regrets being obliged to return to his own domain, and only lives in the hope of establishing himself at Lausanne. . . . On Sunday there is a Society to which foreigners of distinction, both ladies and gentlemen, are invited. . . . The shepherdesses of the *Printemps*, except Mme. de Vanberg, are doubtless no longer presentable, but there are others pretty enough, and although they are not very numerous there will always be sufficient of them for you, my dear Sir.'

Gibbon replies a fortnight later, that the 'arrangement is suitable to both of us.' His library, however, will be difficult to move. It consists of some five or six thousand volumes, and it would be impossible to take all of them to Lausanne. He will, therefore, make an assortment of those which he most particularly needs, and send them to Switzerland; for the rest he may be able to supply his needs from the public libraries, although that of Lausanne, even adding M. de Bochat's, is 'sufficiently pitiable,' but those of Berne and Basle are good; while he can buy certain books for a smaller cost than that of transporting them from London. He can afford to spend about five or six hundred louis a year, and there will be no need to stint the table. 'You lodge me and I nourish you.' He concludes by assuring Deyverdun that if he leaves, it will be in the middle of September.

Deyverdun writes that the table will cost from twenty to thirty louis per month. He counsels Gibbon to go to his friend Louis Teissier in London to arrange quietly for his departure; but Gibbon found in the publisher Elmsley 'a wise, learned, and discreet councillor.' 'You will sometimes have a poet [Bridel] at your table,' Deyverdun writes—'yes, Sir, a poet—we have one at last. Procure an octavo volume, *Poësies Helvétiques*, imprimées l'année dernière chez Mouser, à Lausanne. You will find among other things in the epistle to the gardener of La Grotte, your friend and your park. All the prose is by your very humble servant, who desires it to find grace in your eyes.'

On July 1 Gibbon's mind was made up, and he writes: 'Je pars.'



Four days previously (June 27, 1783), he had written the following charming note to Deyverdun, then staying with M. Bourcard de Kirshgarten at Basle :

‘My reason brightens, my courage is fortified, and I am already walking on the terrace, laughing with you at all those spiders’ threads which seemed to me iron chains, and regretting of London nothing but my dear library. I am tempted to pronounce the decisive words : however, I would prefer to await your last explanations before taking my final resolution, or at least before engaging my word of honour.’<sup>1</sup>

Towards the end of the month he cancelled the lease of his house in Bentinck Street, and requested Lord Sheffield to aid him in the settlement of his money matters.

Owing to Deyverdun’s indolence the arrangements were nearly wrecked. The family occupying La Grotte, with whom Deyverdun had not consulted, had not moved out in August. Deyverdun makes three proposals : he has a suite of two rooms without beds, and two little cabinets, where Gibbon might be comfortably lodged until La Grotte is free, ‘and we could have our food brought in, as is done by a number of *grands Seigneurs*, among others by the Margrave of Anspach ; or, take furnished rooms together ; or, spend the winter in some other town on the Continent,’ to be named by Gibbon. As it happened, the first alternative seemed to them the best.

Gibbon in the meantime made his preparations for departure, but not hearing from his friend he delayed until Monday, September 15, when he set out, with an uncertain and heavy heart, anxious as to the meaning of Deyverdun’s silence. He travelled by easy stages, enjoying good weather, and ‘arrived safe in harbour’ on the 27th, and his mind was set at rest by Deyverdun’s hearty welcome.

<sup>1</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.—A facsimile was prepared for the author by M. Buttner-Thierry.

On the back of this letter are these pencilled words in Gibbon’s handwriting : ‘M<sup>r</sup> Frédéric Romberg & fils à Ostende. le Quintal depuis Londres à Basle aux environs de 21’ de f<sup>o</sup>.’

## CHAPTER CXLV

THE house in which Gibbon took furnished apartments in the autumn of 1783 was situated in that part of the Rue de Bourg nearest La Grotte. Early in the spring of 1784 Gibbon and Deyverdun were finally installed in La Grotte.

From his earliest acquaintance with Lausanne Gibbon had cherished a desire that the school of his youth might become the retreat of his declining age. Twenty years had elapsed since his second departure, and his happiness is complete. He enjoys at every meal, at every hour, the free and pleasant conversation of the friend of his boyhood. His table was always provided for the reception of one or two guests. 'I began to occupy,' he says, 'a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of Mr. Deyverdun; from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman Lake, and the prospect beyond the Lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy.'

Allied to Deyverdun's more solid gifts were a thousand pretty accomplishments which made him a most agreeable companion. His conversation sparkled with wit, and sympathetic tact drew men and women insensibly to his side. He had a nice ear for music, and his spinnet (preserved by Professor Louis Grenier) awakened La Grotte to sounds of gaiety and sometimes to notes of tender melancholy. He was a skilful silhouettist; I possess many specimens of his artistic work. He interested himself in antiquities, and especially in those of Avenches (Aventicum).

Deyverdun's correspondence is in great part lost, but the letters from friends which I discovered in La Grotte evince the respect and affection in which he was held by those who knew him most intimately. His occasional verses, without being very remarkable, are quite equal to many of those scattered through Voltaire's works.

Deyverdun was an excellent scholar. He belonged to the feudal nobility, and although the family estates had passed

away, and it was necessary for him to rely on his own exertions, those whom he governed and guided looked upon him as a man of distinguished antecedents and attainments. His translation of Werther was commended and enjoyed by the best judges of his day, and he was an accomplished linguist. He was one of the founders of the Academy of Leipsic and of the Literary Society of Lausanne in 1772 ;<sup>1</sup> and was a frequent contributor to reviews. That he did not produce any large works was due to his indolence ; moreover, his time was constantly occupied in helping others. Mme. de Staël attributed to him grace, wit, and originality. Lord Chesterfield praised his manners and gave him his entire confidence. Gibbon submitted the manuscript of the first volume of his 'History' to Deyverdun's criticism.

There is in the possession of Professor and Mme. Louis Grenier a portrait of Deyverdun, discovered under the roof in La Grotte. It is an oil painting of kit-cat size, but unfortunately blistered on the left side of the face, perhaps by the rays of the sun falling into the old garrets of La Grotte. Here we have Deyverdun in the prime of life painted by an admirable artist, probably Sir Joshua, who painted Gibbon. The fine head, marvellously and solidly painted, is set upon a somewhat short neck. The outline of the face is full, its colour rich ; the eyebrows irregular but black and strongly marked ; the eyelids droop slightly at the outer corners ; the eyes are hazel, with an extraordinary vivacity. The forehead has the mark of individuality between the eyes, and is ample and rounded, of good height, somewhat receding towards the ideal parts. The ear is very small, beautifully formed, and lies closely against the neck. As in the case of Gibbon, the height above the ear is great ; in comparison with that below, it is as thirteen to seven. The aquiline nose, with its large, sensitive, and sensual nostrils, denotes a clear brain and love of pleasure. The upper lip is short, yet full and red, with a well-defined hollow in the centre. The mouth is slightly open ; he is about to utter some witty or amusing thing. The chin is prominent,

<sup>1</sup> I possess the four volumes of *Mémoires lus à Lausanne dans une Société de Gens Lettrés*, copied by the kind permission of M. Louis Carrard from the originals in his possession.

but well rounded; and the cheek with its rich contour descends to what a few years later became a double-chin. The whole expression is full of life and fire. It is replete with the intellectuality and jovial mirth of one who loved the pleasures of the table, and never passed a pretty woman without doffing his hat.

A white lace jabot lends a delicate influence to his complexion. His coat is of a beautiful shade of green-blue, with Brandenburgs and furred borders—the fur admirably rendered. The hair is powdered and rolled above the ear, with a broad ribbon behind supporting the queue. In looking at this fine presence one cannot believe that Deyverdun is dead.

This noble picture no doubt hung in La Grotte side by side with Sir Joshua's portrait of Gibbon, now at Sheffield Place. Two years after Deyverdun's death Lord Sheffield's portrait arrived and was placed by Gibbon over the chimney-glass in his library, while his own portrait above mentioned was in turn despatched to Sheffield Place, and Deyverdun's hung in its place.

I append two letters to Deyverdun—one from Mme. Necker, and the other from her daughter, afterwards Mme. de Staël, which illustrate the affectionate friendship they cherished towards him. Mme. Necker writes August 26, 1770 :

‘The date of my letter will be my excuse. I am at Spa; I have wandered about the world on account of my husband's health, and have not had an instant to myself, else I would have replied to you earlier, Monsieur, though very much astounded, to say the least, at your strange conduct. What! you leave Paris exactly on the eve of the marriage of the Dauphin! If you were a Cossack, an Allobroge, an inhabitant of the Monopotapu, an Englishman, I could understand this eccentricity; but for a compatriot of mine it seems to me impossible, because the Swiss ordinarily pass for reasonable and consequent people. I am even reproached every day that good sense is the dominant quality in our composition. You were rather wearied at the eternal repetition of the same thing, but it is better to hear about Mme. de la Dauphine's costumes than about the wine of La Vaux; and it is worth more to talk about the image of a pretty woman and the shades of her dress than listen to reflections on

the more or less red colour of our wines. Besides, there are no platitudes when a philosopher expresses an interesting truth upon the character and the customs of the nation. But I have scolded you sufficiently. I have remarked that you are very obstinate, which does not prevent your being infinitely amiable, and even infinitely beloved by your friends, and by me in particular.

'I understand that you would prefer a letter dated from Paris, but in that place one has time for nothing, and you must be satisfied with my simple souvenir, unmingled with instruction and amusement. I am anxious about Mme. de Brenles. I wrote long letters to her<sup>1</sup> without getting any replies; I have sent her at different times the works of Condillac and of Mably, and afterwards, by M. Belon, a memoir by Loyseau (de Mauléon)<sup>2</sup> and another of M. Necker. I have received in reply neither letters nor souvenir; I cannot understand it. I pray you to clear up this enigma which weighs on and touches me. I thank you for news of Mme. d'Apples; she has always been infinitely dear to me, and is one of those whose natural and graceful wit has given me the greatest pleasure.<sup>3</sup> I beg you to tell her so while embracing her a thousand times from me, for it would be impolite to charge you with compliments.

'I am sorry I am not going to Switzerland this year. I would undertake with pleasure the commission for the muslin for Mesdames Polier. I know no other means than that of having it carried by persons who are not searched or give

<sup>1</sup> See Golowkin for Mme. Necker's letters to Mme. Brenles of June and October, 1770.

<sup>2</sup> Alexandre Jérôme Loyseau de Mauléon, avocat of the Parliament of Paris, died at Paris, October 15, 1771, barely forty-three years of age.

<sup>3</sup> Susanne Henriette Favre, wife of Pierre Ferdinand d'Apples, M.D.

M. Ernest Chavannes, writing to me, December 8, 1879, remarks that his wife, *née* d'Apples, remembers having seen in her childhood, in the house of her grandfather and her granduncle, numerous letters written by Mme. Necker, but she does not know what has become of them. He continues: 'Perhaps they may be in the boxes of my late father-in-law, which have not been opened since 1845. I will have them brought to my residence, and examine them. Mme. Chavannes adds that M. Louis Carrard, whom you know, and especially his elder brother Theodore, can, perhaps, inform you as to the fate of the papers and letters of their uncle d'Apples, pastor at Prilly, son of Mme. Necker's friend.'

I owe to the kindness of M. Ernest Chavannes' searches in the above boxes many unpublished letters in this volume. Neither M. Theodore Carrard, nor his younger brother, M. Louis Carrard, could inform me what had become of the papers left by their uncle (by marriage), M. d'Apples, of Prilly.

money to avoid this inconvenience. For the rest, if they send me the address of this packet I will endeavour to secure its safe arrival, for I should be charmed to oblige these ladies.

'Paris is only occupied at present with the law-suit of Mme. Monaco. It is M. Loyseau who is drawing up the memoir. It is the cause of all women; the husband, far from civil, wished to compel his charming wife to follow him to Monaco; he was going to carry her off in spite of her resistance, when she placed herself under the protection of the laws.

'Adieu, then, Monsieur; remember sometimes that Paris is the first city of the world, that it is absolutely necessary to go there, and that it is friendship which advises and desires you to do so.'

The letter of Mlle. Anne Louise Germaine Necker (afterwards Mme. de Staël) to Deyverdun is dated at Paris, December 2, 1785:

'I have just recovered from the fever, which lasted a whole month, and although my memory has been affected, your witty letter, Monsieur, had made too great an impression on me not to feel each day the regret at being compelled to remain silent, when my thoughts were sufficiently alive to be worthy of utterance.

'I believe it impossible to judge better the work of my father, and to express one's judgment with more warmth and energy. This praise which I venture to give you is not perhaps without value from my mouth, for objects of comparison have not been wanting to me, and my heart is very exacting. Permit my heart to thank you; I return thanks to you for having taught me that which I felt.

'I have read "Caroline" [de Lichtfield] with much interest; I wish to speak of it to the author even; to-day I should be tempted to occupy myself only with the editor. I find grace and wit in the details, and especially an entirely new plan. That is a great merit in a romance, for this difficulty necessarily increases each day. You have, however, proved to me, Monsieur, that one could find new ideas and expressions upon a subject which had been treated by a great number of persons. My father, my mother, and myself reserve

to him who writes thus the particular and distinguished sentiments of which he is worthy. As I wished to explain this pretty phrase, that I had three great subjects for being proud, I said to myself that to have received a charming letter from Monsieur Deyverdun upon the work of my father was the third.

‘I will not even pronounce the name of your celebrated friend [Gibbon]; so far as we are concerned we take the place of posterity; he only speaks to us by his books.

‘My approaching marriage will prevent my journeying to Lausanne at present, but it is impossible for me not to count among my hopes that of spending a few fine summer months there as formerly. I am not sure that you share my wishes, but I am certain that you contribute to their rise in my mind. What a gossip I am! it is evident that I believe it is a manner of showing you my gratitude, but I may be mistaken.

‘Receive, Monsieur, the assurance of the sentiments with which I have the honour to be, Your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘LOUISE NECKER.’<sup>1</sup>

It has been mentioned that Deyverdun had passed the winter of 1782–3 at Strasburg with Cagliostro, an interesting though not estimable figure of the eighteenth century, not to mention the other centuries in which he pretended to have lived. There was a dreamy mysticism about Deyverdun which was attracted by the mysterious Cagliostro; he really thought the latter would cure him. Some letters I found at La Grotte show that his friends were not so confident.

‘Are you always as satisfied,’ writes Mme. de Corris, ‘with the Count de Cagliostro as you were at the beginning of your stay at Strasburg? If he succeeds in giving you good health I feel that I shall quickly share the enthusiasm he inspires, but I suspend my judgment for the present. It seems to me that so clever a man should not need to examine his patients so long in order to discover their ills, but as this belief may appear due to prejudice on my side it will be better not to speak of it.’

M. Béranger, the Swiss historian (1740–1807), writes to

<sup>1</sup> This and the preceding letter are from the unpublished collections of M. Louis Grenier.



Deyverdun July 4, 1786, presenting the young artist Favre, and adds: 'I am told that magnetism has converted you. This piece of news rather perplexes me, but I cannot believe it. I had composed a vaudeville on this grave subject, and I wanted to bring it to you. How can I dare to do so if you have become an amiable disciple of that science?' (He presents his respects to Gibbon.)

Deyverdun was fond of his pipe, and, as we have seen, had a place assigned to it in the houses of his friends as well as at La Grotte, and many a smoking bout took place between him and his relative Roell, while Gibbon sat near rapping his snuff-box and discoursing lightly or profoundly, as the case might be. Gibbon liked old Madeira, while Deyverdun descanted for hours upon the virtues of the different wines grown in his native land. An old billiard-table which figured in their amusements is now owned by Professor Louis Grenier. But Gibbon was averse to active exercise, and in later life hardly walked at all except in his garden. In the streets he took the arm of young de Sévery, or used a sedan-chair. The Sheffield correspondence has many allusions to this hatred of movement, and the delightful letters of Maria Josepha Holroyd give us amusing hints of his physical indolence.

I shall presently speak at length of Gibbon's visit to London in 1787, but as illustrating the prompt sympathy between them I give here a letter (unpublished) written by Gibbon to Deyverdun, August 10, 1787, three days after arriving:

'The post had already left when I arrived in London on Tuesday the 7th instant about six in the evening. The mountains which I had seen in the distance disappeared beneath the horizon, the dragons which bordered the high-roads vanished, and every one, even to the Customs' clerk, was accommodating. . . .<sup>1</sup> The heavens smiled on my enterprise: there was sufficient sun to enliven the picture, sufficient rain to lay the dust, a cool temperature which since my arrival has been followed by excessive heat. The sea would have entirely agreed with you, it was so smooth that it needed twelve hours to carry us from Calais to Dover. I breakfasted, dined and read in my carriage on deck, but would have preferred a rather more rapid

<sup>1</sup> The paper is torn at this place.



passage. Louis has astonished me by his exactitude and fortitude; he has withstood without a scratch the fatigues of the journey, and at this moment is undergoing a course of instruction under the former Professor Caplen<sup>1</sup> who has recovered from his illness. I am occupied in the immense solitude of the Capital in making all my preliminary arrangements, and next week withdraw to the country-seat of Lord Sheffield, whence I will write to you more fully. Adieu. We are floating, it seems to me, between peace and war.

‘I wish you were here to see a superb picture of Reynolds for the Empress of Russia; it represents young Hercules strangling the serpents. Recall me to the remembrance of our friends, and assure the family really worthy of this name [de Sévery] that I shall write to them at the first opportunity. Love me always and be careful of your health.’<sup>2</sup>

Gibbon returned from England to Lausanne in July 1788, and his kindness to his friend is indicated in a letter which I found from Deyverdun’s friend, L. E. Grand (October 16, 1788), in which he says, ‘You gave me pleasure by informing me that M. Gibbon had shown so much feeling as to your state. If the possession of intelligence is a proof of happiness, the possession of a soul of compassion and sensibility is, in my opinion, even a greater. . . . Kindly present my homage to your friend (Gibbon), that sensible man, and a friend himself of humanity, who, Mme. de Bons, always a little given to gossip, assured me had not yet returned.’

In April 1789 Dr. Tissot ordered Deyverdun to take the waters at Aix-les-Bains, but the change produced no benefit. Gibbon writes to M. de Sévery *père*, July 4, 1789:

‘Poor Deyverdun is no more! Comptroller Secretan has just announced the sad news to me, which reached Madame de Montagny by an express despatched this same morning by M. Mayn. To-morrow morning at nine o’clock the Comptroller will return with the Banneret of the quarter to place the seals on his apartments. Until then do not talk of it before your servants. At ten o’clock I shall be happy to see Wilhelm to

<sup>1</sup> His late valet, now butler. Louis was his valet.

<sup>2</sup> In French. From the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte. Facsimile prepared for the author by M. E. Buttner-Thierry.

agree as to the excuses for my soirée. I thought I was prepared, but this blow has upset me.

‘After thirty-three years——. Adieu.’

Deyverdun’s will begins with the disposition of La Grotte:

‘I pray Mr. Gibbon to accept as a proof of our old friendship the following legacies:

‘1°. I bequeath to him for life the furniture belonging to me which is in the apartment he occupies.

‘2°. I give to him the entire and complete use and possession during his life of my house La Grotte, and of its dependencies, with the power to make at his own expense the changes and repairs he may think fit; it being understood that he undertakes the necessary expenses for the preservation and repair of these objects.

‘3°. I give and bequeath to him also for life my vases, cases, shrubs, and utensils whatsoever serving for the cultivation of my property.

‘For the use of which I charge him to pay to my heir the sum of four thousand francs three months after my death, and a contingent annuity of thirty louis neufs.

‘And as it is my design to render his residence in my house as agreeable as possible, I give him the choice and option of accepting the use which I have just named in his favour, with the charges which I have added to it, or to acquire the entire and complete possession of property in my house, and the furniture existing in the apartment he occupies, for the price of thirty-five thousand francs, on the payment of which he will be released from that of four thousand francs and the contingent annuity of thirty louis neufs which I had charged him to pay to my heir.

‘I institute Major George de Molin de Montagny, my friend and relative, heir at law of all my property not bequeathed, with the condition that he pays all my debts and legacies, and submits to what I have above ordered, and in my codicils.’

Mme. Constantin Grenier most kindly permitted me to take copies of the interesting documents which grew out of the will and were found in the garrets after M. Grenier took possession of La Grotte.

In the first paper, dated Lausanne, September 7, 1789,

Major de Montagny says, that, in order to manifest his respect for the last wishes and dispositions of his friend and benefactor and his esteem for Mr. Gibbon, he will allow Gibbon the use of La Grotte during his lifetime, permitting him to make such changes at his own expense as he may desire, and leaving to his honesty and delicacy the care of keeping the house and its dependencies in good repair. He also renounces all right of inspecting and visiting the house as landlord.

This is followed by Gibbon's consent to the above arrangement, at Lausanne, September 12, 1789: 'In virtue of the option which is granted to me by the will of my friend the late M. Deyverdun, I accept the use of the house of La Grotte and its dependencies on the conditions imposed by the said will and in accordance with the above explanation. And I pledge myself on my side to fulfil the conditions stipulated in the said document, upon which I am in accord with Major de Montagny.'

The second document, signed by Gibbon, September 12, 1789, reads: 'If Major de Montagny desires it, I will lend him the sum of twelve thousand francs. The capital will be constituted by a mortgage on the house of La Grotte and its dependencies. The interest at four per cent. will settle every year the rent of thirty louis which I am obliged to pay to him. And in just confidence that I shall never have reason but to be satisfied with the honest and obliging acts of Major de Montagny and of his successors, I announce with pleasure my intention to set aside every year by my will a certain sum of the said amount of twelve thousand livres, so that if I live another fifteen or twenty years [he lived less than four years and a half, while Major de Montagny survived fourteen years] the successive accumulation will form a legacy almost sufficient to pay off the mortgage.

'But at the same time I ought to explain very clearly that it is only with myself that I take this engagement. If I do not carry it out I may be taxed with caprice or levity, but I shall never be justly accused of having failed in my word.'

The third document, unsigned, dated Lausanne, September 12, 1789, is written on the back of a playing card (the three of diamonds), which is cut out of thinnish paper, the diamonds being painted by hand. Major de Montagny accepts purely and simply the twelve thousand francs which Mr. Gibbon offers

to him. 'I have the honour to inform him that I believe neither in his caprice nor in his levity, but very strongly in his honesty.'

The fourth document, entirely in the handwriting of Gibbon, I have had lithographed for this work. The facsimile of his seal (Plato's head) will be remarked for its beauty.

● 'I send you, Sir, herewith an order on Messrs. Blondel and d'Apples for the 4,000 livres of my holding; and on the faith of my last letters from England I think I can promise the 12,000 before the end of next month. I shall still be at Rolle, but our bankers will arrange my payment and your deed of mortgage. I should be in despair if I am hurrying your departure, but it would be sufficiently agreeable to me if the apartment on the ground-floor were cleared as soon as you can do it conveniently. When you will have removed your belongings from it you will have the kindness to hand the keys of it to Dupuis. I am very sincerely yours,

' E. GIBBON.

' September 23, [1789].'

## CHAPTER CXLVI

ISABELLE, Baroness de Montolieu, daughter of Doyen Polier de Bottens, first married Benjamin de Crousaz, and was the mother of Henri, grandfather of the present MM. William Meyn and Fédor de Crousaz. She became a widow in 1755, at the age of twenty-four, and remarried in 1786. Her early literary aspirations were encouraged by George Deyverdun, and her talents developed under his guidance.

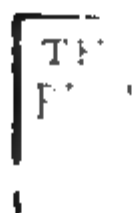
In the collections of M. Louis Grenier I found a letter in French from Mme. de Crousaz to Deyverdun at Lausanne, probably of the year 1782, when the Doyen Bridel's poems to which she alludes were first published:

'I return you all your works, dear neighbour, faithfully enough to merit the loan of others, with every expression of gratitude. Agree with me, however, that except in the matter of books you treat your neighbour rather hardly after keeping her in suspense all the summer. Monsieur at last wishes to

FACSIMILE OF GIBBON'S HANDWRITING

AND SEAL

Je vous envoie, Monsieur, ci-joint un  
ordre sur Mrs Blondel et Daples pour  
les 4000 de ma jouissance; et sur mes  
dernieres lettres d'Angleterre je crois pouvoir  
vous annoncer les 12000 avant la fin du  
mois prochain. Je serai encore à Rome mais  
nos banquiers arrangeront mon paiement  
et votre acte d'hypothèque. Je serois au  
desespoir de vous precipiter, mais il me  
conviendroit assez que l'appartement d'en  
bas fût débarrassé le plutôt que vous  
pourrez le faire commodément. Dèsque  
que vous en aurez retiré vos effets, vous  
aurez la bonté d'en remettre les clés  
à Dupuis. Je suis très sincèrement à vous  
à 23. Septembre. *Gibbon*



A' Monsieur.

Monsieur le Major de Montagny

chez lui

come to Bussigny, but not to her house. He prefers a lot of buttery Dutchwomen to his good little neighbour, friend, and compatriot. Besides, I am much more accommodating than yesterday. I will permit you to dine with Polier and his charming wife, but I shall have them come that day to dine with me, and we will leave you alone to amuse the portly Mme. Stouer and the little Mme. Laternau. See if that will please you; as for them I can reply beforehand. Nothing is rarer than a man at our house. Poor Lucas, the only one of his species among nine ladies, will be greatly obliged to you for coming to his help. But, pleasantry aside, as I can give you in place of the Poliers' pretty little dinner nothing but a total of six centuries and a very poor repast, as a friend I advise you to keep to your plan and go to my cousin. Perhaps I shall not be stupid enough to sulk and not be of the party. You do not know, however, how much I lose by not receiving you at home, and although I am young and pretty between my two good aunts, my cousin Jeanne, Mlle. Rose de Bons, and Mme. de Prélaz, I am seen to rather less advantage at Mme. Polier's. You wish to see us together, and it shall be so, provided you come quickly. Adieu, Monsieur. I send you some anemone asters, which are rather pretty, I think, and are worth a small corner of your court. I forgot to thank you for the volume of poetry of our friend Bridel, which gave me great pleasure. I shall keep it altogether; it belongs to the hearth, and it will often be read there.'

In 1785 the authoress writes to Gibbon:

'In offering my warmest homage to M. Gibbon I ask if he received on Sunday a small packet from me, and if M. Deyverdun has returned. He abandons me a long time, this dear editor, and yet I have the greatest need to speak to him, in strict confidence, about "Caroline" being in everybody's hands. I wrote to Lacombe to put a stop to it, as I must confess it causes me worry. It is now said aloud that it is a free translation from the German, &c., &c. I know from whom this report comes; and as there is some truth in it—the foundation of the story is, in fact, drawn from a German journal which the Canoness<sup>1</sup> and Deyverdun read and related to me—I would

<sup>1</sup> Her cousin, Marie Elizabeth de Polier, 1742-1817.

like him to say a word about it in a short editorial preface. There will then be nothing to say; accusers are silent when one accuses one's self. I pray you, Sir, to advise him to do this. Please pardon me also for causing you all this worry—to such is one exposed in protecting the work of a woman. I foresaw that I should torment you, but you insisted upon it. Be indulgent, therefore, and believe above all in the gratitude and distinguished consideration of your very humble and obedient servant,

‘ISABELLE DE CROUSAZ-POLIER.

‘The following might also be added to the title, ‘Imitated from the German.’ I confess that I adore the truth, the exact truth. Deyverdun said that it would be as if the manufacturers of the Gobelins tapestry were reproached with not having made the canvas upon which they worked. The comparison is brilliant, but not just, and I find that I ought to confess in good faith whence I took my canvas.’<sup>1</sup>

The following translation of an undated letter of Deyverdun is interesting as a specimen of his critical faculty and wit.<sup>2</sup> He writes to ‘Madame de Crousaz-Polier, en sa maison des chams’:

‘You reply perfectly well, Madame, to the enemies of the graceful Mathilde. It seems to me that there is nothing to oppose to what you say yourself in her defence; but since you order it I also will say something.

‘First of all, I confess that it appears to me that in general a great difference is made between your first and your second volume, which seems to me more natural than just. After having been greatly stirred and softened, one would like to continue to experience the sentiments which have flattered, and one finds in general in the second volume only gracefulness and gaiety. This, however, is sufficiently like the order in the theatres where the light piece follows the drama; but in this case that order has not succeeded, and it would have been better for the first volume to be the second. However, I defy the most ingenious of our critics to make the change.

<sup>1</sup> In French. Unpublished, from the collections of M. Louis Grenier.

<sup>2</sup> In French. Unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier, discovered by the author in La Grotte.



‘As for the history of Mathilde, I would like our readers to bear in mind that your work is not only the history of Caroline, but that of a quadrille whose interests are so much interwoven that it is impossible to separate them, and that not one of them could be happy unless all the four were happy.

‘It was therefore necessary to put *all four* on the same footing, conduct *all four* step by step by the road of happiness, in order that your work should not be a failure. If Walstein had not been happy, and happy with Caroline, Lindorf and Mathilde could not be happy, considering their character and their position. Lindorf especially would have felt eternal remorse; in the same way as, taking into consideration the gifted characters of Walstein and Caroline, they could not have been perfectly happy if they had not seen their friends enjoy the same happiness. For your work, as is expressed in the Epigraph, is rather the triumph of friendship than that of love. This intimate union between the four actors—by which everything is interesting, everything is connected, everything leads to the same end, without digressions, without episode—is one of the great beauties of your book which has not been felt here, but will be remarked in other climates, or I shall be much surprised. By the side of an extraordinary man is an ordinary man who has weaknesses, but is very amiable and interesting. By the side of a woman, like whom there are few, is another woman, like whom there are more, but entirely graceful and interesting. The two actors of the foreground have a romantic tinge; the two actors of the background are of the most perfect reality; so that Richardson and Fielding, Prevost d’Exmes and Marivaux, move on with equal steps. This is a beauty, and a very striking beauty.

‘From this point of view how impossible it is, unless one is totally blind, not to perceive it when it is pointed out. It follows that the two authors must exhibit almost equally their talents, that *each of the four* histories must be treated in detail, that the reader was right to exact that he should be shown how *each of the four* had advanced step by step to happiness; and this is what has been done.

‘The actors of the background are more real and less interesting than those of the foreground. This should be so.

The second volume is more gay and less interesting. This should be so. Those who like to see their fellow-creatures will prefer the second volume; those who seek their models will prefer the first. In general, cool and gay minds ought to be pleased with the perusal of the greater part of the second; tender hearts with that of the first. I am much delighted to see all this sensibility among our compatriots. In faith, I was not doubtful of it!

‘The history of Mathilde moreover is very agreeable. One must be very ungrateful to dispute her the place she occupies. The beginning of it is charming, and well related; the *naïveté* of the graceful Mathilde, and her illusion as to the disinterestedness of her friend [Caroline], casts a gay and agreeable tone over it.

‘Lindorf’s history is rapidly written. One must never have had a tender heart, but slightly know men, passions, and their progress, not to feel how natural is everything that passes in his heart in England; how much the moment when he thinks he is about to lose a thing, apparently easy to obtain, suddenly adds to it a new value. How many men, how many women, even, can recall a similar situation!

‘This, Madame, is what has come to my mind for the moment. Good or bad, it all belongs to it, for we are in a whirlpool, which has not permitted me to read your note to Mr. Gibbon.

‘Gibbon has just arrived at the Chalet [d’Echandens], where the fine weather detains me. He approves everything I have written, and swears to be, until his last breath, the knight of Mathilde.’<sup>1</sup>

The next letter of Mme. de Crousaz is only dated ‘Sunday

<sup>1</sup> This last line recalls one of Maria Josepha Holroyd’s letters, in which she mentions seeing at Lausanne Mme. de Montolieu, ‘the author, or at least first mover, of “Caroline de Lichtfield,” my favourite of all favourite books of that species. Mr. Deyverdun and Mr. Gibbon gave a finishing stroke to the Novel, which sets it so infinitely above the rest of the family of Novels. Madame de Montolieu has the most piercing Eyes I ever saw, and a most sensible Countenance; but neither young nor handsome, as I expected the Woman to be who had put Mr. Gibbon’s liberty in danger; for he acknowledges there was a time when he had a narrow Escape. It never occurs to him that she might have refused him, and if it was mentioned to him, I dare say he would sooner believe a Miracle, than the possibility of a sensible Woman’s shewing such a want of Taste.’

morning,' and is addressed to Messieurs Gibbon and Deyverdun :

' Sunday Morning.

' I am desired absolutely to relate, Messieurs, your history for Monday ; I did not wish it, but my neighbours exact it, and you know how docile I am. They tell me also that you would be delighted to know, that you would not pardon me for keeping it from you, that I must warn you of what is hanging over your heads, and leave you free to escape it if you are afraid. Well, here is the whole story. Everybody from the Chalet d'Echandens, including not only the Crousaz but the English people with them, are to dine at our house on Monday. We want with them our neighbours the Poliers ; we want you also ; but now these Poliers say that it is at their house you are to go, that they will not let you off, and that if you come on Monday to them they will remain at home with you. Now you understand how much this arrangement upsets my plans. First of all, if the matter is managed thus, I shall not be able to see you nor say a word to you. I shall be occupied with my relatives, with the cares of the household, with receiving the guests ; I can neither dine with you, as I counted, nor receive you in the morning. There will be no question for you of Dame Isabelle—and I am pleased to think that she forms a part of the attraction for you to Bussigny. On the other hand, we should be very sorry to be deprived of the company of the de Poliers at our dinner on Monday. I only see two ways of arranging the matter—either that everybody meets at our house, in spite of their talk, or that you put off your good intentions until Tuesday. In that case we shall all of us be quietly at home in a small committee of friends, talking of our private affairs. This is what they wanted me to propose, and why I ask you to give me a decided reply. If the Bataclan of Echandens does not frighten you, come on Monday straight to us. We will make the Poliers come also, and you will give us great pleasure if you are not particular about the company. In this latter case, Mme. Polier prays you to put off your visit until Tuesday or Wednesday ; as for me, I tell you that in order to run with the hare and hold with the hounds you must come on Monday to eat your sucking-pig with those good de Crousaz,

and another day go to Mme. Polier's. If you believed me you would have nothing more to say; however, you are free, but whatever your answer let me have it to-day.'

It is evident that Gibbon dined with the Poliers at the Chalet d'Echandens without Deyverdun, for I found in La Grotte the following paper headed, 'Dîner pris le dix-sept au Chalet où il ne faisait pas laid.' The menu is illustrated with amusing pen-and-ink sketches of the dishes and the wines (showing the achievements of which Gibbon was capable), with poetical comments interspersed for the benefit of Deyverdun.

### *Entrée*

D'un excellent dîner  
Que Deyverdun a manqué  
Et qu'il doit bien regretter.

- A Soupe à la bataille relevée par un jambon.
- B Volaille au Riz et aux Écrevisses.
- C Choux.
- D Canard aux Champignons Maurilles, Truffes, et Culs d'Artichaux.
- E Pommes de terre.
- F Beurre.
- G Meredio.

### *Second Service*

Qui vous eut été propice  
Si avec de l'exercice  
Vous fussiez venu à l'hospice.

Ceci a été fait en famille  
Si vous ne la trouvez gentille  
Peste soit fait de la belle !

- |                            |             |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| A Omelette Savoyarde.      | E Epinards. |
| B Poulets rôtis.           | F Salades.  |
| C Bécassines et Chevalier. | G Salade.   |
| D Pommes.                  |             |

### *Dessert*

Qui n'étoit point désert  
Où la gaieté, la tonne  
Rappeloit l'homme.

- |                                     |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| A Sucre.                            | E Bellait.                        |
| B Cuvé [a pressed white<br>cheese]. | F Melon.                          |
| C Crème.                            | G Pêches.                         |
| D Fromages.                         | H Briselets sans sucre et brûlés. |
|                                     | I Briselet sucré.                 |

On n'a pas bu à la santé du Compère  
Parce qu'il ne le méritoit guère.  
Ce n'est pas qu'il manqua de vin,  
En voilà la preuve soudain.

A Eau Salulaire [six bottles].	I Porto.
B Vin de la Côte [two bottles].	K Madère sec.
C De Lavaux [two bottles].	L Malvoisie de Madère.
D Petssan [two bottles].	M Pakarès.
E Bourgogne [2 bottles].	N Chérez (Sherry).
F Beaujolais.	P Tokai
G Côte Rôti.	Q Cap.
H St. George.	R Eau de Famille.

Pour vous il est mieux en peinture  
Que d'avoir été pris en nature.  
La tête et l'estomac  
Ne s'en trouveront pas à crac.

Bridel at Gotha writes to Deyverdun at Lausanne, late in 1786, concerning 'Caroline.'

' . . . You will learn with pleasure that "Caroline" has produced the greatest sensation here. . . . I am even assured that a German translation will shortly appear, but I do not know where or by whom it will be made. There is something more: the engravings for the Almanach de Gotha for the year 1787 will be taken from it; that will prove to you its success. . . . For a long time past nothing worthy of notice, or what is new in literature, has appeared in Germany. [Moses] Mendelssohn is dead; Wieland is in his decline; Goethe, by becoming a minister, has set aside the author; nearly all our great men of genius are worn out, and the German Parnassus is only peopled with invalids. . . . As soon as the Duke has built the observatory, everyone will become an astronomer or an algebraist. . . . The Duke of Gotha is at present in England assisting at the famous observations of the celebrated Herschel, who has taken it into his head to discover a new sky. I am told that Mme. de Montolieu is at work on another romance. When one has made such a beginning as she has, it is well to remain on the scene and not allow the public enthusiasm to cool. Lausanne will become for literature what Geneva is for science.'

The following lines are Gibbon's tribute to Mme. de Montolieu, written in his own hand on the back of one of his

library catalogue cards, presented to me by M. William de Charrière de Sévery :

De l'Anglois ' Caroline ' a fixé le suffrage ;  
 On la lit, on la chante, on grave son image ;  
 En fin me revoici dans ce charmant séjour.  
 J'ose vous présenter ces fruits de leur amour.  
 Admirer vos talens, votre aimable génie,  
 Les soins que vous donnez, et que vous rend Thalie !  
 Oui ! pour charmer toujours, vous n'avez qu'à vouloir :  
 Ecrivez le matin, et jouis-nous le soir.

In a fragment of an undated letter, written by Mme. de Crousaz to George Deyverdun, she speaks of herself as Thalie—probably a character in one of the plays in which she took part with him and other friends.

The Baroness de Montolieu, who was born at Lausanne in 1751, died there December 29, 1832.

In 1879 I visited her old country residence at Bussigny. From the railway station I directed my steps due north towards an eminence on which stands the Church, embowered in trees, and passed it as its chimes rang out the hour. On the right is the residence of M. Charles Grenier, formerly the seat of the Baron de Polier, cousin of Mme. de Montolieu ; and a little further on the tall building, occupied to-day by peasants, in which lived the Mlles. de Polier. The house of Mme. de Montolieu now appears covered with vines and surrounded with trees, having a garden and shrubbery between it and the road. The house itself is two storeys in height, with a third under the high roof. I had brought with me a sketch of Mme. de Montolieu's salon, drawn by General Baron Du Pont many years before his death.<sup>1</sup> I found her favourite corner where her writing-table was installed, between a window commanding a view to the south, including the church, the lake, and the mountains of Savoy ; and another window looking out upon the garden, with a glimpse of the village street through the green

<sup>1</sup> Given to me by Mme. Constantin Grenier, who showed me, at La Grotte, a book containing many interesting engravings of views in the neighbourhood of Lausanne. Among them was one entitled ' Bussigny. Maison de Campagne de Madame la Baronne de Montolieu,' where the châtelaine is represented sitting on a terraced balcony, and looking at the beautiful view of the country. A glimpse is caught of the lake to the left, or rather behind her. The lithograph is by Engleman & Cie.

leaves and branches. The drawing-room, however, has been cut into three pieces, and the portion just described is now a small sleeping-room. The house was bought by Mlle. Le Blanc, who died aged 86. After her death it was sold to M. Mercier. It is now the property of Dr. Monnier, and at the time of my visit was occupied by several officers of a regiment engaged in the Autumn manœuvres of the Swiss army.

M. Emile de Crousaz, nephew of Mme. de Montolieu, grew up in this house. There is an excellent garden in the rear, from which one also sees the lake and the smiling woods and vines, heights and valleys. From the east windows in the great garrets the Cathedral of Lausanne looms into view, six kilometres away.

From an ample gallery on the second floor in the rear of the house, I beheld the sun throwing its last golden rays to the south on one of the towers of the Château of Echandens; to the south-west on the great tower of the Château of Vufflens; nearer, on the Château of St. Saphorin; to the west, on the Château of Vuillerens; and beyond, on the Château of Pampigny, while to the north-west, in fine weather, it illumines the Château of Cossonay.

One easily understands that such surroundings demanded an interpreter, and that Mme. de Montolieu was naturally chosen.

The Baroness was a lover of rare birds, and in her time there was a fine aviary in the garden in front of the house, to the right on entering. It was surmounted by a gilded weather-cock. A portion remains near the stables.

The ancient church which she introduced into her *Châteaux Suisses*, formerly stood within sight to the west of Bussigny; but even its ruins had disappeared before her birth.

Chênedolle (1769–1833) is said to have partly written his poem 'Le Génie de l'Homme' at Bussigny. Hither also Miss Edgeworth came to make the acquaintance of Mme. de Montolieu.

The most ancient part of Bussigny is called St. Germain. This fief belonged to the Polier family, which gave its name formerly to the parish. M. Polier de St. Germain (1705–1797), uncle of Mme. de Montolieu, lived next to La Grotte in the

house now (1879) occupied by M. Auguste Grenier.<sup>1</sup> He married Mlle. Hardy, whose sister had married General Grenier; and M. Polier having no children left his house to the Greniers.

Mme. de Montolieu had a brother, M. Henri Polier de Vernand (1754–1821), Prefect of the Lemane in 1799, an extremely amiable man. He married Mlle. Sophie de Loÿs, and their son, governor of Prince Gustavus Wasa, was created a Count by the favour of the Queen of Sweden. The Prefect's youngest daughter married Baron H. de Blonay, and died at Lausanne in 1865 (see also I., p. 474); while another daughter, Louise, was the mother of MM. Adrien and Victor de Constant de Rebecque, the former of whom died in 1876.

Mme. de Montolieu had another brother, Charles, who lived and died in England; and a younger sister, well known in the literary world of Lausanne, who died in 1839.<sup>2</sup>

In 1879 the de Polier papers were in the possession of Mme. Max de Polier, *née* Countess de Zeppelin, at Stuttgart. Her brother-in-law, Adolphe de Polier, met the Countess Schouvaloff at Lausanne, and they were married in 1821 or 1823.

## CHAPTER CXLVII

DEYVERDUN, in urging Gibbon to take up his residence once more at Lausanne, has already given us a certain number of choice names who were to be in their intimate circle. In addition to these, however, I append an ancient list of the subscribers to the assembly balls, who constituted the society of Lausanne a short time before Gibbon's arrival.

<sup>1</sup> Sold to the State at the same time as La Grotte, and pulled down in 1896.

<sup>2</sup> Information furnished to the author by Mme. Louis Grenier, October 24, 1894, who derived it from Mme. Monod, grand-daughter of Mme. H. de Blonay; and MS. genealogy by Baron Victor de Constant de Rebecque, in the author's possession.



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THE DUKE D'ARENBERG

# NOMS DES MEMBRES DE CETTE ASSEMBLÉE

(In the possession of Baron Victor de Constant de Rebecque)

## DAMES

### DIRECTRICES

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Madame van Berchem.                           | 4. Mlle. Polier de Chavannes (la cadette)            |
| 2. Mlle. de Rochefort.                           |  |
| 3. Madame Crousaz Corsier.                       |  |
| <hr/>  |  |
| 5. Madame la Baillive Jenner.                    | 32. Madame la Marquise de Langelier.                 |
| 6. Madame la Bourgmaistre Polier de St. Germain. | 33. Madame Roëll.                                    |
| 7. Madame la Baronne de Freisheim.               | 34. Madame de Crousaz de Sepey.                      |
| 8. Madame de Saussure Collet.                    | 35. Madame de Mézery d'Albenas.                      |
| 9. Madame Blaquièr.                              | 36. Madame Seigneux, née Gaudard.                    |
| 10. Mlle. de Mont-Rond.                          | 37. Madame de Corsier, née Langelier.                |
| 11. Madame de Chandieu, née Mont-Rond.           | 38. Mlle. de Villardin.                              |
| 12. Madame la Comtesse de Nassau, née Chandieu.  | 39. Mlle. Freymond.                                  |
| 13. Mlle. Pauline de Chandieu.                   | 40. Mlle. Doxat.                                     |
| 14. Mlle. Polier de Chavannes (l'ainée)          | 41. Madame Tissot la Professeuse.                    |
| 15. Mlle. Polier de St. Germain.                 | 42. Mlle. Susette Porta d'Apples.                    |
| 16. Madame de Mézery (l'Ecuyère).                | 43. Madame Meyn de Sponbroeck.                       |
| 17. Mlle. Cazenove (l'ainée).                    | 44. Mlle. Constant d'Hermenches.                     |
| 18. Mlle. Cazenove (la cadette).                 | 45. Mlle. Isabelle de Saussure.                      |
| 19. Madame de Montagny, née Rosset.              | 46. Madame Dorges.                                   |
| 20. Madame Constant, née de Saussure.            | 47. Mlle. Henriette Secretan.                        |
| 21. Madame de Crousaz (l'Anglaise).              | 48. Mlle. Henriette Seigneux (l'ainée).              |
| 22. Mlle. de Crousaz (l'Anglaise).               | 49. Mlle. de Bressonaz (l'ainée).                    |
| 23. Mlle. Sophie Rosset de Rochefort.            | 50. Mlle. de Bressonaz (la cadette).                 |
| 24. Mlle. de Béthuzy.                            | 51. Mlle. Lisette d'Apples, fille de feu Professeur. |
| 25. Mlle. Susette Rosset (la cadette).           | 52. Mlle. Manon d'Apples.                            |
| 26. Madame la Professeuse de Bons.               | 53. Madame de Corcelles.                             |
| 27. Mlle. de Bons (l'ainée).                     | 54. Madame de Charrière, née Bavois.                 |
| 28. Mlle. Fanchette Seigneux (la cadette).       | 55. Madame de St. Cierge, Baronne de Bercher.        |
| 29. Mlle. Catherine Crousaz.                     | 56. Madame de Senarclens, née Gingins.               |
| 30. Mlle. de Middel.                             | 57. Madame de Montolieu, née de Sullens.             |
| 31. Mlle. d'Aulbonne.                            | 58. Mlle. de Sullens.                                |
|  | 59. Mlle. de Gingins.                                |

- |                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 60. Mlle. de Corsier.                | 66. Madame d'Aruffens, née Tscharner.        |
| 61. Mlle. Rose Seigneux.             | 67. Madame Tissot, née Le Clair.             |
| 62. Mlle. Marianne Muriset.          | 68. Madame Polier de St. Germain, née Hardy. |
| 63. Madame Mingard.                  | 69. Madame la Baronne de Poëlnitz.           |
| 64. Madame de Saussure, née de Bons. |  |
| 65. Madame de Sévery, née Chandieu.  |  |

## HONORAIRES

## DIRECTEURS

- |                                      |                                     |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. M. de Crousaz l'Anglais, Colonel. | 8. M. de Saussure Collet, Boursier. |
| 2. M. de Mont-rond, Colonel.         | 4. M. de Middel, Brigadier.         |

## MESSIEURS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 5. M. Jenner, Baillif de Lausanne.             | 30. M. de Montagny, le cadet, Major de Département.                 |
| 6. M. Polier de St. Germain, Bourgmaistre.     | 31. M. de Corsier.  |
| 7. M. van Berchem.                             | 32. M. de Loys de Villardin, Officier aux Gardes Suisses en France. |
| 8. M. Blaquièr.                                | 33. M. Tissot, Professeur.  |
| 9. M. Rosset de Rochefort (ancien Boursier).   | 34. M. Des Ruines, Major-Ingénieur.                                 |
| 10. M. de Chandieu, Colonel.                   | 35. M. Benjamin Rosset.   |
| 11. M. de Mézery, Ecuyer.                      | 36. M. Meyn de Sponbroeck.  |
| 12. M. de Montagny (l'ainé), Major.            | 37. M. Constant d'Herminches, Brigadier.                            |
| 13. M. Constant de Rebecque, Capitaine.        | 38. M. Crousaz, Capitaine en Hollande.                              |
| 14. M. Tissot, Lieutenant-Colonel.             | 39. M. le Baron de Coppen.  |
| 15. M. Rosset Constant. Capitaine.             | 40. M. Dorges, Major de Département.                                |
| 16. M. d'Illens, Boursier.                     | 41. M. Constant, Lieutenant-Colonel en Hollande.                    |
| 17. M. d'Aulbonne, Maréchal de Camp.           | 42. M. Polier de Corcelles.   |
| 18. M. le Marquis de Langalerie.               | 43. M. Charrière, Major au Régiment de Kalbermatten.                |
| 19. M. Porta, Capitaine de Dragons.            | 44. M. de St. Cierge, Baron de Bercher.                             |
| 20. M. Cobbe.                                  | 45. M. de Senarclens de Wufflens.                                   |
| 21. M. Gonin.                                  | 46. M. de Montolieu, Colonel.                                       |
| 22. M. Halle.                                  | 47. M. de Crousaz, Colonel en France.                               |
| 23. M. Roëll.                                  | 48. M. de Saussure de Bons.   |
| 24. M. de Mézery, Conseiller.                  | 49. M. de Boussens, Conseiller.                                     |
| 25. M. Foulquier.                              |   |
| 26. M. Seigneux, Major en Piémont.             |   |
| 27. M. d'Aruffens.                             |   |
| 28. M. de Mézery, fils.                        |   |
| 29. M. de Crousaz, ci-devant Officier en Saxe. |   |

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|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 50. M. le Chevalier de Langalerie. | 54. M. Polier de St. Germain, |
| 51. M. Comte de Biolay.            | Officier aux Gardes Suisses   |
| 52. M. de Saussure, Juge.          | en France.                    |
| 53. M. de Sévery.                  | 55. M. le Baron de Poëlnitz.  |

To the foregoing I join a list of Members of the Assembly in 1790, from the original belonging to M. William de Charrière de Sévery of Mex. The information contained in the notes which I have annexed was derived by me from the Seignior of Mex, from the late Mme. Bacon de Seigneux (born in 1803), and from the late M. Frossard de Saugy (born in 1791).

## NOMS DES MEMBRES DE CETTE ASSEMBLÉE

### DAMES

#### DIRECTRICES

1. Madame de Saussure Collet. [Of Vernand-dessus, on the route to Echallens—an ancient Maison Forte, with a tower.]
2. Madame de la Pottrie. [Of La Palud.]
3. Madame de Polier de Bottens. [Of 28 Rue de Bourg.]
4. Madame Constant de Rebecque. [Residence in the Rue de Bourg, now that of M. Henri de Constant, next to the de Loys.]
5. Madame la Baronne d'Erlach. [Wife of the Bernese Bailiff of Lausanne, resided at the Château.]
6. Madame Tissot. [Of Monrion.]
7. Madame de Loys de Chandieu. [Lived in the de Loys house, Rue de Bourg.]
8. Madame Glaire. [M. Glaire lived in the Rue du Grand Chêne, where M. Bugnion's offices now are. He was reader to the last King of Poland. Their daughter, a most graceful dancer, married M. de Lerber, of Berne.]
9. Mlle. de Bressonnaz l'ainée. [The de Cerjats were Seigniors of Bressonnaz, near Moudon and Hermenches.]
10. Mlle. de Bressonnaz la cadette.
11. Madame de Cerjat.
12. Mlle. de Cerjat l'ainée.
13. Madame de Sévery. [Château of Mex, and Rue de Bourg.]
14. Madame Weston. [The Westons were English. Mr. Weston was an ancestor of the Bergier family. M. de Cerjat and M. de Crousaz each married a Weston. It was to Mr. Weston that Gibbon wrote the letter I have printed on the death of Mrs. Weston.]
15. Madame Meyn de Vennes. [Dutch. Grandmother of M. Henri de Crousaz, who still lives at Vennes, and of M. Emile de Crousaz.]
16. Madame Hardy. [Dutch. This family intermarried with the Poliers and the Greniers.]

17. Mlle. Manon d'Apples. [See 31.]
18. Madame de Biollay. [Extinct.]
19. Mlle. Bergier d'Illens l'ainée. [Of the family so frequently mentioned in Gibbon's *Memoirs*. They eventually fell into poverty and became extinct in the person of Mlle. Bergier, dressmaker. M. de Montet says there is a genealogy of this family; not noble, but of the *haute bourgeoisie*. It was noble.]
20. Mlle. Bergier d'Illens la seconde.
21. Madame Vullyamoz Burnand. [Of Moudon.]
22. Mlle. Elizabeth de Cerjat.
23. Mlle. de Sévery.
24. Madame de Waalwyck. [Extinct. The family was originally named Forestier, and came from Cully; they took the name of Waalwyck from a property in Holland.]
25. Madame Rosset Cazenove. [A woman of great *esprit*. Her sister was Mlle. Cazenove d'Arlens (28); they were *nées* Cazenove. The family seat was formerly near the present Insane Hospital, and was even occupied for some time by the Superintendent. The Cazenoves were originally from Lyons. Madame d'Albenas, at Villamont, was the mother of the last Rosset of Lausanne.]
26. Madame Cruttenden. [An old English lady who had forgotten English and never learned French.]
27. Mlle. Cruttenden la seconde.
28. Madame Cazenove d'Arlens. [M. Cazenove lives near Prangins. Madame Cazenove was the daughter of Baron David de Constant d'Hermenches, and the aunt of M. Victor de Constant. M. Frossard de Saugy knew her and her daughter, Madame de Cottens. Madame Cazenove's grand-daughters are Mlle. de Cottens (at Lausanne), Madame Aliendop, and Madame de Friedrich.]
29. Madame de Saussure Mercier. [Exists at Lausanne.]
30. Mlle. Roëll. [Of a Dutch family. She was very ugly and very rich, married M. Auberjonois, and lived in the house opposite the Falcon, now inhabited by the de Saussure family. See M. Auberjonois, at Beau Site.]
31. Madame Dapples Gaulis. [Wife of Dr. and Comptroller d'Apples, the adopted nephew of Dr. Tissot, who completed the building of Beau Séjour begun by his brother, M. Charles d'Apples Schöll, Gibbon's banker, who married the first cousin of Dr. Schöll, and lost his fortune. Beau Séjour was bought in 1780 by M. Steiner de Winterthur, great-grandfather of M. Henri Dapples of Genoa. It afterwards became the property of M. Naeff, then of the Cercle Beau Séjour. The Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, Professor of Latin Literature at the Academy of Lausanne, and later of Slavonic Literature in the College of France, lodged there in 1840.]
32. Madame Pichard. [Ancestor of the engineer who built the Grand Pont.]
33. Mlle. Salckly l'ainée. [M. de Montet spells the name Salchli. Her



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mother was a de Saussure; her father a Bernese pastor. Her mother's Journal, filled with interesting social facts, was published by her daughter.

84. Mlle. Porta, fille de M. l'Assesseur. [Daughter of Samuel Porta (1716-1790).]
85. Mlle. de St. Saphorin. [Family de Métral, of Morges.]
86. Madame la Baronne de Bercher. [Family de Saussure.]
87. Mlle. de St. Cierge l'ainée.
88. Mlle. de St. Cierge la seconde. [*Nées* de Saussure, daughters of Madame de Saussure, Baroness de Bercher. St. Cierge was a fief noble, and contained a Château near Echallens.]
89. Madame la Baronne de Montolieu. [*Née* Polier de Bottens.]
40. Mlle. Jeannette de Bottens. [Sister of the Baroness de Montolieu.]
41. Mlle. Bourgeois l'ainée. [Not of the Yverdon family.]
42. Madame Porta Collet. [Collet family now extinct.]
43. Madame la Comtesse de Catuelan. [An *émigrée*. Her husband (whose silhouette was made by M. de Seigneux) was a tremendous talker; when drinking at dinner, he had the habit of waving his hand to impose silence, until he could recommence his discourse.]
44. Madame la Baronne d'Helfried.
45. Mlle. la Baronne d'Helfried.
46. Madame Cazenove.
47. Mlle. Mimi Cazenove.
48. Mlle. Henriette Cazenove. [For information write to M. Fernand d'Albis, at Jouxens, near Misny.]
49. Mlle. de Montagny Rosset. [The tombs of the Rosset family are in the Church of St. Francis.]
50. Mlle. Crousaz Corsier. [Proprietor of the Château of Lutry.]

#### HONORAIRES

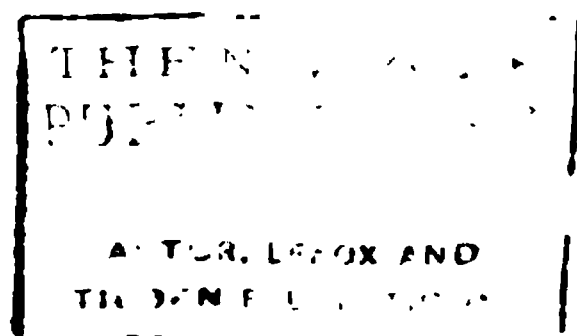
51. Madame de Salis. [Of the Canton of Grisons. Colonel de Salis lives at Colombier.]
52. Mlle. de Salis.
53. Mlle. de Salis.
54. Madame Vullyamoz Bergier.
55. Mlle. de Prélaz. [Of the Crousaz family.]
56. Madame Schöll.
57. Mlle. de Luternau. [Family of Berne, relative of the de Poliers.]
58. Mlle. Moutach. [Family of Berne, connected with the de Mulinens.]
59. Mlle. de Salis.

#### MESSIEURS

##### DIRECTEURS

1. M. de Mont-rond, Colonel. [French family now extinct. He lived in the Rue d'Etraz.]
2. M. de Saussure Collet, conseiller et boursier. [Ruined. Sold their relics and MSS.]

3. M. de Loÿs de Correvon.
4. M. de Crousaz, Colonel en France.
5. M. de Cerjat, Directeur pour Messieurs les Etrangers.
6. M. le Baron d'Erlach, de Spietz.
7. M. de Crousaz l'Anglois, Colonel.
8. M. Tissot, professeur.
9. M. de Corcelles, Assesseur Baillival. [M. de Chandieu, or Gandard de Corcelles.]
10. M. de Loÿs de Middel, Brigadier.
11. M. de Sévery, Conseiller privé du Landgrave de Hesse.
12. Mr. Weston.
13. M. de Crousaz, conseiller.
14. M. de Montolieu, Colonel.
15. M. de Montagny le cadet, Major de Département.
16. M. de Cazenove d'Arlens, Capit. d'hussards en France.
17. M. de Saussure, Baron de Bercher.
18. M. Marc d'Apples.
19. Mr. Hardy.
20. M. de Saussure, Juge.
21. M. de Saussure de Morrens.
22. M. Meyn de Vennes, Capit. de Dragons.
23. M. Polier de Bottens.
24. M. des Ruvynes, Colonel d'Ingénieurs. [English.]
25. M. de St. Saphorin.
26. M. de Montagny, Colonel.
27. M. Muller de la Mothe. [Married Mlle. Crousaz, of Lutry.]
28. M. Vernède. [Genevois, friend of Prof. David Levade.]
29. M. de Falkenschiold. [Implicated in the affair of Queen Matilda, sister of George III. of England and Queen of Christian VII. of Denmark, condemned to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Zelle. He lived in the Rue d'Etraz, where M. de Crousaz resided, and was a friend of Gibbon.]
30. M. Cerjat, Cornette.
31. M. Gibbon.
32. M. le Baron de Kœppen.
33. M. de Waalwyck.
34. M. Rosset Cazenove.
35. M. Frederick Cazenove.
36. M. de Loÿs de Chandieu.
37. M. Comte de Biollay. [Comte is here not a title, but the family name.]
38. M. Cruttenden.
39. M. Bergier, Ecuyer.
40. M. de Saussure Mercier.
41. M. Roëll.
42. M. de St. Cierge fils.
43. M. de Loÿs, Capitaine aux Gardes Suisses en France.



M<sup>r</sup> George de Selveux Facit

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## THE DUCHESS DE GUICHE

44. M. de Sévery fils.
45. M. Théodore Porta.
46. M. d'Aruffens. [Family of Métral.]
47. M. Lemaire, Colonel en France. [Family of Franche-Comté, extinct.]
48. M. Doxat, Capitaine.
49. M. Glaire.
50. M. d'Albenas fils. [Of Montpellier, where there is an Albenas Street. It was an excommunicated family of Languedoc, where the original family still remains Catholic, and has the title of Marquis. (The Constant family was also Catholic in France.) Madame d'Albenas lives at Villamont.]
51. M. le Comte de Catuelani.
52. M. de Tavel. [Effaced.]
53. M. d'Ablezoff l'aîné.
54. M. d'Ablezoff le second.
55. M. de Treytorrens. [Madame de Loÿs, Rue de Bourg, is a descendant.]
56. M. de la Pottrie.
57. M. de Brenles, officier au Service de France. [1762-1798, youngest son of M. Clavel de Brenles, the famous jurisconsult.]
58. M. Seigneux, Justicier. [One of the de Seigneux married a German countess, who, like a good German housekeeper, thought that she would economise by making the family portraits of the de Seigneux into dusters. This so much disgusted one of the family that when she died she ordered the portrait of her partner to be buried with her, lest it should be profaned in a similar manner.]
59. M. de Bons, officier en Hollande. [Extinct at Lausanne, still exists in Valais.]

#### HONORAIRES

60. M. le Duc de Valentinois.
61. M. le Comte de Tornielly.
62. Mr. Saunders.
63. Mr. Sawbridge. [Who was introduced to Gibbon and Deyverdun by Mr. Alexander Hume, August 14, 1788.]
64. M. Woodvard.
65. Mr. Dawkins.
66. Mr. Penrose.
67. M. le Vicomte de le Baume.
68. M. Beccadelly.
69. M. le Docteur Vullyamoz.
70. M. Schöll.
71. M. Bergier d'Illens.
72. M. Carrard, Off<sup>r</sup> en France.
73. M. Seigneux, off<sup>r</sup> en France.
74. M. Quirin Cazenove, Officier en France.
75. M. le Lieutenant-Colonel de Polier.
76. M. le Capitaine de Niehausen.
77. M. Crouzaz de Prélaz, Officier en Hollande.

To these I add the subscribers to the Assembly in 1793, the year before Gibbon's death. This list contains some names not embraced in the former, and these three documents give a clear idea of the society in which Gibbon and Deyverdun moved.

## NOMS DES MEMBRES DE CETTE ASSEMBLÉE

*[From the original in the Author's possession]*

M. DE BUBEN, SEIGNEUR BAILLIF DE LAUSANNE <sup>1</sup>

### MESSIEURS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Polier de St. Germain, ancien<br>Bourgmaistre, Directeur. | 26. De St. Germain.                                   |
| 2. de Loys de Middel, Brigadier,<br>Directeur.               | 27. de Langalerie.                                    |
| 3. De Crousaz, Colonel, Directeur.                           | 28. de Mestral, d'Aruffens.                           |
| 4. Le Colonel de Montagny,<br>Directeur.                     | 29. de Saussure, Conseiller et<br>Lieutenant-Colonel. |
| 5. Hardy, Trésorier.   | 30. de Crousaz, Banneret.                             |
| 6. De Saussure, Baron de Bercher.                            | 31. Polier de Bottens, Conseiller.                    |
| 7. Tissot, Professeur.                                       | 32. Cazenove d'Arlens, Lieutenant-<br>Colonel.        |
| 8. Polier de Corcelles, Lieutenant-<br>Baillival et Colonel. | 33. de Cerjat.  |
| 9. Constant, Major en Hollande.                              | 34. de Senarclens de Grancy.                          |
| 10. Crousaz de Corsy.  | 35. Bergier de Warens, Banneret.                      |
| 11. De Montolieu, Colonel.                                   | 36. Secretan, Contrôleur-Général.                     |
| 12. Roëll.   | 37. de Saussure Mercier.                              |
| 13. de Saussure, Bourgmaistre.                               | 38. Weston.   |
| 14. de Saussure, ancien Châtelain<br>de Chapitre.            | 39. de Waalwyck.                                      |
| 15. des Ruvynes, Lieutenant-<br>Colonel d'Ingénieurs.        | 40. de Falckenskiold.                                 |
| 16. Polier Hardy.  | 41. Bergier d'Illens.                                 |
| 17. de Mont-rond, Colonel.                                   | 42. de Seigneux, Lieutenant-<br>Colonel.              |
| 18. Tissot, Lieutenant-Colonel.                              | 43. de Loys de Chandieu.                              |
| 19. de Saussure de Morrens.                                  | 44. Bourcard.   |
| 20. de Molin de Montagny, Colonel.                           | 45. de St. Cierge.                                    |
| 21. de Loys, d'Orzens.                                       | 46. Doxat, Capitaine.                                 |
| 22. Meyn de Vennes, Capitaine de<br>Dragons.                 | 47. Le Chevalier le Maire, Con-<br>seiller.           |
| 23. de Crousaz de Mezery, Con-<br>seiller.                   | 48. Glaire.   |
| 24. Comte, de Biolley.                                       | 49. D'Apples Gaulis.                                  |
| 25. de Mestral, de St. Saphorin.                             | 50. de Bons, Capitaine.                               |
|  | 51. de Seigneux, Justicier.                           |
|  | 52. de la Potterie.                                   |
|  | 53. de Sévery.  |
|  | 54. de Brenles.                                       |

<sup>1</sup> He succeeded General Baron d'Erlach, who afterwards commanded the Bernese army which resisted the French invasion in 1798.



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|---|--------------------------------------|
| 55. Mercier de Bettens.                                 | 68. Grand d'Hauteville.              |
| 56. de Illens de Bossey.                                | 69. Porta Collet.                    |
| 57. Garvey.   | 70. Rilliet Huber.                   |
| 58. Scholl, D.M.  | 71. Le Comte Deodati.                |
| 59. de Mestral. <sup>1</sup>                            | 72. Le Général d'Hauteville.         |
| 60. Quirin Cazenove, Lieutenant-Colonel.                | 73. Le Colonel Saladin Fabry.        |
| 61. Henri Grand.  | 74. Mylord Cooper.                   |
| 62. Jules de Seigneux, Capitaine.                       | 75. Pictet de Jouxent.               |
| 63. Paul Grand.   | 76. Cazenove Rogier.                 |
| 64. d'Albenas de Sullens.                               | 77. De Villas Boissière.             |
| 65. de Crousaz Polier.                                  | 78. Arburthnot, Gentilhomme Anglois. |
| 66. D'Ayrolles, Gentilhomme Anglois. [Of Swiss origin.] | 79. Verdeil, D.M.                    |
| 67. de Morsier, l'aîné.                                 | 80. Le Colonel de Crousaz.           |

#### HONORAIRES

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| 1. Le Colonel Pictet de Sergy. <sup>1</sup> | 14. |
| 2.  | 15. |
| 3.  | 16. |
| 4.  | 17. |
| 5.  | 18. |
| 6.  | 19. |
| 7.  | 20. |
| 8.  | 21. |
| 9.  | 22. |
| 10.   | 23. |
| 11.   | 24. |
| 12.   | 25. |
| 13.   |     |

The Society at Lausanne in the last century was entirely devoted to pleasure. Every evening in winter there were whist and supper parties, dancing parties, private theatricals. Whist even extended to the warm weather; and we find Deyverdun complaining in one of his letters that he is tired of being shut up in a hot room, and that he must be excused from carrying on the parties in summer. Deyverdun's remark was uttered in his last days, when ill health had destroyed in a measure his ability to enjoy the habits of a lifetime. In all the packet of cards sent by Gibbon with pleasant messages to Mme. de Sévery which I saw in 1879 at Mex, there is mention of some

<sup>1</sup> This is followed in the original by the spaces and figures for twenty-four other 'Honoraires' whose names are not filled in.

amusement—a ball, a concert, a supper, a dinner, a whist. *Fêtes champêtres* followed each other with astonishing rapidity. The long summer days were given up to picnics and excursions. The generations which died out only thirty years ago preserved and carried out these traditions. But since then a great change has come over the Society of Lausanne. This may be traced to the religious revival that began with Alexandre Vinet, and which a series of eloquent, devout and godly preachers have strengthened and confirmed. There is now far greater attention paid to the quiet pleasures of home-life. Instead of spending every evening in amusement abroad, the heads of families remain in their own houses with their children, reading, instructing, or amusing them in innocent ways. Dancing has gone very much out of fashion, and the theatre and opera are far less cultivated than formerly. There is still a strong love for the chase inherent in the best classes, and a generous rivalry has been created in the various *tirs* which have become a national institution, and which have developed a class of unequalled marksmen.

Formerly, Sunday was the favourite day for dinners, whist parties, and assemblies. Now, among the higher classes, no one thinks of receiving on that day, or of going to the theatre.

The lower orders, however, still cling to the old idea of making the seventh day one of pleasure.

## CHAPTER CXLVIII

GIBBON'S library in England had consisted of some six or seven thousand volumes, two thousand of which, the most useful and rare, reaching Lausanne February 2, 1784—the remainder after the completion of his history. The academical library of Lausanne he could use as his own; the public collections at Berne and Geneva being also occasionally drawn upon.

By a letter of September 15, 1785, which I found at La Grotte, M. F. Freudenrych, afterwards Advoyer at Berne, presents to George Deyverdun, 'Member of the Council of the 200' at Lausanne, and to Gibbon, M. Marcard, first physician of the

court of Hanover, 'an erudite and a witty man, much respected in Germany.' He adds in a postscript: 'Present my homage to Mr. Gibbon and tell him that if he has need of any books in our library (at Berne), I will immediately send them to him.'

In accordance with this promise he writes from Berne to George Deyverdun at Lausanne, January 23, 1786:

'I lend myself quite willingly to the petty deceit which the managing committee of the library so well merits. I asked in my own name for the Father of the Church whom M. Gibbon wishes to tether. I will send it to you on Friday by the coach; but I beg M. Gibbon to take care of it and to keep my secret. I abandon the saint to his criticisms; I would even put myself to little worry about the committee if I did not fear that its resentment might prevent me in future from procuring other works of which M. Gibbon may have need. For the moment I have only asked for this one, as Professor Ith, the present librarian, is about to leave his post, and each time the librarian is changed a revision of the library is made, when all the books lent are called in; so that M. Gibbon will perhaps be obliged to send me the "*Recueil des Bénédictins*" before he has been able to make use of it. When the verification is announced I will inform you; in the meantime Damascenus can be placed upon the frame. Even if I should be obliged to ask for the book before M. Gibbon has finished his work upon this luminary of the Church it will not be for another eight or ten days.'

He will probably go with his wife to the Pays de Vaud in the autumn, and will spend a week with M. de Corsy. He concludes by offering his homage to M. Gibbon.

Again, February 1, 1787:

'It was only just that I should hasten to execute your commission in return for the good news you give me that the public will soon enjoy the fruits of M. Gibbon's labour. I will send by coach to-morrow the three folio volumes which I have asked for at the library; I am recommended to take great care of them, as two of the three are very rare. I did not tell them that I was going to make them travel; however, it will do them good, for the librarian told me they were so domesticated that he did not remember having seen them leave their shelf. You

will have the kindness to take the packet from the coach on Monday. M. Gibbon can keep them without scruple as long as he wishes ; afterwards you will send them back to me by the same means, as it is the safest. Present at the same time, I pray you, my warmest homage to M. Gibbon. He must be as industrious as a bee to draw honey from the musty old books I send him, and must have courage to put his nose into "*In Bibliotheca magna Patrum*." There is enough there to remove the sense of smell for six weeks from any man who has not as healthy and robust a nose as himself."<sup>1</sup>

Before leaving England Gibbon had almost completed his fourth volume ; nearly a year later he took up his work again with renewed vigour, finishing it in June 1784. In March of the following year he informs Lord Sheffield that he hopes to finish his History in the autumn of 1786, and values his manuscript at four thousand pounds. Early in 1787 he had misgivings as to the time required to complete it, and frequently added his evenings to his mornings, renouncing all recreation, contrary to the absolute rule laid down in his *Memoirs* : 'I have always closed my studies with the day.'

It was at this time that he wrote to Mme. de Sévery the following (unpublished) note :

'Let your friendship excuse me, Madame, if I decline your invitation to-day. I have spent the evening in my Library. The mornings are at present so short, and I have so great a work to finish by next summer, that I shall be often obliged this winter to have recourse to this plan. It was, indeed, my intention to go to your house at the supper hour, but the rigorous weather and a suspicion of a cold frightened me. If it had been for the *plague* I should have felt more resolution' <sup>2</sup>

His fifth volume was completed May 1, 1786 ; the sixth and last, June 27, 1787 ; and the three volumes were ready to be placed before the public in the following April.

On May 9, 1786, he had heard from Lord Sheffield of the death of his aunt, Mrs. Porten ; and speaks with feeling of her

<sup>1</sup> In French. This and the preceding letter, found by the author in La Grotte, are from the unpublished collections of Mme. Constantin Grenier.

<sup>2</sup> This and all the letters of Gibbon to M. or Mme. de Sévery in this work are from the unpublished collections of M. William de Charrière de Sévery, of Mex. The originals are in French.

kindness, to which he owed his first education and guidance through early ills.<sup>1</sup>

On the completion of his work he began to make arrangements for a journey to England. While still at Lausanne he wrote to Mme. de Sévery, Saturday morning, April 14, 1787:

‘I leave you without appeal the mistress of fixing my voyage to England for the month of August of this year, or for the same period of next year; and I give you my word that I will resign myself to your decision. I ask you only to weigh the age, the position, and the hopes of Wilhelm, and to reflect seriously if you will never have occasion to reproach yourself with having caused him to lose a whole year.’ He asks her to give the matter her very careful consideration.

Gibbon himself arrived in London August 7, 1787, and having persuaded Mme. de Sévery, writes to Wilhelm from Sheffield Place, October 21, 1787: ‘I hope that after a pleasant journey and a calm sea passage you will find this note at my publisher’s, Elmsley, who will do all he can to level the first difficulties of your arrival in a new world. . . . The seignior of Sheffield Place, my intimate friend, desires to make your acquaintance; and you will repose several days at the château before fixing yourself in the neighbourhood in a house more suitable for the study of our language, in which you will soon advance with giant steps. As for me, my dear friend, I await with lively impatience the pleasure of embracing you, and realising in the county of Sussex the plans which we formed in my pavilion at Lausanne. Adieu!’

He speaks of the pleasure he experienced in finding himself once more in Lord Sheffield’s library.

Although his three volumes were printed in April, the day of publication was ‘delayed that it might coincide with the fifty-first anniversary (May 8, 1788, N.S.) of my own birthday. The double festival was celebrated by a cheerful literary dinner at Mr. Cadell’s house; and I seemed to blush while they read an elegant compliment from Mr. Hayley.’ I found an original copy of these verses at the Château of Mex bearing the inscription,

<sup>1</sup> To Lord Sheffield the next day, from Lausanne (May 10, 1786): ‘I will agree with my lady that the immortality of the soul is at some times a very comfortable doctrine.’

‘With Mr. Cadell’s compliments,’ and the following note by Wilhelm de Sévery: ‘Received from Mr. Cadell, publisher of Mr. Gibbon, on the occasion of the publication of his book, May 8, his birthday, and of the dinner we had at Mr. Cadell’s, where these lines were read.’

Gibbon’s friend, William Hayley, author of ‘Essay on History, in three Epistles, to E. Gibbon, Esq.’ (1780), writes (1793) to Nicol the publisher: ‘I hope you esteem yrself very fortunate in having long conferences with Gibbon, for He possesses the enchanting Talent of Conversation in the highest Degree.—You never mention’d to me, I believe, the project you allude to; but as you say it is an interesting child of yr own, for whose future existence you tremble, I shall be ever ready, and willing to give you my opinion on the subject, if it can be worth yr while to consult the sanguine spirit of a poet, after consultations with a much safer Guide—the cool Head of an Historian. Perhaps it may, if you only want to be encourag’d;

“Poets can hope, where men of Prose despair.”<sup>1</sup>

In a letter of Gibbon from Sheffield Place to Mme. de Sévery, January 17, 1788, published in part in the *Miscellaneous Works*, he speaks of having made an excursion to London and Bath to see his step-mother, ‘an aged lady whom I love and respect,’ and of being again seized by his old enemy the gout, ‘which I thought I had drowned in Switzerland at the bottom of a bowl of milk.’ He continues by giving a long account of Wilhelm and regrets the prospect of the latter’s return to Lausanne at a moment when he would be competent through his knowledge of English to accept any appointment that was offered. Gibbon’s letter to Mme. de Sévery, September 1, 1787, is also published in the *Miscellaneous Works* with omissions and alterations. A sentence referring to public opinion on Lord North should read: ‘Le public sera toujours [instead of *quoique*] partagé sur le mérite de ce ministre, (mais) se réunit pour aimer et pour plaindre l’homme honnête et intéressant.’ He wishes to be remembered to the little flock of Lausanne, and continues: ‘Langerand his Prince must be there; I should be delighted to see him (Langer of course). I await news from Deyverdun

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished autograph in the author’s collections.

with impatience.' (Gibbon's friend, Mr. Langer, a lively and ingenious scholar, resided at Lausanne, and was the preceptor of the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick.) In Gibbon's letter to M. de Sévery père, November 4, 1787, the name of M. de Sévery's banker, M. Vanneck, is omitted in the letter as printed. Near the end the locality designated 'R. . . . ' is Rolle.

He writes from Downing Street to 'William Severy Esq<sup>r</sup>., at Mrs. Clarke's, Uckfield, Sussex,' January 31, 1788:

'To be persuaded of my sentiments, you have no need, my dear Friend, to receive from me long and frequent letters, and two reasons of an opposite character, indolence and work, prevent me from writing them to you. I will tell you, however, that the dear and worthy family of which I form a part, is fully and tranquilly established at Downing Street, and that you will be astonished to find me at London in the midst of a new library. . . . We have had visitors at the house, but I have dined only once in grand company, with the Ambassadors of France and Spain, &c.' He will not fail to acquaint him with the result of Warren Hastings' trial.

Two remarks in this letter throw light on points in Gibbon's character: 'Work is the most efficacious remedy against *ennui*;' and 'I cannot separate myself from the happiness of my friends.'

Gibbon writes from Downing Street, February 28, 1788, to Wilhelm de Sévery, at Mrs. Clarke's, and acquaints him with his parents' opposition to the plan of exchange. 'If you can obtain permission to remain in England until the autumn everything can be arranged, and we shall only lose the pleasure of travelling together to Lausanne. . . . You are expected (in London) with impatience by several of my friends to whom I have made you known; you will undoubtedly see many new objects, but you must not form too celestial ideas, and you will be greatly astonished if I assure you that in many respects the society of London (especially as regards the ladies) is not equal to that of Lausanne.'

March 4, Gibbon informs Wilhelm that he has made arrangements for him to stay in the house of Mrs. Loftus, 7 Salisbury Street, on his coming up to London from Uckfield, and that

Lord Sheffield will remit to him through his agent fifty guineas in the form most convenient to him.

Young de Sévery returned to London towards the middle of March. There are several letters in the de Sévery collection referring to social events in which he took part under Gibbon's kindly protection. They dined together at Lord and Lady Spencer's at Wimbledon, and also in St. James's Place, and were the frequent guests of Lord Ossory, Lord Lucan, Lady Sefton, and Lady Duncan.

Wilhelm de Sévery writes to Gibbon on a card: 'I am not engaged with Mr. Laesselles for this morning, Monsieur. If it is your intention to take me to Lord Spencer's, have the kindness to let me know, and I will be ready at the hour you will indicate. I went yesterday to the Opera and had Lady Clarges' box, where I also found Mme. Trevor. I await your decision whether I ought to go alone or wait for you. I received yesterday news from Lausanne.'

He writes again 'Friday morning' to Gibbon at Downing Street, to ask if he ought to go to Lord Ossory's dinner in a dress-coat, as he will afterwards attend Lady Mary Duncan's ball. He does not wish to return home to change, and detests dancing in anything but a dress-coat. He asks if Gibbon has written to Deyverdun.

At the bottom Gibbon wrote his reply: 'In a dress-coat? Well, yes! A thousand regards, and as many excuses at your house. I shall write without fail to Deyverdun next Tuesday. He may be assured of it.'

On May 15, 1788, Gibbon writes from Downing Street (Lord Sheffield's) to an influential friend whose name does not appear: 'Will you allow me to use the freedom of an old acquaintance, and to depend on your kindness to extricate me from an unexpected perplexity? I have brought with me to England a young gentleman of Lausanne, M. de Sévery, and at his age the Installation ball is a very capital object, both of curiosity and pleasure. For the gratification of his wishes, I confided in the promise of Sir Henry Clinton, and it was not until this morning that I was informed of his being deprived of any share of tickets by his absence from the ceremony. May I hope, dear Sir, by your gift or interest, to retrieve this



disappointment so serious to my young friend? and, even if the precise number should be full, may not some indulgence be shown to a foreigner of distinction?’

During Gibbon's stay in London he was a frequent and welcome visitor at Lord North's. He was also present at the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, and from Lord Sheffield's note it would appear that Gibbon considered Hastings the victim of party prejudice.

What a charming prospect the following note must have opened to young de Sévery! It is unsigned, and dated Wednesday, June 18 (1788):

‘We dine to-morrow at Richmond at Sir Joshua Reynolds' and with Mr. Hastings. Be at Downing Street at a quarter to one. Here is your draft for fifty pounds sterling.’

Gibbon also mentions dining with the Prince of Wales. He admired Sheridan's eloquence, and was especially pleased with the compliment paid to him and his work—‘the luminous page of Gibbon.’ But he did not consider him a perfect orator: ‘Sheridan, in the close of his speech, sank into Burke's arms;—a good actor; but I called this morning. He is perfectly well.’

Among the de Sévery papers is a letter of Gibbon addressed to Madame de Sévery from Sheffield Place, June 30, 1788, which is published, with many omissions and alterations, in the *Miscellaneous Works* as being addressed to Monsieur de Sévery. He has finally fixed his departure from Sheffield Place for July 15, and expects to arrive at Lausanne towards the end of the month. He has been detained by the trial of Hastings and the sale of a small detached estate. He speaks in warm terms of praise of young de Sévery: ‘I share his pleasures. I pride myself upon his successes, and up to the present moment his conduct has not caused me an instant of regret or uneasiness. It is not that he is perfect; on my terrace or around your fire you will see with what interest I have studied him; but he has an upright soul, a mild character, a reasonable mind: he will make his own happiness and that of the persons who surround him, and you will not regret the cost of a journey which has developed him in so many ways.’

In June Gibbon had arranged an excursion with young de Sévery to Portsmouth, but the dockyards having been closed by order of Lord Howe, the latter visited Stowe, Oxford, and Chatham, in company with Captain Haddon. Gibbon writes from Downing Street to Wilhelm at Oxford, June 26: 'You will have found the roads watered, perhaps a little too much, but I hope the rain has not prevented your promenades in the gardens of Stowe and Blenheim. Now is the moment to decide upon the journey to Bath; if you go, do not fail to visit Lord Sheffield's sister (Miss Holroyd, Queen's Parade), and you will explain that our ignorance of your route has deprived you of a letter from her brother or from me. The age and feebleness of my stepmother render her rather difficult of access to strangers, but she will be flattered by your attention if you propose to Miss Holroyd to take you there.'

Five days later he writes Wilhelm: 'The first object is health; preserve it even if you are compelled to lose everything that is merely a matter of simple curiosity. Another opportunity may be found. I hope that after having seen Oxford you will have renounced Bath, and I suppose you have already returned to London. As for the vessel and the review, you can place all confidence in Captain Haddon, who appears to me the most gallant man in the world.'

From Sheffield Place, July 4, Gibbon writes to Wilhelm at 7 Salisbury Street, Strand, calling him a 'naughty little boy' for his silence since June 29:

'Have the kindness to call at Jones' (the engraver in Portland Street) and at Wedgwood's. You will tell the former that I do not need the two large engravings; I have chosen the companion of the Angel and a little Venus sufficiently appetising; and I pray you to choose for me, or rather for Deyverdun, several new engravings in good taste for four or five louis. After our departure Caplen will go to the engraver to pay my account and make a small case. You remember all that I had chosen at Wedgwood's, breakfast service, etc., and I have decided to take that pretty chimney set of five pieces: everything can be packed with your case. As for the busts, ask the shop manager to send me a list of the men of letters,

ancient and modern, which he can supply me with, the size and the price.’<sup>1</sup>

Two days later Gibbon writes Wilhelm, who is about to attend the launching of a vessel at Chatham, that he will postpone their departure from England until the 18th or 19th. ‘However, I confess to you that the moments are dear to me, and I desire that you should profit by them without losing a single one. . . . Lord Sheffield is writing to Captain Haddon to beg him to accompany you; assure this amiable officer that I appreciate in a lively manner all his kindness for my son.’ He advises Wilhelm, who had been indisposed, to have recourse to ‘Monsieur Farquhar, Great Marlborough Street, who though not of the Faculty has supplanted the doctors in the first houses of London; for him and his drugs a guinea will amply suffice. . . . I did not think that I had ordered the fifteen-inch busts, but I am not dissatisfied with the choice. As for the small ones, as I have no Frenchmen, I prefer Voltaire and Rousseau, if they will match in size, height, etc. Decide yourself. After them it would be Locke and Newton. I count upon you for the engravings. Wedgwood’s agent will send me his account, and as soon as everything shall have arrived at Lausanne I will acknowledge their receipt by a letter of exchange.’ In the next note he says: ‘On reflection over the fifteen-inch busts I prefer my illustrious compatriots Locke and Newton to Virgil and Horace, in order to make an equal division among the ancients and the moderns: but if the substitution can be made I must absolutely have Voltaire and Rousseau for the little *tablettes*.’<sup>2</sup>

Two months after the publication of his work Gibbon started for Lausanne, where he arrived July 30. His stay in England, though one of pleasure at meeting his old friends the Sheffields, and others, was unsatisfactory to him in comparing his native with his adopted country. Crowded and noisy London bewildered him, and the many new faces at the clubs and in

<sup>1</sup> M. de Sévery showed me twelve of these busts; among them are Aristotle, Plato, Shakespeare, and Newton.

<sup>2</sup> Written on Gibbon’s usual letter-paper, a quantity of which still remains at the Château of Mex, with the blotting-paper and quill pens in daily use by him.

society turned him with greater fixity of purpose to Lausanne.

Of Wilhelm de Sévery he says he is 'an amiable and grateful youth, and even this journey has taught me to know and to love him still better.' He constantly speaks of the de Sévery family with sentiments of warm esteem.

## CHAPTER CXLIX

GIBBON'S early friend, George Deyverdun, having been taken from him, he relied for sympathy and intimate companionship upon the de Charrière de Sévery family, seigniors of Mex, whose family history I have already recounted.

M. Salomon de Charrière de Sévery, who eventually became Gibbon's most intimate friend, was born in 1724, and in 1748 appointed the governor of a young prince of Ysembourg-Birsheim, with whom he made a grand tour, accompanying him, among other places, to Paris. A correspondence in the possession of the present seignior of Sévery,<sup>1</sup> between M. Salomon de Charrière and his mother, gives interesting details concerning Versailles, where the young prince and his governor were presented to the King and Queen. M. de Sévery afterwards went to Cassel, where he was governor of the children of the hereditary prince of Hesse-Cassel, who in 1751 became Landgrave Frederick II. Five years later he returned to live at Lausanne with the title of Counsellor of Embassy. He resumed, however, the post of governor to the young princes in 1760, and became chamberlain of their mother, the Princess Mary, daughter of George II. of England.

The position of M. de Sévery at the court of Hesse-Cassel was difficult. The hereditary prince, the father of his pupils, having become a Roman Catholic, their grandfather, the reigning Landgrave, as well as their mother, had a struggle to withdraw the young princes from the paternal influence; for it must be remembered that it was a Protestant country, and that its rulers had afforded an asylum to the Flemish reformers

<sup>1</sup> M. William de Charrière, seignior of Sévery and Mex, great-grandson of Salomon.

flying from Alva, and also to the French Huguenots after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

M. de Sévery was actively engaged in all the disputes which divided the reigning family. His pupils having been sent to Göttingen to separate them from their father, he accompanied them thither, and later to the court of Copenhagen.

The eldest pupil, Count de Hanau, having married (1764) a daughter of King Frederick V. of Denmark, M. de Sévery was appointed grand marshal at the court of that young prince.<sup>1</sup>

I have an interesting unpublished letter, written by M. de Sévery from that capital, May 20, 1761, to his first cousin, Colonel Jean Henri Daniel de Molin de Montagny, who had received an appointment at the court of Prince Louis de Waldeck, and whose duties had been rendered most agreeable through his introduction by M. de Sévery to General Daniel de Lorient, aide-de-camp of the Prince. This letter is filled with thoughtful and generous sentiments and advice entirely characteristic of the man of whom Gibbon afterwards spoke in such high terms. M. de Sévery returned shortly afterwards to Lausanne, and in 1766 married there Mlle. Catherine Louise Jacqueline de Chandieu, daughter of Messire Benjamin de Chandieu, co-seignior of l'Isle, and Captain of a company in the Swiss regiment de Bottens, in the service of His Very Christian Majesty, and his spouse Marie Françoise Charlotte de Montrond.

Madame Salomon de Charrière de Sévery was in the highest sense the *grande dame*. Moreover, she possessed that harmony of character which sprang from a kind heart and an artistic temperament. Her piquant beauty is admirably portrayed in a life-like picture which I have often studied in the Château of Mex. In society she manifested the ease, grace, and peculiar charm which illustrated the traditions of her race.

In 1780 M. de Sévery inherited the seigniorship of Sévery from his uncle Samuel de Charrière, one-half of the seigniorship of Mex, and the Château above the latter. He had previously

<sup>1</sup> Biography of the de Charrière family, by M. Godefroi de Charrière, compiled for the author. M. de Sévery is mentioned in the 'Mémoires du Landgrave de Hesse,' published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December 1865, by M. St. René Taillandier.

received one-sixth of the seigniory of Mex, and one-half of the Château d'En Haut, from his great-grand-uncle, Georges François de Charrière (see I. p. 215).

M. and Mme. de Sévery had two children : Gibbon adopted Wilhelm (1767–1838), so named by his godfather the Hereditary Prince of Hanau ;<sup>1</sup> and Angletine Livie Wilhelmine, who in 1808 married M. Guillaume d'Effinger de Wildegg, to whom belonged the Château of Wildegg in Argovia.

In winter the de Séverys lived in the Rue de Bourg, a short walk from La Grotte, and their house was the constant resort of Gibbon and Deyverdun, while La Grotte extended to them unlimited hospitalities.

In September, 1879, upon the invitation of M. William de Charrière de Sévery, grandson of Wilhelm, I visited his house, 33 Rue de Bourg.<sup>2</sup> It is a large old-fashioned stone mansion, with massive entrance, an interior court, and an exterior court reaching down to the promenade Derrière du Bourg. Ascending with my host a handsome stone staircase, I remarked in the drawing-room a fine kit-cat of Gibbon with queue and powder, red velvet collar and lace, apparently a duplicate of that at Sheffield Park. There was also a portrait of Wilhelm de Sévery, direct ancestor of my friend, to whom Gibbon left his furniture, silver, library, and three thousand pounds. In the apartment of my host's mother is an excellent kit-cat of Lord Sheffield, a duplicate or a copy of one which Gibbon mentions as hung above the chimney-glass in his Library. Here is also a smaller portrait of Gibbon, and taken earlier, when he was less stout.

<sup>1</sup> In his will Gibbon thus speaks of Wilhelm de Sévery, 'whom I wish to style by the endearing name of son.'—Memoir of Wilhelm de Sévery on his mother, written after her death, 1796; from the unpublished collections of M. W. de Charrière de Sévery, of Mex.

<sup>2</sup> The de Charrière de Sévery family, as early as 1722, owned a house and garden, like the family of de Crousaz, standing on the site of the present mansion (1879) of M. Louis Grenier, next south-west of La Grotte. A fragment in the writing of Joseph de Molin, which I found in La Grotte, says: 'The family of de Charrière had, before the year 1720, six places in the church of St. Francis, where their arms still remain. Mme. de Renens, sister of His Excellency M. d'Erlach, upon establishing herself in the town, asked for seats, but only those belonging to the de Charrières pleased her. M. le Conseiller de Sévery and M. de Senarclens having been requested to give up four of their seats to Mme. de Renens, they agreed, as there were few ladies in their family, and they were provided with other seats. . . . The two seats which I hold come from the Manlich family, and were given to my mother, the sister of Mlle. Manlich, the last of the family, who died in March 1740.'

There is also an old miniature of Gibbon, resembling the larger portraits, and one of Wilhelm de Charrière de Sévery. There is yet another portrait of Gibbon in red velvet trimmed with dark fur. The large portraits are all pastels, with exception of a water-colour of Gibbon seated in front of his Pavilion—*‘dessiné d’après nature par Louis Dor.’* In his great cellars M. de Sévery showed me twenty bottles of Gibbon’s own Madeira, reposing with the dust of nearly a century on their stout sides. Two were disturbed a few years ago, and forced to yield their precious contents on the occasion of the marriage of Captain Ferdinand de Sévery. The wine was found at that time (1874) to be still in excellent condition. The bin was covered with such solid spider-web ropes that we had some difficulty in breaking through, and our coats showed traces of the struggle.

Among the documents loaned me by M. William de Charrière de Sévery were two letters in the handwriting of Wilhelm de Sévery, who, at the time, appears to have been acting as Gibbon’s private secretary. The first is addressed to the Advoyer de Steiguer, and is published, with slight alterations, in the *Miscellaneous Works* under date of September, 1788, as having been sent to the Advoyer de Sinner. In it Gibbon thanks their Excellencies for the restitution of his Madeira wine, and for dispensing him from a fine. The second letter is addressed to the Bailiff Stettler, and deals with the same subject. Gibbon says in conclusion: *‘Our mutual friend, M. Freudenreich, who has just left me, has increased the desire with which your kindness had already inspired me of knowing you personally.’*

My friend showed me an allegorical aquarelle signed by Brandoin, 1787, and to his astonishment I at once recognised it as that which the artist sent to Gibbon through Deyverdun, and promised him a copy of the letter of the artist on the subject, which I found at La Grotte. Brandoin, whose letter is written from Vevey, in May, 1787, says:

*‘You must have received last night, or this morning, a cardboard box, containing a drawing, with a card begging you to keep it until I had the time to write to M. Gibbon; this is what I am doing at this moment, so I shall be obliged to you, on receiving the present letter, to carry my offering to him.’*



It is some time since I contemplated the execution of this subject; I wish I had succeeded better, and had rendered it more worthy of being presented to a man of his merit. It is the widow's mite, and I venture to flatter myself that he will imitate him who received it with kindness, paying more attention to the intention than to the offering itself. You will perceive that the she-wolf is the bronze one at the Capitol, which is reported by Cicero to have been wounded by a thunderbolt; the Temple of Jupiter commanding the Triumphal Bridge, the Trophies of Marius, the Urn of Cæcilia Metella, are exact copies. I ought to explain to you here the allegory, as it is not sufficiently clear by itself, but your sagacity is known to me, and you guess enigmas with marvellous skill.' <sup>1</sup>

Near the above hangs a sepia drawing, also of a classical character, with this dedication: 'A l'auteur de l'histoire de la Décadence et de la Chute de l'Empire Romaine, par son très humble serviteur, Sévery fils.' This was the work of M. Wilhelm de Sévery, whose portrait by M. Arlaud (1773-1845), founder of the Fine Arts Museum at Lausanne, represents a handsome refined face, the eyes blue, the hair blond. He was Lieutenant of the Canton de Vaud, and distinguished for his high character and excellent manners. His son, Sigismond, born in 1813, was the godson of Lord Sheffield, and his attractive portrait is likewise here.

In the garrets my host showed me many pictures which had belonged to Gibbon, and hung at La Grotte. Dance's portrait of Lord North, engraved by T. Burke, London, 1785; the Earl of Mansfield, by Reynolds, engraved by F. Bartolozzi, London, 1786; Charles James Fox, by Reynolds, engraved by John Jones, London, 1784; Edward Lord Thurlow, by Reynolds, engraved by F. Bartolozzi, London, 1782; a coloured engraving from a picture of Watts, engraved by Guyot, representing 'Maison de Mme. Garrick à Hampton, dans la province de Middlesex'; a small engraving of David Hume; an ancient

<sup>1</sup> I possess a water-colour painting by M. Brandoin representing a landscape on the banks of the Thames, which belonged to Deyverdun and hung in La Grotte. Michel Vincent Brandoin, one of the best painters in aquarelle of his time, was born at Vevey in 1733, and died there in 1790. He studied his art in Holland, England, and France, and settled in Italy, where his genius was held in the highest estimation.



print of the Palace of Windsor; two small water-colour portraits, one of Mary, Duchess of Ancaster, the other without name; 'Wiew [*sic*] of the Adelphy and Somerset House,' London, 1791; the 'Maison de Plaisance du Très Honorable Welbore Ellis, à Twickenham,' Paris; two views of Westminster Abbey, exterior and interior; an engraving of Reynolds' Alexander Lord Loughborough, London, 1786. All these were the property of Gibbon, and hung in La Grotte in his lifetime.

M. de Sévery pointed out a beautiful miniature on ivory of Benjamin Constant,<sup>1</sup> cousin-german of his grandfather; a fine miniature of his great-grandmother, Mme. de Sévery, Gibbon's friend, on a snuff-box; and a smaller but admirable miniature of her. The whole expression and attitude is that of intelligent vivacity and delicate coquetry. M. de Sévery has another family relic, a copy of 'Les Psaumes de David,' which belonged to Catherine de Chandieu-Villars in 1723.

The importance of the family of de Charrière may be judged from their possessing the following seigniories, all in the Canton of Vaud, north-west of Lausanne: 1 Alens, 2 Bettens, 3 Bournens, 4 Croze, 5 Itens, 6 Mex, 7 Penthaz, 8 La Robellaz, 9 Rovéréaz, 10 Senarclens, 11 Sévery, 12 Sullens.

Of the above twelve fiefs, the names of five were borne by as many branches of the family, in addition to the family name, as is the habit in Switzerland—namely, first, Sévery, now the property of Mr. William de Charrière de Sévery; secondly, Mex, the undivided property of the elder brother, M. William de Charrière de Sévery, and his younger brother, Captain Ferdinand de Charrière de Sévery; thirdly, Senarclens, now the property of Colonel Godefroi de Charrière; fourthly, Croze, formerly the property of the branch established in Russia, but no longer in its possession; fifthly, Penthaz, the property of a branch which became extinct at the beginning of the century, but no longer in the family. We may perhaps add the sixth, namely, Bournens, which came into the family before Sévery, but passed away long ago.

<sup>1</sup> In 1879-80 I was allowed to take copies of all the letters of Benjamin de Constant to his aunt, Mme. de Nassau, *née* de Chandieu, which were then unpublished. In 1895 M. Melegari published a large portion of this collection, with a valuable introduction and notes. Nineteen of the letters in my possession, however, do not appear in his work; they are interesting and important, and fill many pages. I have already referred to this collection (Vol. I., p. 143).

## CHAPTER CL

IN September, 1879, I drove out to the Château with its Seigneur, M. William de Charrière de Sévery. We passed in succession—a short distance to the west of Lausanne—La Chablière, in the last century the residence of the Prince of Würtemberg, now the seat of Colonel Gabriel Gaulis, Juge de Paix; Valency, the property of Mme. de Sévery, *née* Grand; Château of Prilly, with its pointed tower, once the property of the de Crousaz family; Renens, with seigniorial mansions, in one of which Gibbon dined (1763) with Prince Lewis of Würtemberg; the parsonage of Prilly, where Doyen Bridel lived in 1783; Mézery, the residence of Colonel Pückler, son-in-law of the late M. Adrien de Constant; next, the church of Crissier comes into view, and close at hand is the Château.

The Manor-house of Mex presides over a most attractive domain, where lawns, groves, parks, and fields vie in rustic beauty. Here Gibbon dropped Wilhelm de Sévery on their return journey from England in 1788. The house stands on a terraced eminence which rolls down to meet a far-stretching plain covered with historic châteaux and sites.

In the *Grand Salon* (constructed only forty years ago) are the following portraits:

An oil kit-cat of the historian, with only the words 'Edward Gibbon' on the back of the canvas. He is represented in the same red coat trimmed with black velvet seen in the two pastels at M. de Sévery's house in the Rue de Bourg, and in the portrait by Piot (once owned by Professor Levade) in the Musée Arlaud. The eyes are greyish brown and lively; the nose large and *retroussé*; the mouth singularly small, the upper lip short and compressed, the lower full and prominent. The ears are large and fleshy; the hair reddish brown, powdered and in a queue; the chin small and determined, with a large fat double-chin below; the forehead full, even projecting, but not high. There is a narrowness about the temples in spite of the fleshy contour. It is a three-quarters face.

A kit-cat of Lord Sheffield in the red robes and the wig of a

peer. A head and face full of intellect and force ; eyes brown, thoughtful, yet fiery ; a large well-shaped straight nose ; a speaking mouth beautifully formed, a vigorous chin. The eyes lie under a strong, full forehead, high, but turning towards the crown. This is doubtless a copy of the portrait which hung in Gibbon's library over the mantelpiece.

The frames of the above two portraits are exactly alike—the plain gilt frames of Sir Joshua.

M. de Chandieu Pellissari, captain in the Swiss Guards in France, one of the proprietors of the Château of l'Isle ; in cuirass and long flowing wig.

The wife of the latter. A beautiful and opulent blonde, in a rich embroidered green costume of the period, and scarlet mantle.

The *Grand Salon* of Gibbon's time, now the billiard-room, is hung with many prints of the chase and engravings of distinguished men, such as John Gillies, LL.D. (Cadell 1788), Samuel Johnson (Hall 1787, after Reynolds), Hugh Blair, D.D. (Strahan and Cadell 1783), George Colman, Esq. (Cadell 1787), Bishop Warburton, W. Coxe, F.R.S., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, William Robertson, D.D., Robert Henry, D.D., Hon. Mr. Justice Blackstone, James Macpherson, Right Rev. Richard Hurd. All these belonged to Gibbon, and adorned La Grotte.

From this room looking out into the grounds towards the west we have the pelouse and plantains of the time of Gibbon.

The dining-room in the rear of the billiard-room is the same. Here is the Wedgwood China service of Gibbon, cream-coloured, with wreaths of green leaves. It is still in daily use, and shows the usage of several generations of generous and hospitable livers.

Lord Sheffield had selected for Gibbon a very attractive dinner-service of light yellow Wedgwood, decorated with a delicate green pattern. This, after being in daily use at Gibbon's hospitable board, passed into the possession of his friends the de Séverys, and ninety-six years later I found it at Mex performing its daily duties with the regularity of an ancient servant who had not forgotten the traditional hospitality of his several masters.

Mme. de Sévery showed me one of the delicate blue and white vases which belonged to Gibbon, and told me that the others had unfortunately been broken. She told me likewise that Gibbon's supply of table-linen was so large in quantity and excellent in quality, that his tablecloths and napkins are still in use at Mex, and betray no signs of fatigue or age.

It is strange to look upon these objects which ministered to the physical pleasures of a man whose great intellect expired like a dying lamp over a hundred years ago. The material objects still remain, and as we look out of the window we see the same whispering trees that bent and shimmered in Gibbon's day.

The house is two storeys in height besides the servants' rooms above. In the hall are quartered the arms of the de Charrière and the de Chandieu families with those of another family, sculptured on an ancient stone tablet. The broad stone stairs which lead to the ample corridors on the second floor are worn with the footsteps of many generations.

The present library was the bedroom of Wilhelm de Sévery. It commands a view to the south, and on the lawn beneath the windows are a pond and a fountain. In this room is a cabinet portrait of Mme. Salomon de Charrière de Sévery, with an inscription on the back of the canvas: 'Catherine Louise Jaqueline de Charrière de Sévery, née de Chandieu, æt. suæ 34. Dischbein fecit Hanau 1775.' She is a beautiful woman—large, expressive, blue eyes, a fine straight nose, a sweet smiling mouth with an expression of roguishness, a rich complexion, dark powdered hair, small ears, and lovely arms and hands. She is leaning on her hand, her right arm being upon a music book. The costume is blue, and gracefully disposed about a fine neck and bust.

A large picture, well executed by an unknown painter, of M. Salomon de Sévery represents him in his youth as governor of the young Prince of Ysembourg-Birsheim, dictating a letter to the latter, who is in a blue costume, while de Sévery is in green. Another represents him with his two pupils, the sons of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, in the garden of the palace. A third depicts him when a youth, in a rose-coloured costume.

There is also a portrait of his son Wilhelm when a boy, and

of his daughter, Mme. d'Effinger de Wildegg—whose family in the male line ended in Albert d'Effinger-Wildegg, who died (1876) at Vienna, where he had long been Swiss Chargé-d'Affaires.

Here is a curious print of the celebrated John Wilkes (with a liberty cap), which belonged to Deyverdun, and afterwards to Gibbon; also an engraving of Lord Sheffield by John Jones, after Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1789; and a portrait of M. Antony de Chandieu, almoner to Henri IV. of France and Navarre, to whom the King gave the sapphire in the possession of M. William de Charrière de Sévery, already mentioned (I. p. 143).

There is here also an aquarelle of Mex in Gibbon's time. One sees the plantains and the vineyards then near the house, where now is an orchard.

My eye was attracted by a curious old secretary—with engravings of the year 1720 representing the different nations of the world—which keeps company with Gibbon's stained pine reading-desk.

In the library is a fine outline engraving which belonged to Gibbon, with this inscription: 'The Right Honourable Ann Lady Sheffield, Daughter of Frederick, Earl of Guilford. Edridge del. E. Harding fc.' She is standing in the park near a piece of water at Sheffield Place, with the house in the distance. She has a tall figure, and a face touched with sadness.

I saw here also many fine proof engravings of Sir Joshua's religious pictures, among them the 'Seven Virtues,' published in 1782 by Boydell, with whom the Historian had dealings. Mr. George Parker, of the Bodleian Library, told me that the west window of New College Chapel, Oxford, contains in its lower compartment these Seven Virtues of Sir Joshua—three Christian: Faith, Hope, Charity; four cardinal: Temperance, Prudence, Fortitude, Justice. It seems as if religious subjects had up to the last, in spite of himself, a fascination for Gibbon—for all these hung in La Grotte.

The house is of two storeys with a high roof and eighteen windows on the south front. The grounds are beautifully laid out in lawns, flower-beds, trees, and winding walks. At the

entrance to the avenue leading to the house is the Priory, 250 years old. The Château across the road, now the residence of M. de Sévery's farmer, dates back three centuries, when the property first came into the family. Its high pointed towers, rambling galleries, massive foundations, give it an air both picturesque and venerable.

At the side stands another substantial building also abandoned to farming uses. The other day, when twenty officers of the Etat-Major were sitting at the Manor House, and forty-five guests sat down to dinner in the grand salon, now the billiard room, this building was allotted to the non-commissioned officers, who soon covered its walls with various striking mottoes, executed in chalk, in a high style of art. A notice against smoking was placed in glaring letters on the chimney stack, and when the baker lighted his fires and made a little smoke he was arrested for having broken military orders.

The Church rears its pinnacles over the way, and the School building by its side shows that education is not neglected in this favoured spot.

Scattered through the house are many oil paintings of the time of Louis XIV. and earlier, whose history is utterly lost. No one knows who painted them, nor whom they represent, and yet many of them are attractive in treatment, and bear marks of high character and breeding. This is one of the sad accompaniments of old houses. Men and women who played an important part in their day are forgotten or not recognised from the failure of the artist to put their names and his own upon their portraits.

M. de Sévery has a programme of a concert at Mr. Gibbon's in the latter days of his residence at Lausanne. The names of the performers were among the illustrious of that day, even the insignificant rôles being filled by celebrities.

The Seigneur of Mex, with characteristic courtesy and generosity, allowed me to examine his very valuable collections of Gibbon papers as well as relics, and eventually confided a large packet of Gibbon's letters to the care of our mutual friend, M. Charles A. Bugnion *fils*, who brought them to me at Paris, with permission to copy and use them in this work. The originals were returned with warm acknowledgments, and I

have here printed selections which will add great interest to my narrative. The de Sévery-Gibbon treasures ought to be beside the Sheffield MSS. in the British Museum.

The Châtelaine of Mex has wrought a most interesting story out of the curious and graphic Gibbon correspondence, and kindly allowed me to inspect it. It is to be hoped that this accomplished and charming woman may be persuaded to allow the public also to enjoy the same pleasure.

M. de Sévery has two covers for proofs which belonged to Gibbon, and bear the title 'Gibbon's Roman Empire, vol. iv. and vol. vii.' Also an ancient leather portfolio, to whose key is attached a card with this inscription in French: 'Receipts and Essential Documents concerning the inheritance and testamentary execution of the late Mr. Gibbon's will.'

There are here four quills used by Gibbon, and his card-plate; also his counters at whist—eight pieces of silver of Ludwig XV., 1731.

I own one of Gibbon's private cards of invitation (printed), presented to me by M. William de Charrière de Sévery. It is quite royal, and reads: 'M.                      prié                      de la part de Mr. GIBBON, de lui faire l'honneur de passer la soirée chez lui, le                      du                      R. S. L. P.'

Lord Sheffield had intended to purchase Gibbon's cane, but the latter's valet, Dusaut, carried it away with him. There are here cards of Gibbon's Library written by himself.

## CHAPTER CLI

THERE are constant references in Gibbon's Memoirs to his visits to Rolle, and his residence there in an apartment of his own, as well as sojournings with the de Séverys and with the Neckers, who later occupied the de Sévery house. These associations drew my attention to that town. Fortunately, before going there in 1879, I received the visit of a distinguished citizen of Rolle, M. Frossard de Saugy (born at Lausanne 1791). His memory was perfect, his mind working as rapidly as that of



an intelligent man of forty. He attributed his health and longevity to the fact that being gouty he did not drink wine, taking only a cup of chocolate or coffee in the morning, and nothing more until six o'clock, when he indulged in a bowl of soup with some vegetables. He never ate meat, and took nothing on Friday until the evening, or on Saturday before noon. From him I derived information of great value concerning society at Lausanne and at Rolle at the end of the last century and in the beginning of this; so that when I visited Rolle I could enjoy its traditions more intelligently.

At Rolle there is only a short walk along the lake, the gardens of the houses on the principal street running to the water's edge, and precluding the public from wandering there, which is a pity. The population in the neighbourhood is so devoted to wine growing that I only remarked two fishing boats. On the opposite coast of Savoy, where the vine is less flourishing, fishermen abound.

Everyone here was complaining of the wet weather, which bade fair to make an exceptional season in its small quantity of wine; but it has been remarked that years of unusual humidity often enlarge the grape and render it more juicy, with the result of a finer quality of wine.

I had been advised by M. de Sévery to address myself to Dr. Berney, who is, he said, 'the actual proprietor of the house possessed in the last century by my ancestor, where Gibbon frequently stayed.' (The Doctor afterwards told me that his father bought the house forty years before.) The ancient de Sévery mansion is (1879) on the right-hand side of the principal street advancing towards the east from the Hôtel de la Tête Noire, beyond the residence of the Procureur-Général. In the tower of the house of Dr. Berney are the de Chandieu arms on the ceiling.<sup>1</sup> One ascends to the tower by half-a-dozen worn stone steps. Anciently the street was seen through a large grated window; of which the upper gratings remain. In this tower-

<sup>1</sup> The de Chandieu intermarried with the de Beaufort, Barons of Rolle, whose arms were *Gueules, a lion argent*. The de Beaufort, Seigniors of Rolle, possessed the castle, which they sold to Jean Steiguer; also *la terre de Rolle* and Mont-le-Vieux. May not the lion sculptured on the de Sévery mansion at Rolle, which formerly belonged to their maternal ancestor the de Chandieu, be the lion *argent* of the de Beaufort, and not the lion *or* of the de Chandieu?



room there is a cavity in which was formerly an iron safe for the family treasures and manuscripts. The room is arched; and once had iron doors. The tower projects over the street at the second floor, and on its front are the de Chandieu arms quartered with another coat. The tower is supported by a massive archway leading into the court. From the court is visible a window and an ornamentation in imitation of machicolis.

In one of the great drawing-rooms on the second floor there was formerly an iron back-plate in the fire-place with the arms and coronet of de Chandieu. On the opposite side is the great dining-room with its huge beams and its three fine windows looking out upon the delightful grounds. The stone staircase, hollowed by passing generations, has echoed to the tread of Gibbon and other illustrious persons who frequented Rolle in the last century.

Descending to the garden I found the venerable M. and Mme. Berney enjoying the warm sunshine and carrying on a lively conversation with Mme. Berney's sister, Mlle. Aline Ruyinet. Dr. Berney will be eighty-nine on November 1 (1879), and his wife is eighty-seven. Mlle. Ruyinet, who is eighty-five, was a great beauty and belle in her youth, and still possesses a beautiful foot, and the charming manner which made her additionally attractive. She has many letters of Canova, who was one of her admirers. Mlle. Ruyinet told me much of her acquaintance with Mme. de Rovéréaz, who spoke often to her of Gibbon's sojourn at Rolle, and his frequenting the grounds of the house now belonging to M. Albert de Tavel, formerly syndic and deputy of the Grand Council.<sup>1</sup> It was probably in the latter house that Gibbon passed the autumn of 1789, after Deyverdun's death. M. de Tavel is the grandson of Colonel and Mme. de Rovéréaz, and married a Polier de Saint-Germain, whose family possessed the house next to La Grotte in Gibbon's day.

Mme. de Rovéréaz told Mlle. Ruyinet that Mme. de Charrière de Sévery kept open house. Everyone was free to get up or sit down at table. On the walls was inscribed 'Libertas.'

<sup>1</sup> The house in which M. de Tavel now resides was in Gibbon's day the property of Colonel Rognin, in the service of Piedmont. Mme. de Rovéréaz was the second cousin of Mme. Rognin, and inherited that house. Colonel de Rovéréaz, the brother of M. Frossard de Saugy's mother, was a man of large heart, but of small frame and stature.

In the garden of the old de Sévery house are two venerable ash trees, with fresh pendent foliage leaning over to catch the fresh spray of a fountain whose crystal waters glisten in the sunshine, and fall in gentle showers upon a moss-covered stone in the centre of a round basin. In these grounds Gibbon wandered and meditated, sometimes alone, sometimes with his congenial hosts. The Neckers were staying in this house when they heard of the death of Louis XIV., and tradition says their sobs and lamentations were heard in the street.

The maps of Rolle by the Commissaire Desaillaux, a little prior to 1780, indicate the de Chandieu family as the proprietors of the house. On an earlier plan there is an inscription on the tower, 'Entrée au Couvent,' so that Gibbon seems even at Rolle to have been pursued by religious associations. Contrary to the opinions of some authorities, Mme. de Staël was not born in this house, but here her second son first saw the light.<sup>1</sup>

M. de Tavel showed me the library of his grandfather, Colonel de Rovéréaz,<sup>2</sup> whose portrait by Massot of Geneva hangs in the room. It is reproduced in his *Memoirs*, a copy of which M. de Tavel gave me. The face is sympathetic, and in every way agreeable. Here, in nine quarto volumes, is the original manuscript of those *Memoirs*. There is also a fine miniature of Colonel de Gutternaie, who married a sister of Mme. de Tavel (grandmother of M. Albert de Tavel), and who is mentioned with his regiment in Colonel de Rovéréaz's first volume.

The de Watteviles have intermarried several times with the de Tavel, and Mme. de Rovéréaz was the aunt of the Count de Ribeaupierre (governor, then chamberlain, to the Emperor Nicholas), and was born at Ribeaupierre.

We visited the apple-tree of Matthisson, the German poet

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon writes from Lausanne, November 8, 1792, to Lady Elizabeth Foster (afterwards Duchess of Devonshire) at Florence: 'Madame de Staël, whom I saw last week at Rolle, is still uncertain where she shall drop her burthen; but she must soon resolve, for the young lady or gentleman is at the door,

"... Demanding life, impatient for the skies."

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Ferdinand de Rovéréaz (1763-1829) was the author of *Précis de l'histoire de la Révolution de la Suisse et de Berne en particulier*, Berne, 1798; *Hommage d'un Suisse aux Braves d'Unterwalden*, 1798; and *Mémoires*, Berne, Zürich, and Paris. 4 vols. 1848. Published after his death by C. de Tavel.

(1761-1831), under which also Gibbon sat. De Bonstetten, a friend of Gibbon, having become Bernese Bailiff at Nyon in 1787, had installed Matthiesson with him in the ancient castle. At the north end of the grounds of M. de Tavel is a house wherein resided for some time General Frossard, who gave the Prince Imperial his baptism of fire.<sup>1</sup>

M. de Tavel pointed out to me the mansion of Jean Gabriel Eynard, the distinguished philhellene, 1775-1863,<sup>2</sup> whose adopted daughter married his nephew, M. Charles Eynard, author of the admirable biography of the celebrated Dr. Tissot which I have quoted. Mme. Charles Eynard at Beaulieu has many interesting letters collected by her husband concerning Rolle towards the end of the eighteenth century.

M. de Tavel has a copy of a work entitled 'Anne Paule Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu' (Paris, 1865), and pointed to its allusions to Rolle. I told him I already possessed the book, given to me by the late Duke de Noailles, with an interesting inscription. As we walked together to Les Uttins, where General Jean Paul François, Duke de Noailles (1739-1822), lived in Gibbon's day, M. de Tavel told me that it was an ancient fief of the family of de la Harpe and the birthplace in 1754 of General Amédée, whose father possessed the seigniories of Yens and Les Uttins. The Duke de Noailles had lived there twenty years (1792-1812).

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor Napoleon III. made him chief of the military household of the Prince Imperial, and held him in such high esteem as to decree that in case of his own death and in the absence of the regency of the Empress, he should have the care of the Prince Imperial, or, more correctly speaking, of the youthful Emperor.

<sup>2</sup> Eynard, after eminent military services in his youth, in the early part of the century presented to the Grand Duke of Tuscany an elaborate and successful financial plan, and received from that Prince honorary letters of naturalization, the title of Councillor, the order of St. Joseph, and a patent of nobility. Subsequently he became warmly interested in the efforts of Greece to conquer independence, and was named the representative of Greece to all the European Courts. He advanced to the Greek Government 1,500,000 francs, and afterwards paid out of his own pocket half a million more. His eminent services were gratefully recognised by the bestowal of the Grand Cross of the Redeemer—the highest dignity in the kingdom—and his philanthropic efforts in behalf of the mother of nations and civilization only ceased with life itself. He married a daughter of Daniel Zacharie Châtelain and of Jeanne Jacqueline Schmidt, who was born at Rotterdam. Her brother Nicholas (1769-1856) was author of *Histoire du synode de Dordrecht*, of an original romance *Guido Reni*, and of many volumes imitating the style of various celebrated writers.

In the de Noailles' time a brilliant and choice society frequented Les Uttins, including those inhabiting the numerous châteaux in the neighbourhood—Marquis de Salgas, the families Rieu, Finguerlin, des Arts, Senebier, de Ribeaupierre, de St. Georges, Tremblay, de Larrey, Rolaz du Rosay, de Mestral, Passavant, de Rovéréaz, Favre, Eynard-Châtelain, and the Pastor Barbey, the Duke's familiar friend.

It was to the *salon* of Les Uttins that Mme. de Staël resorted to read and act her own pieces. M. de Saugy remembered her, and he told me that 'she was very ugly and very red, but had infinite grace and great wit. She played Zaïre, although she was old and ugly, and received applause, not as an actress, but as Mme. de Staël. She was of medium height, and stout towards the end of her life; original, eloquent, and correct—her conversation was so correct that one might have printed her words directly from her lips without finding a fault. She had expressive eyes and a masculine voice: *c'était une virago*.

'Her father, M. Necker, was extremely tall, and became in his later days very corpulent. He never thought about what he ate or its effect upon his system. He had very large features. His portraits are generally excellent likenesses.'

I spoke to M. de Tavel of the interest manifested in my work by the late Duke de Noailles of the French Academy, and the regret he expressed in being unable to give me letters illustrating life at Les Uttins in the last century. He explained this by saying that many of the family papers were destroyed during the Commune by the burning of the great library in the Louvre. His grand-uncle and predecessor, General de Noailles, was a distinguished officer, who began his career as colonel of the proprietary regiment of de Noailles cavalry, at the head of which he made the four last campaigns of the Seven Years' War, and gave proofs of his valour and military talent. He afterwards served as Inspector-General in Flanders, and became Governor of Roussillon. The peace of 1763 enabled him to return to the study of chemistry and experimental physics which he had cultivated with ardour in his youth, and in 1777 he was made a member of the Academy of Sciences. He took a deep interest in literature, and was intimately

associated with the majority of men of letters and philosophers of the eighteenth century. As a member of the Council of War in 1781 he introduced many ameliorations into the military service, and abolished the rule of assigning three infantry soldiers to each bed. He had emigrated to Rolle at the beginning of the Revolution, but in 1792 his warm attachment to the royal family led to his return; he was present at the Tuileries August 10, and remained until the last moment near the King. When all hope was lost he succeeded in escaping, and took refuge again in Switzerland, where he soon learned that the Maréchale de Noailles, his mother, the Duchess d'Ayen, his wife, *née* d'Aguesseau, and the Viscountess de Noailles,<sup>1</sup> his daughter, had perished the same day upon the scaffold. He afterwards married the widow of Count de Golowkin (uncle of Count Fédor de Golowkin), daughter of the celebrated Professor Mosheim (1694–1755) of Göttingen. This attractive woman was held in the highest esteem by all the de Noailles. Although the Duke's great fortune had been reduced by the Revolution to modest dimensions, he received constantly, in the most hospitable though simple manner, and delighted his guests by a conversation full of interesting reminiscences and scintillating with a wit which recalled the epigrammatic sayings of his father the Marshal. From him Gibbon found a sympathetic welcome, and returned it by sincerely condoling with the Duke on the sorrows which had befallen his family and his country. This father-in-law of La Fayette had five daughters, worthy of him in all respects. Besides Mesdames de Tessé, de Gramont, and de Montagu, there was that wonderful woman Mme. de la Fayette who shared the captivity of her illustrious husband.

The late Duke de Noailles has drawn a charming picture

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the Viscount de Noailles (1756–1804) who accompanied his brother-in-law La Fayette to America, where he took part in three campaigns, fought three naval battles, and signalised himself especially at the siege of Grenada, the attack on Savannah, and the battle of Yorktown, where he was charged with the arrangements for the capitulation of the British.

The author has continued a family acquaintance which began in the last century, and has known personally four generations of this distinguished house. The late Duke (Jules, 1826–1895), son of Duke Paul de Noailles (1802–1885), published a very able work, *Cent Ans de République aux Etats-Unis* (Paris, 1886–1889), and had he lived would certainly have followed in the footsteps of his father in being elected to the French Academy.

of his predecessor's character and surroundings at Les Uttins. In speaking of Mme. de Montagu's visit to her father at Rolle he says :

'In a little house situated in view of the most beautiful picture of nature one beheld a man, fallen from the highest dignities of his country and deprived of his fortune, reduced from the habits of luxury and of the court to the simplicity of a bourgeois life, who had passed from military activity and the bustle of the world's affairs to a uniform and forced repose. One saw him calm, serene, amiable, without bitterness and without regrets, devoted to study in full liberty of mind, counting for nothing what he had lost and careless of regaining it one day, preserving his noble manners in his modest home, and remaining by the strength of his will and his reason above the blows of fate : he was a real philosopher in action.'

When Gibbon said that during his stay at Lausanne from 1788 to 1787 he never moved ten miles from that city, he remembered that Mex was within this radius, also the Château of Beaulieu, where the Neckers, and sometimes their daughter Mme. de Staël, resided. Gibbon frequently visited M. Necker here in the summer of 1784. At that time the Château was approached by a long avenue of chestnuts, a hedge of yoke-elm on either side. The present Place d'Armes was then a beautiful lawn, and with the heights formed the park of the Château. This park has now been divided into several lots. In spite of this, traces of its former beauty remain. The hedge of boxwood which flourished in the Neckers' time still stretches along the front of the terrace, and the bosquets and arbors of charmille still invite the stranger to their shades.

Among my MSS. is an unpublished letter of Mme. Necker, née Curchod, to the editors of the *Œuvres de Voltaire*, édition de Kehl (1785-1789) :

'I receive, Monsieur, with much gratitude, the precious deposit you confide to me, and shall take all the precautions you desire. My attachment to M. de Buffon renders me as worthy of this goodness on your part as my admiration for his works.

'M. de Buffon has handed me several of my letters to M. de Voltaire. You ought not to doubt the extreme pleasure

I should have in confiding to you his replies, if reasons of the greatest importance were not opposed to it; my name could not appear in the collection which you are forming without being in contradiction to the entire system of my life. I dread notoriety as the most dangerous enemy to my happiness and to my reputation: the marks of esteem of persons as honest as you, Monsieur, and the affection of my friends, suffice for both. None of the letters which M. de Voltaire wrote me could be printed without inconvenience to myself; they are all dictated by the indulgence which he still preserved after a long separation, and which the affection of an old man for a young woman could alone justify. He did not perceive that the years rolled by for me as well as for him, and the contrast of his praises, so little suited to my age, would add fresh ridicule to that which the pretension alone of allowing my correspondence with so great a man to appear, would infallibly bring on me. I have only the regret, Monsieur, in this refusal—which is, moreover, in accordance with all my principles—that I cannot give you proof on this occasion of my eagerness to do everything which can be agreeable to you, and the infinitely distinguished sentiments with which I have the honour to be, Monsieur, your very humble and very obedient servant,

‘C. NECKER.’

Between 1790 and 1792 Gibbon also visited frequently the Neckers at their summer residence, the Castle of Coppet, near Geneva, which they did not leave until the approach of the Republicans compelled them to seek a safe retreat away from the frontier.

## CHAPTER CLII

ON his return to Lausanne Gibbon writes, November 19, 1789, to Mme. de Sévery at Rolle, informing her of the changes made at La Grotte during his absence:

‘My superintendent of buildings must have been satisfied with me since I have been satisfied with his work. The vestibule has taken a proper and symmetrical look which will



give you pleasure. The dining-room is really a fine room, and it appears to me so warm and so convenient that two or three guests will be as comfortable in it as twenty or thirty, and with the aid of a movable screen any form or shape that is desired can be given to it. The two libraries with their antechamber close like a box; the effect has surpassed my expectation, and I doubt if a man of letters has ever been better lodged; but the said antechamber will never be worthy of a more elevated name, and you will always have the advantage of me with your *three* dining-rooms. For the less noble parts of the house I rely upon the servants; they appear to me to be satisfied. Adieu, Madame; I will not say a word to you about my sentiments for you, for Monsieur de Sévery, and for *our* children; but I ask for the most exact information about the journey to Lyons, and I hope that the young Anacharsis will give me news of himself on arriving. As for the comedy, I rather count upon Betty, and I preserve with much pleasure the thought of seeing you again a day or two at Rolle. I am going this evening or Thursday to the de Cerjats, but as yet I have seen no one at all, except Levade.'

M. Louis Carrard told me that Professor David Levade (1750-1834), one of Gibbon's intimates, had been a clergyman in England, and afterwards at the head of the Walloon Church at Amsterdam, where he made the acquaintance of his lifelong friend, M. Vernède, who on his account purchased a house situated Cité-devant 1 (at the left of the steps leading up to the Cathedral), in which he resided with M. Levade, to whom he finally bequeathed his mansion. M. Levade placed a marble plaque on the wall with an inscription to the memory of his friend and benefactor. The house is now (1879) occupied by Mme. Grenier, M. Chavannes, and M. de Crousaz. There is still in the garden a monument of the wife of Professor Levade. Gibbon in his will leaves M. Levade fifty guineas to buy a souvenir of a sincere and affectionate friend. Like Gibbon and Deyverdun, M. Levade was a great freemason, and at Amsterdam was a member of the Holland Lodge, which was greatly esteemed by the Royal Family, the King being the Master.

After M. Levade's death an ancient armchair was found in his house which contained on the back a portrait of Gibbon.



Levade used sometimes to sleep in his coffin, and one morning his daughter was alarmed to find him dozing therein.

Gibbon's Library (1879) is covered with wood from floor to ceiling, painted a dull yellowish white. The three windows and a mirror occupy the whole of the south side of the room, and there are no closets for books; but the other three sides are occupied by bookcases built into the wall. There are twenty-seven of these bookcases or closets, great and small, each with stout wooden doors and strong keys. Inside remain the movable stained wood shelves, with the racks or supports upon which they could be raised or lowered to suit the size of the books. Around the bookcases runs a projecting shelf.

The floor is in solid pine, smooth with age, and divided into squares by broad bands of dark wood, except in the centre, where there is also a long diamond pattern.

Gibbon was right in saying to Mme. de Sévery, 'The two libraries with their antechamber close like a box'; for he could shut the solid wooden doors of all the bookcases, and then appear to be sitting in a room without a single book. Was this an intentional caprice?

Mme. d'Apples de Molin of La Vauchère told me that when her family moved into the house these closets were still filled with Gibbon's books. She said that it then had only two windows, but there was a *cabinet de travail* next west of it with one window, which would thus make the three windows which Gibbon says his library possessed. This *cabinet de travail* disappeared when her granduncle, Colonel de Molin de Montagny, added the large *salon* with three windows now next to the principal portion of the former library. The *cabinet de travail* was over a passage which opened on the terrace. The orangery, which had a large glass door and contained a magnificent collection of orange-trees, was on the ground floor beyond the passage just mentioned, and had no storey above it.

Gibbon's pavilion was built of wood. There was a folding-door on the west, and another on the east, and a very large window on the south commanding a fine view of the lake, fields, gardens, vineyards, mountains. It was about ten feet square, and a tall man found no difficulty in standing upright within its walls. It stood at the eastern entrance of a *berceau*

of plum-trees, which formed a verdant gallery completely arched overhead, and extending to the wall of the Route du Petit Chêne. The Porte du Petit Chêne was then standing a short distance below the line of the *berceau*. The whole length of the terrace, next to the wall, from the greenhouse to the pavilion, was a line of splendid plantains of great size. Gibbon was forced to cut the tops of these magnificent trees,<sup>1</sup> and the de Montagny family continued the plan, until they arrived at such size and density that it was necessary to destroy them entirely. The *berceau* and the pavilion were called after Gibbon, La Gibbonnière.

Opposite La Grotte lived Voltaire's friend, Jacques Abram Elie Daniel Clavel, seignior of Brenles, a famous jurisconsult (1717-1771), who succeeded M. de Loÿs de Bochat as Lieutenant-Bailiff in 1754. In 1768 he was appointed by the King of Prussia to settle his law-suit with Neuchâtel, and succeeded in his delicate task in a most brilliant manner, but was poorly rewarded. Golowkin says that he only received a snuff-box of little value, with the portrait of the King, and a purse of fifty louis. His only published work is the *Eulogium* on M. de Loÿs de Bochat (1755), but he was also the author of '*Lettres relatives à la pacification des troubles survenus à Neuchâtel en 1768*,' and '*Plaidoyer et Mémoires sur divers sujets*,' both in manuscript in the Cantonal Library. His eldest son, Samuel François Louis César Clavel de Brenles (1761-1843), was a friend of Gibbon, and died in the house opposite La Grotte. He had a small key to the garden of La Grotte, and frequently walked on the terrace, being very intimate with the family of Mme. Grenier, mother of M. Constantin Grenier. At eighty he married the Baroness de Schemding, who died in 1878, aged eighty-four. He left no descendants.

<sup>1</sup> M. de Sévery possesses the letter from Mr. Gibbon to M. Polier de St. Germain, and the latter's reply, in which he urges Mr. Gibbon to substitute some trees in place of his favourite plantains, which would not interfere with the view from his (M. de Polier's) house, which is still (1879) standing next to La Grotte.

Gibbon's Terrace La Grotte, Lausanne



## CHAPTER CLIII

AN undated letter (English), written by Gibbon to Wilhelm de Sévery at Rolle, gives us a glimpse of distinguished foreigners at Lausanne, no doubt towards the close of 1789: 'Lausanne begins to be very gay; I was invited last Sunday to a grand supper at the Castle with the whole French nation, the Brionne, the Carignan, Montboissier d'Avaux, etc. I was the only Swiss at table. This evening I drink tea with the Princesse de Henin, who declines all public invitations. I have seen the St. Cierges, who are very domestic animals. Every family except your own is now returned. *Extremos pudeat rediisse*—you understand Latin.' In another note he says: 'I have a great dinner, the Malmsburys, the Beauchamps, the Waalwycks, the Villars, etc., fifteen persons of both sexes. Those English people of Monrepos have not yet seen the house of de Cerjat. What a revolt! Lord Holland is not dead, and Mr. Fox is sufficiently happy to find himself still without fortune and title. Once more adieu. Salute for me the worthy inhabitants of your pretty town, especially the Baron and Felton.'

Gibbon writes from Geneva, where he was staying with the Neckers, to Wilhelm de Sévery at Lausanne, February 17, 1792, and sympathises with him and his family on the illness of his father. He continues:

'I am so satisfied with the life I lead here that without my library and your house, the charms of Lausanne (and Lausanne has charms) would not suffice to recall me there, and I may well remain until the journey to Coppet. . . . I have seen the comedy acted; much *ensemble*, little talents, but we shall talk of it more at our ease at your hearth or mine. What a succession of news, but we understand absolutely nothing of your Princess of Brunswick. Where is she? What has she attempted to do, what connection with the Emperor? Adieu, my friend, my son, since you permit it. In taking the name of father it is not a vain formula that I employ.'

Gibbon wrote from Lausanne, February 1792, to Wilhelm de Sévery, then staying with Mr. Trevor, British Minister at Turin:

‘Cross the mountains quickly again to relate to us your successes at Turin, and to allow us to suspect those which you do not relate. In order to raise you in the eyes of your comrade M. de la Pottrie, I told him that you had accompanied la Todi; he replied, in quite as proud a tone, that he had himself sung with the Signora, so that we must arrange some other advantage over him. You are perfectly right in not going fifty leagues farther to see an old cathedral and a repetition of the Carnival.

‘On your passage through Geneva you will find me in the maison Necker, but you will not be able, alas! to take me with you. I have so well postponed, postponed, that my departure is at last fixed for the 27th instant, Monday. The strictest fortnight will bring me to the 13th of March, and unless some profound *ennui* which I do not foresee overtakes me, I count upon granting three weeks to my friends at Geneva. In order to celebrate your return you will prepare for me, at my house of course, a fine concert; you will exhibit all your tramontane acquisitions, and we will engage the charming and hired talents of Lausanne; it will be fine, will it not, this concert! and every one will say that the best wine is to be found at the house of those people who never drink it. I have already a mind to invite for Friday, March 30. It seems to me that all your house is very well, and I am the same. You will have heard of the balls and the soirées in which I have not participated; it was noticed that you were absent. I dined yesterday at de Middel with your father, who conducted himself very well; I had my eye on him in my quality as your substitute. He will dine with me on Saturday in sufficiently numerous company—Lord Grandison, etc. Say a thousand pleasant and friendly things from me to Mr. Trevor. I like him for three reasons, this Mr. Trevor: first, Because he is in himself one of the most essential men I have ever known; secondly, Because he leaves with us all the year a very amiable wife who is the charm of our society; and thirdly, On account of his really paternal kindnesses for you, in which most assuredly I participate. I knew beforehand that it was scarcely necessary to recommend to him my Vin-Corée if ever he finishes his voyage from Lisbon to Turin. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me for life entirely yours.

‘Nil mihi rescribe, attamen ipse veni.’

Gibbon was a prudent man in money matters and practised what was called in the last century a decent economy. One sees throughout his correspondence that while he is generous in the arrangements of his surroundings, fond of the company of friends, and extremely hospitable in his whole manner of living, he always counted the cost of the smallest undertaking, and was wont to recommend attention to the rightful outlay of money to his 'adopted son,' Wilhelm. This characteristic appears in a letter addressed from Lausanne, October 12, 1792, to Wilhelm, then officer of Dragoons at Nyon :

' You have just received the cockade and the feather, but you are still unaware of the gracious and solemn manner in which they were remitted to me who have sustained in this ceremony the character of your representative. My two sponsors, MM. Pelham and Robinson, led me towards the Duchess [of Devonshire], who was seated in an armchair. While advancing I made three bows and placed one knee on the ground before her. Lady Elizabeth Foster presented to her a large unsheathed sword which M. Pelham had brought from the Prussian Army. With this sword she gave me the accolade on both shoulders, and while she presented me with the cockade and the feather I promised in your name to fulfil all the duties of a brave and loyal knight. I swore it on kissing her hand. This ceremony is only a joke, but you can count upon the friendship of the Duchess, who is as genuine as she is good. She leaves in the early part of next week. As she no longer has a cook, I dine every day with her at the de Cerjats', twice at the Princess de Bouillon's, at Tissot's (yes, at Tissot's!), at St. Germain's, who never loses an occasion of expense, and at my house; to-day I have a great dinner of fourteen covers. "Où es-tu, brave Crillon?" I do not speak to you of the state of affairs. You will know before I do the decision of the General Council, but after the resolutions it is still necessary to see what the *resolution* of Geneva will be. Even if it yields I still doubt whether the French will dare to attack a country which contains less gold than iron, a nation wise enough to know its happiness and courageous enough to defend it. I am more intrepid than Mr. de Montyon, who leaves to-morrow. Bon voyage !

‘Your good father is no worse. There is certainly no danger for the moment, but his illness will be very long and very painful. I dare not look farther ahead. Your poor mother is so thin and so sad that I am afflicted by it. Your presence will cheer them; if nothing else happens I think you can take advantage of your furlough in the course of next week. Let us arrange so that I will not be at Rolle. Adieu. I forbid myself and you the use of all formulæ of attachment, &c. Idle words must be avoided.’

‘Answer me in English,’ he adds, ‘I had forget [*sic*] it!’

Gibbon again refers to the mock order of chivalry instituted at Lausanne by the Duchess of Devonshire, in a letter to Wilhelm from London, November 14, 1793: ‘Every one is very well disposed in your favour, and the Duchess especially has not forgotten her Knight without fear and without reproach.’

## CHAPTER CLIV

IN the instrument which Gibbon drew up, May 8, 1793, just prior to his voyage to England, from which he was not destined to return, and by which he placed his house and its belongings in charge of his friends, the de Séverys, he mentioned that he leaves three servants in his house.

On the road to London in 1793, Gibbon wrote from Brussels to Mme. de Sévery, ‘I found here at the *poste restante* letters from Lord Sheffield, and from Maria, who appear desirous of seeing me. The husband allows only a cry of sorrow to escape him, but that cry is a terrible one.’ He writes again from London, July 12, that his ‘health has never been better.’

Wilhelm accompanied him as far as Frankfort.

Gibbon writes to Wilhelm de Sévery, from Sheffield Place, September 12, 1793:

‘Shall I then always be unworthy of keeping up an epistolary correspondence with the persons who are really the most dear to me? Must I always count upon their indulgent friendship to excuse my indolence and to believe that I think of them although I am silent and far distant? I count upon it



undoubtedly, but I finally bestir myself, and in order not to lose more of time and paper, I will commence without preamble just as if I had written to you, my dear friend, a week after my arrival in London. That is what I wrote in the evening, with the most fixed intention of finishing my letter, of closing it and sending it off by the next day's post. But alas! this unfortunate letter remained on my desk for (I don't know how long); our tranquil days have glided by in a succession of resolutions, postponements, repentance, and the pleasure which the reiterated proofs of your attachment have made me experience has always been mingled with a slight sentiment of bitterness in comparing unworthy me with my excellent friends at Lausanne. But I must cut this new preface short to enter into my subject.

'I can no longer entertain you with the news of my journey since our parting at Frankfort—the fatigues of the road, my fears of being besieged at Ostend or of being intercepted on sea by the corsairs of Dunkirk. Time has nearly effaced most of these details, which will, however, return to me in conversation when I have the pleasure of embracing you at London or at Lausanne. In the meantime I pass at once to my actual position in the Château and in the midst of the Sheffield family. You know that I found them still in London. The commission for the re-establishment of credit, of which Mylord is the head, and which has already rendered the greatest services, chained him to the city a fortnight after the departure of the ladies. Since his establishment in the country he has been obliged to make several journeys to London, in which I have accompanied him, and either in my first stay or in these journeyings I have had occasion to see almost all the interesting persons before their final dispersion for the country. Since we have been there life has been sufficiently well filled; excursions in the province to Mylords Egremont and Pelham, the numerous and active camp of the Duke of Richmond who lodged here with his staff while passing from the environs of Tunbridge to those of Brighton, visits which were made to the Château itself in sufficiently rapid succession, etc. From this agitation we have, however, fallen into a sufficiently mild state of indolence and tranquillity, which will be somewhat interrupted before the end of the month by the arrival of Lady Webster and of her faithful

squire, Mr. Pelham; the latter has already slept here. He announces to us the approaching arrival of the Duchess of Devonshire, who must have passed through your countries. (By the way, I caught a glimpse of Mme. de Silva, who will soon sail to her regret for Portugal.) Towards the 28th of this month I shall leave here to do a little travelling, and my absence will last nearly two months; I ought to transport myself to Bath, to my stepmother, who has regained her health and her strength in a surprising manner; I have promised a fortnight to Lord Spencer and his library, at the Castle of Althorpe, in Northamptonshire; several other visits of courtesy or of inclination will draw me here and there, and the opening of the Parliament at the beginning of November will re-enliven the capital very early, but I have given my word to be here again before the end of November for a stay of six weeks, until my establishment in London towards the middle of the month of January. Lord S. will often be called there by his affairs, but the three ladies, his sister and his two daughters, have preferred to spend all the winter in the country.

‘ You are still waiting for me to speak of the moral and physical state of this family which interests us in so many ways. I will certainly tell you something of them, but the matter is so delicate that you must, if you please, guess the half of it. I might take credit to myself for the success of my voyage, but, in truth, the invalid was almost cured before the arrival of the doctor. Weakened by a blow as severe as it was unexpected, the force of his character soon raised him again: business matters, the world, distractions of all kinds, came to his help; the tempest has ceased, but he is already weary of this calm, and I have every reason to believe that he will endeavour sufficiently promptly to put to sea again. . . . The younger daughter has grown very pretty since her return from Lausanne, and without thinking of it takes hold on every heart. Her mind is rather slow but very attentive; she is of a charming gentleness, accompanied by feeble health and a melancholy humour. If I had time I would also speak to you of the aunt whom I had formerly unappreciated, but who gains every day in proportion as she develops herself more. Speaking about health, you will not be sorry to learn that mine is perfect, and I am almost tempted to

believe in the influence of native air. I have still a thousand things to tell you, but the fourth page is filled and the little postman of Uckfield begins to be impatient. Let us take the most essential points.

‘I have as yet been able to do nothing in the public funds: they were only an instant below 75, the highest figure we had fixed upon, and Mr. Darrell, my adviser, is of opinion to wait until the winter, when the new loans (they will be only too heavy) will make the old funds sink. You can quite believe that I have not forgotten your plans, but I have not perceived the slightest favourable opportunity; you know that Monsieur came to seek the son of Lord Hawke; this affair was hurriedly arranged before my arrival, but I would never wish it for my friend. I will think of your plans, and will continue to move in the matter; the Duchess and Lord Spencer (without speaking of Lord Sheffield) will aid me to the best of their ability. . . .

‘I am delighted, without being surprised, to learn the good state of my house; the repairs are not at all pressing, and I count upon limiting myself to arrange the flooring and to warm the vestibule. Have you received the stove from Bruchsal?’

On the interior of the cover is the following postscript:

‘I am sufficiently badly off in the matter of servants. Dusaut is almost a nullity, and Louis wishes absolutely to leave at the end of the six months agreed upon, and will not listen to a prolongation of leave. I shall have a great deal of worry. I would like to speak to you about politics, but I must postpone it; everything goes badly except the liberation of Savoy, which causes me unspeakable pleasure. If you see Madame de St. Cierge you will tell her that the de Constant matter is in good hands. A thousand tender greetings to your mother and to Angletine: they know my heart. I have nothing to say as to the peach-house; on my return I shall applaud her work and that of Mme. de Loÿs: on my return—I envy Louis’ fate; this fortunate rascal will see you before I do.’

Gibbon writes from St. James’s Street to Wilhelm de Sévery at Lausanne, November 14, 1793:

‘Without daring to boast too much I ought already to appear rather less guilty in the eyes of the dear family which is good enough to excuse my usual faults, and which counts as it

ought upon the unalterable sentiments of my attachment for it. Hardly had my good friends sent off their last letter when they must have received mine, with a slight sketch of the physical and moral state of the Sheffield family, and a general idea of my first plans of my journey to Bath to present my respects to Mrs. Gibbon, and of my visit afterwards to Lord Spencer, in Northamptonshire. These duties have been fulfilled, the visit has been made, and I have been here several days since my return from this great journey. During the short stay I am making at London before the fêtes, I am lodged dearly and narrowly, but in the most convenient and the most honourable quarter of the town. I live in a sufficiently restricted circle, eating at the houses of my friends, and making use of sedan-chairs and hackney-coaches. I have ordered from Leader, the Prince of Wales's saddler, a good carriage, very simple for London, but which will dazzle the eyes of the Lausannois. It is without a crane-neck, and to make it lighter still, I was satisfied with a *carrosse coupé*; but I hope that it will be suitable, convenient, solid, and equally serviceable for the town and for travelling. It will certainly not be ready till next month; I had given the saddler time, and he has taken more.

‘As friendship does not know when to finish, and as indolence might finish suddenly, I will first discuss the two essential points—the investment in the public funds, and your plans in England. They concern you, consequently I have not forgotten them.

‘First. After several conversations with Messrs. Darrell we agreed that there was nothing to be done during the summer, and that it would only be on the approach of the winter, the Parliament, and the new loans, that a notable fall may be hoped or feared in the public funds. Their theory has been verified, and this period is further postponed to the end of the month of January. I have made arrangements with my bankers, Messrs. Gosling, who will make without difficulty the necessary advances, since they will have the shares as security. I myself had reduced the buying-price to 71, which I will fix anew at 70: at this rate 2,800*l.* sterling in hard money will make 4,000*l.* in the three per cents.; and as soon as you see them at

this price you have only to send me letters of exchange to this amount, and the said shares will be immediately transferred from the name of Gosling to that of Sévery. You will, however, receive a letter of advice at the time. It seems to me that this money will not be ill-placed, and I share beforehand in your satisfaction at being able to save you from the wreck of your country if it should be swallowed up, without having to fear the sad fate of the French emigrés. In this century nothing can be foreseen, but I cherish the hope, and even the opinion, that England and Switzerland will survive the universal deluge.

‘Second. I wish I had the affairs of your governorship as well advanced. My eyes have been always open, my ear always attentive, but I hear everywhere that, with a few chance exceptions, like that of Lord Carmarthen (by the way, has he found himself fortunate?), the career is almost closed and decried. I have reasoned a great deal in a general and in a particular way with the Spencers; they wish to keep their son at college and at the university as long as they can in order to make him travel after the age of twenty years having his reason alone for a guide and governor. Here then is that old idea, so happy, so appropriate in every way, vanishing now in the distance. I opened my mind carefully to several chosen persons on the subject of your intentions. Every one is very well disposed in your favour, and the Duchess especially has not forgotten her Knight without fear and without reproach. But their esteem for you and the little respect they have for this vocation produced among your friends a sort of repugnance which I myself feel at lowering you below your place in society, and they act without energy to give you what they consider unworthy of you. If something much superior to the common run of things presented itself, that would be all right, but at least I would not like to see my friend this winter in London without a position, mixed up with a crowd of hangers on.

‘Perhaps, after all, it is better for an honest man to live near his family, to limit his ideas, and to cultivate his garden. I am always thinking of mine, and would not be sorry to have news of the work done to the peach-house. As for the internal repairs, they can only be begun in the month of February, and you will do well to send me a little list of all the *possibilities*,

which I will reduce to a small number of *realities*. Give a proof to the Dragon des Hespérides, at Bussigny, of how much I am satisfied with his vigilance; he will apparently come to seek me at Ostend. Louis is about to leave, and will see you on the way; this is unfortunate; but Dusaut is exerting himself, and is learning English. I am greatly pleased with your arrangements with regard to the new servant. Inform the Canoness and Levade that I am very grateful for their letters; that I have the will to reply to them, but that my pen does not always obey my will.

‘I do not wish to drown myself in the ocean of politics. One laughs, one shudders, and one trembles. Why, my brave Swiss, have you not driven the devils out of Savoy? Why have you not succoured that poor Lyons? However, I prefer to find you again happy and tranquil, and I much desire to find you again. May time and reason render to the most worthy of mothers, to the best of friends, health, calm, and the enjoyment of all the good things which remain to her.’

After Gibbon's death (January 16, 1794) Colonel George de Molin de Montagny resided in La Grotte with his wife, who died there in 1842 at the age of eighty-six, the same year as their only child Marie, the wife of General Louis Grenier, formerly in the service of Holland.<sup>1</sup> At the time of my researches at La Grotte it was occupied by Mme. Constantin Grenier, of whose kindness I have spoken in my preface.

<sup>1</sup> The ancestor of the distinguished family of Grenier was Jean Grenier, Commissioner of Extentes, and belonged to an ancient Protestant family of the Pays de Gex, in France. Driven out of his native country by religious troubles, he married in Switzerland Gaspard Levrier, and received the bourgeoisie of Vevey in 1679. His third son, Aimé Adam Grenier (1675-1760), married Marie Vial, of Vevey, and resided at Lyons as a banker. His youngest son, David, who married Mlle. Hardy, was a General in the service of Holland. One of his daughters married General Baron du Pont. His eldest son, Aimé Benjamin Grenier, married Antoinette Andrienne de Loÿs. General David Grenier's second son, François Louis Grenier (d. 1820), married in 1808 Marie de Molin, only child and heiress of Colonel George de Molin de Montagny, and from him inherited La Grotte. She left one son, David George Constantin Grenier (d. 1875), who, in 1843, married Mlle. Bourgeois-Doxat, of Les Corcelettes, on Lake Neuchâtel, whose father, M. Emmanuel Bourgeois, was Colonel in the Federal service, Prefect of the district of Grandson, deputy of the Grand Council of the Canton of Vaud, and from the Council of Vaud to that of Berne. His mother was the Baroness de Craitsheim, of Bavaria. His wife was Mlle. Doxat, of the ancient family already mentioned.

William Beckford ('Vathek') bought the library of Gibbon immediately after the latter's death. He took to England eight or ten volumes of especial value, and requested his physician, Dr. Frédéric Schöll, to keep the library in his house, which the doctor did until 1815 or 1816, when Beckford presented the volumes to him. In 1825 Dr. Schöll sold half of the library to Mr. Halliday, an English gentleman who had bought a little château—which resembled a simple tower—near Orbe. It was agreed between them that the library should be divided into two portions, and that they should draw lots for them. For the portion that fell to him Halliday paid 12,500 francs and carried off the books to his tower, where they remained for years boxed up. The portion of Dr. Schöll was dispersed in Germany and America. The librarian of an American university visited Lausanne and purchased five hundred of the volumes. This information was obtained at Lausanne September 30, 1879, from Dr. Schöll's daughter, Mlle. Fanny Schöll, 25 au Maupas (otherwise Mauvais Pas—for this was formerly a swampy district). She has literary tastes. Mlle. Henriette Schöll, her sister—very aged and somewhat infirm—was the god-daughter of Beckford, who resided at Lausanne, where she was born.

Among the works in Gibbon's library were various volumes on Christian Missions, among them 'Crantz sur les Missions Moraves au Groenland.' M. Allenspach, a bookseller at Lausanne, tells me that several books have passed through his hands containing Gibbon's book-plate. He thinks that a portion of the library was sold in England, and the rest to right and left at Lausanne. The books that did not come from England were wretchedly bound.

Near the close of 1793 Gibbon wrote to his adopted son, Wilhelm, 'In this century nothing can be foreseen, but I cherish the hope, and even the opinion, that England and Switzerland will survive the universal deluge.'

As I crossed the Place St. Francis last night, the same bells rang out the hour whose music Gibbon heard in his house



behind the church, but they now sounded over a deluge of change. If Gibbon were now to walk through the town which was his delight, his astonishment would increase at every step. He would find only ruins of the house where he passed happy years, and with them engulfed the neighbouring mansions of his friends de Brenles and de Polier St. Germain.

Amid many wrecks he would find his great work still enlisting the attention and applause of mankind.

Dr. Frédéric Schöll, Gibbon's physician, who died in 1835, always spoke of his 'tranquil, bon et doux' character. His daughter told me that she had never heard any unkind word or action attributed to Gibbon. The only criticism was the sorrow experienced that he should have taken an apparent stand in opposition to religion.

There are intellectual and spiritual friends of past generations whom we follow from land to land, from the cradle to the grave, as we cannot accompany any contemporary. Among those whom I have thus known with a certain intimacy is Gibbon. But while admiring his marvellous strength, he appears to me another example of the limited scope of the human mind. Of great thoughts concerning the universe and all that lies beyond he had none: while solving great and intricate problems in the domains of antiquity, he could not recognize the underlying currents of his own time.

The greatest historian was great also in his friendships.

His death appears characteristic. It really resulted from his voyage from Switzerland to console his friend Lord Sheffield for the loss of his wife. Within twenty hours of the end the dying man still thinks he can last many years, and passes away with the same unconsciousness of the great world opening before him that he had shown in failing to detect the onward march of the French Revolution. Yet was this great man's life offered on the altar of friendship.



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